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The World's Orators

Comprising

THE GREAT ORATIONS OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY

With

Introductory Essays, Biographical Sketches and Critical Notes

GUY CARLETON LEE, PH.D.
Editor-in-Chief

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
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Julius Cæsar.

From the statue in the Gallery of the Louvre, Paris.

Orators of Ancient Rome

Edited by

GUY CARLETON LEE, PH.D.

Of Johns Hopkins University

With the Collaboration of

JOSEPH CULLEN AYER, B.D., PH.D.

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PREFACE

TO

THE ORATORS OF ANCIENT ROME

THE Editors of this volume have endeavored to present such examples of Ancient Roman Oratory as may best illustrate its development and may make good its claim to a foremost place among the oratorical systems of the world.

The scope of the selection covers that portion of the history of Roman oratory that begins with its first authentic recorded speech and ends with the close of the Panegyrical school. In covering this wide field, speeches attributed to the earliest Roman orators have been taken from the pages of the historians, examples have been chosen from the works of the rhetoricians, and orations have been selected from those works that have been preserved unaltered. Although the Editors are in accord with the great majority of modern scholars in not accepting as certainly authentic the attribution of many

of the speeches cited in ancient historical works, they are of the opinion that among these orations are masterpieces of Roman oratory, and such have been accorded place in this volume.

Ample selections have been made from the orations of Cicero. The examples given illustrate every phase of the art of this, the greatest orator of Rome, and it is believed that they present a full exemplification of the fullest development reached by Roman oratory.

The Editor-in-Chief calls attention to the continuation in the present volume of the policy of special translations inaugurated in the first volume of this series. A large portion of the famous Panegyric on Trajan, by Pliny the Younger, has been translated for this volume by the Editors, who also have rendered into English a number of hitherto untranslated examples from the works of Florus, Quintilian, and Seneca.

The Ciceronian orations, as well as the quotations from the historians, have either been newly translated or have been specially edited for this volume. In these versions the attempt has been made to present the true oratorical spirit of these masterpieces.

In selecting the illustrations for the volume, the Editors have sought to secure those portraits that have been long associated with the orators whose names they bear. No more trustworthy portraits

exist, and yet, for obvious reasons, the Editors are not in a position to vouch for their authenticity.

The Editors are under obligations to Kirby F. Smith, Ph.D., Professor of Latin in Johns Hopkins University, for valuable counsel on the preparation of this volume.

G. C. L.

Historical Department,
Johns Hopkins University,
1899.

CONTENTS

PAGE

Introductory Essay

The Oratory of Ancient Rome 1

C. Sallustius Crispus

Introduction 31

From "The Conspiracy of Catiline"

Speech of Catiline to the Conspirators . . 33

Speech of Catiline to his Troops . . . 36

Oration of Cæsar on Punishing the Conspirators 39

Oration of M. Porcius Cato against the Conspirators 47

From "The Jugurthine War"

Oration of Caius Memmius against the Power of the Nobility 54

From "The History of Rome"

Oration of Marcus Æmilius Lepidus against Sulla 61

Oration of Lucius Philippus against Marcus Æmilius Lepidus 63

A Declamation against Cicero 76

Titus Livius Patavinus

Introduction 83

From "The History of Rome"

The Appeal of Horatius for his Son's Life . 85

The Address of Appius Claudius against the Power of the Tribunes 87

The Speech of Lucius Lentulus against Treating with the Gauls 98

The Speech of Scipio to his Soldiers at his Camp on the Ticino 101

The Speech of Hannibal to his Soldiers before his First Battle with Scipio 107

The Appeal of Marcus Junius for Ransom for the Romans Held Prisoners by Hannibal . 112

The Reply of Titus Manlius Torquatus to the Appeal of Marcus Junius 116

Annæus Seneca

Introduction 121

Example of Suasoria 123

Aulus Gellius

Introduction 131

From "Noctes Atticæ"

Part of the Speech of M. Porcius Cato in Behalf of the Rhodians 133

Fragments of a Speech by Gaius Gracchus . 135

Marcus Tullius Cicero

Introduction 139

Against Verres

Part of the Fifth Oration 143

Against Catiline

The First Oration 174

Against Antonius

Part of the Second Philippic 196

M. Fabius Quintilianus

Introduction 243

Orator, Physician, Philosopher 245

C. Cornelius Tacitus

Introduction 253

From the "Agricola"

Calgacus to the Britons 255

Agricola to his Soldiers 260

The Death of Agricola 263

C. Plinius Cæcilius Secundus

Introduction 267

The Panegyric on Trajan 269

P. Annius Florus

Introduction 305

Introduction to the Dialogue, "Was Virgil an Orator or a Poet?" 307

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Julius Cæsar . . . . . *Frontispiece*
From the statue in the Gallery of the Louvre, Paris

The Pantheon, Rome 16

Livy 86
From the Mausoleum

Seneca 124
From the bust in the Astor Library

Cicero 144
From the Pomfret Statue at Oxford

The Forum, Rome 162

Tacitus 256
Engraved by S. Freeman from the antique bust

Pliny the Younger 270
From an old copper print

THE WORLD'S ORATORS

THE ORATORY OF ANCIENT ROME

ROMAN oratory is as old as the Roman State. Latin eloquence existed before the tribes settled on the Seven Hills. The earliest literary monuments of Italy are transcriptions of vocal effort, and the Arvalian and Salian chants were centuries old when their oral transmission from one brother to another was replaced by the written records of a more highly organized priesthood.

A peculiar fascination attends the study of the growth of national life, and it has led students of the history of literature to an enthusiastic investigation of the long and shadowy period of Roman progress in eloquence which culminated in the Ciceronian era. For the history of eloquence—the spoken word—cannot be separated from that of literature—the written expression of thought,—and

during this long course of progress Roman eloquence and Roman rhetoric had their beginning and passed through every stage of a well moulded development.

The efforts of learned scholars in this field of research, though of great value, have not been productive of as definite or abundant results as are to be desired. For study is checked at its outset by the almost entire absence of examples of the work of the early public speakers. Investigators are brought face to face with the fact that a few hundred lines of doubtful authenticity are all that remain of the vital words that must have stirred the men of Ancient Rome.

Few students are prepared to admit the authenticity of the quotations credited to early orators by Livy, Gellius, Cicero, Seneca, Tacitus, Sallust, Quintilian, and other historians and rhetoricians. Yet the mere existence of such quotations must have no small weight with the most sceptical, in establishing the fact that, long before any authentic oration which has been preserved in its original form, there existed a system and art of oratory that was of a high order of merit. The historians did not create orators from their imagination ; although it may well be that, because the traditions of the past established beyond a doubt the existence of such orators and handed down some memory of their eloquence, the historians put speeches into

their mouths. The existence of a systematic study of oratory, however imperfect it might be when compared with later methods, is abundantly and convincingly shown in the incidental references in historical works to orators, to eloquence, and to the training of the young in the art of public speaking.

The argument from comparative literature is no less convincing. This science establishes the proposition that no people of remote antiquity in the beginning of their collected existence used written language as a means of ordinary communication between men as men, or between men as rulers and ruled. The admitted absence at Rome of an early national literature, a deficiency the more striking by its continuance to the third century before Christ, proves the necessity of eloquence as a means of expressing the thought of the nation.

For though the assertion that the nation did not write is susceptible of proof, yet the declaration that a nation does not think has never been made. Thought must have expression, and Roman thought found voice in ballads, sagas, prose recitations, and speeches of which to-day only memories remain. The history of the eloquence of early Rome is a record of memories. We listen for the voices of her orators, and only broken echoes reverberate from the past.

The splendor of Grecian oratory has often dazzled the student and prevented him from obtaining a correct view of the eloquence of Rome. A step from the sunlight of imagination into the sober shade of fact will give the critic a new point of view, and since the statement that eloquence existed before Cicero has already been proved, he will the more easily pass to a consideration of the scope and value of early Roman oratory.

In the beginning of its history, the eloquence of Rome was, as were the people, rude and vehement. It appealed to sentiment and passion, rather than to intellect. The Romans were men of action, and their public speakers were strong men who gained the attention of the people by the force of their personality. They spoke extemporaneously and briefly. Their speeches contained little of logical arrangement or formal argument, but were positive and passionate appeals in which conclusions were stated rather than proved. With this view the historians Livy, Gellius, Dionysius, as well as Cicero, Tacitus, and Quintilian, are in accord.

Irrespective of the historical value of such orations as those of Romulus to the Sabines, of Servius Tullius to the people, of Brutus standing by the body of Lucretia and arousing Rome to expel the Tarquins, these speeches, by whomsoever composed and to whatever epoch attributable, voice the historical conception of the character of

the earliest oratory and are as clear, forceful, and effective as the most stirring words of the modern agitators.

Why should not the men of Rome have been virile orators? The history of their city was filled with stirring incidents in which force triumphed; it bristled with critical periods in which might prevailed; it teemed with adventures in which strength bore off the prize. Force, might, strength, —and the synonyms are capable of extended multiplication,—all express manliness, the distinguishing attribute of the Roman.

The Senate, the Forum, and the battle-field rang with energetic, powerful, convincing words, such as those which were used by Menenius Agrippa, when he moved the Plebeians to return to the city, when its existence was threatened by their secession; by Memmius, when he denounced the tyranny of the nobility; and by Appius Claudius Cæcus, when he stirred the halting Senate to patriotic action, and saved Rome from the intrigues of the King of Pontus.

Roman eloquence was strong and convincing. It was of the every-day as well as the special occasion. It was, except where emotion or passion moved the speaker, essentially matter-of-fact, and, by a natural sequence of events, became more and more logical as it adapted itself to the needs of an eminently practical and progressive people. We

must not lose sight of the fact that this materialistic eloquence had another side, not so highly developed, it is true, but still important; for though Roman eloquence did not possess that imagination and grace that distinguished the Grecian style, yet it was by no means devoid of beauty, imagery, and poetry, and these qualities increased until in the Ciceronian epoch the oratory of Rome rivalled that of Greece. The Roman nature was not without stimulus to create and to appreciate the beautiful, for the nation possessed a host of heroes, about whom arose a national religion. The heroes became demi-gods, rivalling the Pantheon. The stories of the Roman gods and the legends of the years of the kings were stimulating influences that left their trace upon the national eloquence.

Whether or no we may regard the eloquence of early Rome as true oratory depends upon the meaning given to the terms; if oratory is eloquence shaped by art, then we have no proof of its existence in the first centuries of Roman history; if, on the contrary, eloquence and oratory are synonyms for effective speech in public, then the early existence of true oratory cannot be denied. But without quibbling upon definitions, we are justified in asserting that the growth of oratory, as most strictly defined, began to take form during the first years of the Republic, if not earlier, in the funeral oration,—a type of expression that we may call

the second stage in Roman oratorical development, as we may call the oration of action, in its various forms, the first.

The funeral oration, or Eulogy, is a type of oratory which has been asserted with some plausibility, but no certainty, to have originated in Rome. The differences between the Roman and the Grecian eulogy have been used as an argument for the Roman claim; for when the orators of Greece commenced to devote themselves to this form of address, they seemed to improve rather than to originate it. The eulogies of Rome were narrower in their scope, more private in their nature, and directed to fewer auditors than those of Greece. There, the eulogists addressed the many, and taking for their themes subjects of absorbing and national interest, used their opportunity to rouse the people to seek higher planes of thought or to carry out meritorious lines of action. The early Roman eulogies were essentially personal, and were pronounced as a tribute to the deceased by a near relative or intimate friend. They may, in fact, be characterized as the mourning of a family for its dead.

Cicero, in the Brutus, has ridiculed the eulogy; but his strictures, when applied to the early types, lose somewhat in force, not so much because of an error in criticism, for eulogies notoriously falsified history, but because of a failure to give proper

importance to the eulogy as a step in oratorical development. For, despite the fact that in the days of Cicero it had degenerated into a despised type of extravagant declamation much affected by ambitious youth, the funeral oration was the foundation of formal public speech.

The first funeral oration cited by the historians is that of Valerius Publicola, in the fifth century before Christ, upon L. Junius Brutus, leader of the revolutionary movement by which the Tarquins were driven from Rome. This oration, with those of Fabius Maximus upon Quintus Fabius and Cn. Manlius, of Appius Claudius and of Q. Metellus upon Lucius Metellus, all quoted by Livy, give us the conception of that author of the form of the earliest eulogy.

One of the most celebrated funeral orations is that ascribed by Livy and Plutarch to L. Paullus Æmilius. This great oration was pronounced before the people of Rome by L. Paullus Æmilius after his return from the victorious campaign in which he had defeated Perseus of Macedonia at the battle of Pydna. On this occasion, while rendering an account of his campaign, Æmilius could not refrain from speaking of his two sons, one of whom had died five days before, and the other five days after, the returning general's triumph. In this beautiful speech, which is a masterpiece of oratory, whether it be the work of Livy or of Æmilius, the

speaker contrasted the fortunes of the Republic with the fortunes of his house. The successes of the Republic had been glorious, but he had feared a change in the will of the gods. This change had come, but he rejoiced that misfortune fell on him and not on the Republic, and that his personal unhappiness had averted the disasters with which Rome was threatened.

Funeral orations were of two classes: The family eulogy—a narrow, boastful production that, because of its exclusive and personal character, did not keep pace with the literary development of Rome,—and the public eulogy, one of the most important types of oratory, and worthy of the efforts of the most talented orators, by whom it was given a splendor and richness unknown to other forms of early eloquence.

The third type of oratory, which originated in the early period of Rome's history, was the military oration. It was born of the camp and the battle-field, and a martial tone rang through its spirited periods. If we are to judge the value of this form of oration from the examples given by the historians,—and we have no other guide,—we must assign to it an important place. When we consider the character of the Roman people, the endless strife, the constant wars, we are led to agree in this estimate with Livy, Gellius, Sallust, and other chroniclers, in whose pages are

recorded such striking examples of military eloquence as the speeches of Hannibal, Scipio, and Catiline to their soldiers. Whether we assign these orations to the soldier or to the historian, whether to the earliest centuries or to the first before Christ, we must admit them to be striking examples of effective speaking.

In the third century before the Christian era, the art of oratory had become, through native aptitude and Grecian influence, a necessary part of the education of a Roman. From this period, oratory was especially cultivated, but it was taught by imitation and practice rather than by formal rules and elaborate systems. It is probable that no important treatise on oratory antedates the *De Oratore* of Cicero. The youth were encouraged to listen to the words of the great orators, and then by imitation of word and gesture to perfect themselves in public speaking. This training was not reserved for the special occasion and stated and limited times, but was a matter of every-day occurrence. It was carried on in the market-place, law court, Forum, and Senate, and went hand in hand with the practical preparations for the work of life. From such a system of instruction came the practical, logical, and withal vital method of oratory that distinguished the art at Rome.

Stirring as was the military address, emotional as was the funeral oration, and effective as was the

eloquence of action, yet the early forms of these types of oratory were inadequate to the needs of the many-sided, rapidly developing people dwelling by the Tiber. Interest in the study of oratorical forms and their practice became general. Roman life was active, advancing, conquering. The nation was successfully solving the greatest problems of law and government. The heroic legends had been woven into a vital and personal religion. In the absence of a literature the orators voiced the people's thought, and the necessity for a development of the oratorical art was brought home to the people. The ability to speak in public became, of necessity, an attribute of the Roman. It was not confined to the adult, nor even to the males. It was a national characteristic.

With the progress of the nation came the fourth and greatest of the types of Roman eloquence. This was Political oratory, with its two great divisions, the eloquence of the Senate, and the eloquence of the Forum. The latter includes the eloquence of the public meeting, or irregular, non-official gathering.

We must not be too precise in this separation of oratorical types and endeavor to assign them to immutable bounds and limits of character and of time. Any such limitation would be inaccurate, for the progress of oratorical development shows no distinct starting-points of this or of that type,

no rigid exclusion-lines of quality, and as in characteristics, so is it in time limits. The end of one form blends with the beginning of another, or again, two or more forms may exist side by side, sometimes distinct, sometimes blending.

Political oratory, from the beginning of the third century, gained that preëminence which it maintained through the life of the Republic. At the downfall of that form of government it declined and yielded the first place to the fifth form of Roman oratory, that of the law courts, which contested for public appreciation with the last type of eloquence to be considered, the oratory of display, as exemplified in the Declamation and the Panegyric, which, in their turn, were displaced by the oratory of the Christian Church.

The two varieties of political oratory present many contrasts: they differ in method, orators, and audience. They are alike only in purpose. Such great senatorial orators as Antonius, Crassus, Hortensius, and Cicero were the leading scholars, as they were the leading statesmen of their period. In the Senate they addressed a small, aristocratic body of grave, thoughtful, educated, experienced, and generally able men. The speeches delivered in the Senate were noted for calm, cool argument, and although, as a rule, the oration was brief, it was not abrupt, nor was it devoid of ornamentation. A certain majestic flow of clear, smooth,

fervent, authoritative statement, gave to senatorial oratory an unparalleled effectiveness.

The oratory of the Forum was all that the oratory of the Senate was not. In the Forum the speech was part of a polemical debate—a struggle between orators. There, movement, force, fire, and brilliant display were necessary to success. There, gesture, little used in the Senate, played an important part. There, multitudes—thousands of the common people, ignorant, passionate, easy to move, and difficult to control—listened to the type of orator exemplified by Memmius, Cato, and the Gracchi.

The world has had five great schools of secular oratory. These are the Grecian, Roman, Oriental, Modern Latin, and the Anglo-Saxon. Each has subdivisions, and yet each possesses the elements of a more or less homogeneous whole. We may better study the nature of the political oratory of the Roman Republic by comparing it with the same type of Grecian and Anglo-Saxon eloquence. Roman oratory of this period had little in common with the Asiatic school, and still less with the modern Oriental. Though Roman oratory may be the foundation of the Modern Latin school, which embraces the oratory of France, Spain, and the other Latin nations, yet this foundation was not the oratory of the Republic, but of a later period with which we are not here concerned. We are,

therefore, justified in excluding the Oriental and Modern Latin schools from our comparison.

The oratory of Greece and Rome was popular, as popular as that of the Anglo-Saxon. Yet as the Grecian and Roman people differed, so did the oratory. The forceful Roman demanded from an orator a virility unknown to Greece. The conquering Latin was moved by his passions; his public speakers sacrificed grace to force, but gained in grandeur what they lost in polish. Greece required finished grace, exquisite style and polished logic; her orators were armed with rapiers that would have shivered before the broadsword of Roman eloquence.

Yet Roman eloquence, though forceful, was not rude; it was strong, but well adapted to its auditors, upon whom the Greek style would have been ineffective, because it would have been regarded as artificial, cold, and insincere. The eloquence of Rome, in its earliest historical period, found its highest expression in the Senate, and Senatorial eloquence is comparable to Parliamentary eloquence in England and Congressional oratory in America. It should not be compared to the oratory of either the House of Lords or the American Senate, although it often bore that aristocratic stamp which marks the debates of those exclusive bodies. Neither was Roman Senatorial oratory exactly comparable to the oratory of the

House of Commons or that of the House of Representatives, although the party spirit and freedom of speech that were marked features of Senatorial oratory gave it a popular cast. In fact, the oratory of the Roman Senate contained these elements which we find in both the upper and lower houses of modern legislative bodies. It may, therefore, be characterized as resembling, in a marked degree, the form of oratory known as Parliamentary.

The oratory of the Forum, like that of the Senate, has no exact modern analogue. It contained the same elements that compose the modern political speech, combined in many cases with those predominating in the appeal of a modern lawyer to a jury sitting in a criminal case. It was, of necessity, broader and freer than the oratory of the Senate. Yet it was by no means of inferior rank. The greatest orators of the day addressed the people, and the fortunes of the nation time and again hung in the balance, depending for their rise or fall on the weight of eloquence.

It was in the field of political oratory that Cicero, Rome's greatest public speaker, won his most distinguished success. Cicero stands unquestionably the foremost of Roman orators. In the long record of a thousand years, between the founding of the city and the downfall of the Western Empire, Cicero is the one orator whose

utterances we can place so far above others as to enable us to say that the oratorical development of Rome culminated with his era. Before Cicero we have not a single orator of whose work an entire speech has been preserved in authentic form. After Cicero, with few exceptions, we have no public speakers whose oratory was worth preservation as such.

Yet the list of Roman orators is by no means a short one. It numbers hundreds of names, from that of Romulus to the least and latest Panegyrist under the Empire. Yet as a Canon of the Orators of Greece has been established, so may one be indicated for Rome. This can only be accomplished by a strict policy of exclusion. This method is the more difficult because we cannot judge the Roman, as we can the Grecian orators, by extensive literary remains. We must establish their right to a place in the Canon by the statements made concerning them and the fragments attributed to them by Roman writers.

In the chapters devoted to early Roman history we find oratorical prominence given to many noble Romans. In this uncertain history we read that the list of great orators includes Q. Junius Brutus, the expeller of the Tarquins, Menenius Agrippa, by whose efforts the Plebeians returned to Rome, Valerius Potitius, leader of the movement against the Decemviri, Appius Claudius Cæcus, the

The Pantheon, Rome.

blind Claudius, who opposed the treaty with Pyrrhus, C. Fabricius, the envoy sent to Rome by the prisoners taken by Pyrrhus, Tiberius Coruncanus, reported by the Pontifical Records to be an orator of great merit, M. Curius, the opponent of Appius Claudius, C. Flaminius, killed at Trasimenus, Q. Fabius Maximus the Cunctator, Q. Metellus the consul, and a host of others whose names are associated with momentous periods of their country's history. Many of the speeches attributed to these early Romans rank as masterpieces of oratory, but, because of the haze of doubt and uncertainty which surrounds them, not one of these orators can be given a place in the Canon of Rome's orators.

In the construction of the Canon we will place as its earliest name that of:

M. Cornelius Cethegus, consul in 203 B. C. His eloquence was distinctly persuasive, and his language, chosen with regard for beauty and finish, won for him the epithets of "the fine flower of the people," the orator "whose mouth drops honeyed speech."

Next we admit M. Porcius Cato (The Censor) (b. *circa* 231 B.C.). An orator and statesman highly regarded by Cicero, but because of the bitterness of his words and the rudeness of his manners held by his contemporaries in light esteem as an orator. Cicero had abundant opportunity and sufficient

material—over one hundred and fifty orations—to give an opinion of Cato's abilities which is entitled to great respect. We can, if able to divest ourselves of the intruding belief that personal predilection warped the critical judgment of Cicero, agree with that author in estimating Cato's oratory as dignified in commendation, pitiless in sarcasm, pointed in phraseology, and subtle in argument.

As contemporaries of Cato the names of Aulus Postumius Albinus (consul 150 B.C), an orator of force and a man of sterling virtue, Spurius Albinus (consul 147 or 146 B.C.), Servius Fulvius, Sulpicius Gallus, and P. Cornelius Scipio force themselves upon our notice. Athough the speech of Scipio delivered upon the anniversary of the battle of Zama, in defence of his conduct, impeached by the consul Nævius, will endure as an example of eloquence, we cannot include him among the orators of the first rank as we must his son Scipio Africanus Minor (Æmilianus) (185–129 B.C.), a vigorous, clear speaker in whom the influence of Greek culture was at work. We next include C. Lælius, known as Sapiens (consul 141 B.C.), a popular orator of great ability. His eloquence, though lacking in force, was in its way remarkably effective. "The charm of his delivery," says Cicero, "was a kind of religious unction than which nothing could be sweeter, nothing holier." We have a characteristic specimen of the oratory

of Lælius in the eulogy upon Scipio Africanus Minor:

"Needs must be that the empire of the whole earth should be where that man was: wherefore neither such great thanks can be paid to the immortal gods as ought to be paid, that he, with such a mind and such a spirit, was born in this city out of all others, nor yet such moan and lament be made as ought to be made since he died of that disease, and was taken away in that same season, when to you and all others who would have this commonwealth safe there was most need of his life, ye men of Rome."

Servius Sulpicius Galba (180–136 B. C.). A man of the blackest character and of the most depraved tastes, yet withal one of the most powerful orators of his era. A man capable of feeling that which he spoke and convincing his audience that he did feel it. He was the first Roman public speaker to give a true oratorical form to eloquence, "he was the first to introduce deliberate digression for the sake of ornament, the first to delight the mind, to move it, to raise his subject, the first to use commonplaces and topics of pity."

Æmilius Lepidus Porcina is not of the Canon, although his speeches were highly commended by Cicero. He deserves especial notice because he was the first to adopt the Greek style and to write an oration as a purely literary composition in which

grace and beauty were the first aims of the speaker.

In the period directly following that of Lepidus, we note the orators Gaius Fannius (consul in 122 B. C.),—best known by the speech against Gaius Gracchus, attributed to him as well as to C. Persius of the same century,—Mucius Scævola the Augur, and Spurius Mummius, brother of Lucius Mummius (consul 145 B. C.), the destroyer of Corinth. Of these brothers, Cicero says: "Lucius is simple and antique, Spurius not much more ornamental but more condensed in style, for he has been taught the doctrines of the Stoics." All these men, together with L. Scribonius Libo, tribune of the people and accuser of Galba, Q. Fulvius Nobilior, the energetic defender of the same Galba in the famous trial of his conduct as Prætor of Lusitania, have left their impress upon the history of oratory, but none of them can rank with Carbo, the next orator we place upon the Canon.

Carbo (164–119 B.C.) was of as base character as Galba, and like Galba was an orator of the first rank; Cicero classes him as the greatest of his day. He was essentially a popular speaker. He was the first among the Romans to give prominence to wit and humor as an element of the public speech. He revelled in anecdote and jest, was a fluent speaker and keen thinker, painstaking in preparation and artistic in delivery.

The next names of commanding eminence are those of the Gracchi, Tiberius and Gaius. These great orators may be said to have inaugurated an era in their art.

Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus (169–133) was the greatest orator Rome had yet known. His fame was shortly to be surpassed by that of his brother Gaius, yet during his brief activity he was the prince of the Forum. The eloquence of Tiberius was based upon a study of Greek models, though it was in no sense a copy of them. His speeches were distinguished for their high moral tone, their earnestness, temperance, and purity, as well as for their classical cast. In the oratory of Tiberius, and more particularly in that of Gaius, is to be noticed, for the first time in Roman history, that reserved force which is the crowning attribute of oratory.

Gaius Gracchus (154–121) was a greater orator than Tiberius and "for most people the history of Latin eloquence began with Gaius Gracchus." If one word should be selected to characterize his style of oratory, that word would be *intensity*. Following the Gracchi, the greatest speaker of the period was C. Fimbria, and with him must be mentioned Drusus, who tried to carry out the best elements of the plans of the Gracchi ; P. Scipio, the wittiest speaker of his day ; Scaurus (163–90 B.C.), scholar, philosopher, and historian, whose oratory was remarkable for its dignity and commanding

tone ; Rutilius Rufus (158–78 B.C.), and Catulus (consul 102 B.C.), all aristocratic and senatorial orators of no mean force.

"The era inaugurated by the Gracchi was in the highest degree favorable to eloquence. The disordered state of the Republic, in which party spirit had banished patriotism and was itself surrendering to armed violence, called for a style of speaking commensurate with the turbulence of public life. Never in the world's history has fierce passion found such exponents in so great a sphere. It is not only the vehemence of their language,—that may have been paralleled elsewhere,—it is the reality of it that impresses us. The words that denounced an enemy were not idly flung into the Forum ; they fell among those who had the power and the will to act upon them. He who sent them forth must expect them to ruin either his antagonist or himself. Each man chose his side, with the daggers of the other party before his face. His eloquence, like his sword, was a weapon for life and death. Only in the French Revolution have oratory and assassination thus gone hand in hand. Demosthenes could lash the Athenians into enthusiasm so great that in delight at his eloquence, they forgot his advice. 'I want you,' he said, 'not to applaud me, but to march against Philip.' There was no danger of the Roman people forgetting action in applause. They rejoiced

to hear the orator, but it was that he might impel them to tumultuous activity ; he was caterer not for the satisfaction of their ears, but for the employment of their hands. Thus he paid a heavy price for eminence. Few of Rome's greatest orators died in their beds. Carbo put an end to his own life ; the two Gracchi, Antonius, Drusus, and Cicero himself perished by the assassin's hand ; Crassus was delivered by sudden illness from the same fate. It is not wonderful if with the sword hanging over their heads, Roman orators attained to a vehemence beyond example in other nations. The charm that danger lends to daring is nowhere better shown than in the case of Cicero. Timid by nature, he not only in his speeches hazarded his life, but even when the dagger of Antony was waiting for him, could not bring himself to flee. With the civil war, however, eloquence was for a time suppressed. Neither argument nor menace could make head against the furious brutality of Marius or the colder butcheries of Sulla. But the intervening period produced two of the greatest speakers Rome ever saw, both of whom Cicero places at the very summit of their art, between whom he professes himself unable to decide, and about whom he gives the most authentic and copious account."

"Antonius (143–87 B.C.) and Crassus (139–91 B.C.) were," says Cicero, "the Demosthenes and

Hyperides of Rome." There can be no question of their place in the Canon.

Contemporaneous with these orators we find L. Marcius Philippus, a free and eloquent speaker, T. Albucius Barra of Asculum, P. Canutius and C. Julius Cæsar, the elder; but the greatest speakers of this period, between Crassus and Cicero, were C. Aurelius Cotta, P. Sulpicius Rufus—of whom Cicero said that he was the "grandest," the "most tragic," speaker he had heard—and Q. Hortensius, the undisputed leader of the courts, the rival and friend of Cicero. Of these three men, Cicero says: "Cotta lacked pomp, Sulpicius gentleness, and Hortensius gravity," but all three were orators of high rank, and the last, Q. HORTENSIUS, is to be placed in the Canon. He was a master of style, his language was beautiful, and by the most elaborate preparation, rehearsal, and practice he produced, in his days of full power, an oration of unrivalled excellence.

The name of Hortensius brings us to Cicero, the prince of Roman orators. To avoid duplicating the introduction to the selections from his orations, we pass immediately to his successors, in order to complete our Canon.

Great as was Cicero, he left no permanent impress upon the oratory of Rome. He stood unique among her speakers, challenging comparison, and in his prime finding no rivals.

Cicero left no disciples, unless, indeed, we may so call M. Claudius Marcellus (consul 51 B. C.). Among the contemporaries of Cicero were many speakers of high rank. Of these Julius Cæsar was the greatest. He was a consummate orator. His remarkable ability, as such, would have made him Cicero's rival if his great executive force had not led him to other lines of action. We must include Cæsar in our Canon, although we reject M. Claudius, one of the most polished and graceful speakers of the period. We have next to note three orators who formed the connecting link between Ciceronian and Augustan eloquence,—C. Curio, M. Cælius Rufus, and C. Licinius Calvus (49 B.C.), all remarkable men. Of these Calvus is the most important; by a narrow chance he failed to gain the fame that Cicero won. Calvus was the leader of the bitter opposition that arose against the Ciceronian type of oratory. He pleased the public which Cicero in his old age no longer charmed, and he must be added to the list of Rome's greatest orators, together with M. Brutus, nephew of Cato, an orator of great power and effectiveness. C. Asinius Pollio and M. Valerius Messala, the last orators of the old school, complete the tale of the great orators of the days of Cicero. The tradition that Antonius the Triumvir was an orator of the first rank lacks authentic evidence to substantiate it.

We now arrive at a period in the history of oratory when great names are infrequent and the lesser ones unworthy of especial notice. Yet in this era of oratorical decadence we meet with six men whose claims to inclusion in our Canon cannot be seriously disputed, although their great abilities in other fields of effort have made them better known to the general reader of modern times as historians and rhetoricians. Students will, however, agree that Seneca, Livy, Sallust, Pliny the Younger, Tacitus, and Quintilian were great orators. We know that these men were trained in the art, that they exercised it in a preëminently successful manner. If their speeches, with the exception of one of Pliny's, have not been preserved, we need only turn to their other writings to find abundant examples of oratorical masterpieces. In Livy's *Roman History* are a score of such examples, which are attributed by the author to early Roman orators. Though the orations may embody the ideas of these orators, yet the construction and language are Livy's, and even the thought itself may be his. As with this author, so is it with the others whose names we have added to the Canon. This authorship, together with the information which we have of their lives, warrants us in placing Livy and Sallust among the great orators of Rome, to which rank Seneca, Pliny the Younger, Tacitus, and Quintilian unquestionably

belong. We may in recapitulation present, as a tentative Canon of Roman orators, the following names:

Cethegus	Hortensius
Cato (the elder)	Cicero
Scipio (Æmilianus)	Julius Cæsar
Lælius	Calvus
Galba	Brutus
Carbo	Seneca
Gracchus, T.	Livy
Gracchus, G.	Sallust
Antonius, M. (the orator)	Pliny the Younger
Crassus	Tacitus

Quintilian

The fifth type of Roman oratory, that of the Law Courts, began to grow in importance in the third century before Christ. It continued to engage the attention of the orators throughout the Republic, and gained in power and influence with the Imperial era. It survived the Christianizing of the Empire. Roman legal or judicial oratory is by no means its highest type. Yet no other form, except the oratory of the Forum, excelled it in persuasive and emotional characteristics. That such oratory was eloquent cannot be denied, but in it the absence of ethical and even truthful standards was conspicuous. Manipulation of evidence, plays upon emotion, and passionate appeals won success in the courts. The successful judicial orators were powerful speakers, but whatever their private probity might have been, they did

not scruple to use the most reprehensible methods to gain their cases. Form and precedent choked oratory in the last days of Rome, and the eloquence of the courts ceased, while dry formalism, with no touch of greater justice, prevailed.

As Democratic liberty gave place to Imperial control, the practice of this type of oratory declined, until it might well be said that political oratory of the type of the Republic was dead. But its place was taken by a new school, by another type of public speaking, that of the Rhetoricians or Declaimers. This sixth form of Roman oratory was a natural consequence, since "speech-making and speech-hearing were deeply rooted in the Roman nature. Hence, when the Forum became dull, speech-making retired to the school-room to continue there a shadowy life; rhetoric supplanted oratory, rhetoricians took the place of orators, and speaking was superseded by declaiming." The first school of Roman rhetoric was opened by L. Plotius Gallus, about 90 B.C., and this school and its successors superseded the private instruction in the art of public speaking which had existed for many years.

Declamation became the fashion, and the rhetoricians were the idols of the hour. The orators became declaimers, and in the reign of Augustus we meet the eminent names of Messalinus and Haterius, Porcius Latro, Fuscus Arellius, Albucius

Selus, and Rutulus Lupus. The greatest of these declaimers was Latro, but even his rank is below that of Annæus Seneca. The declamations of this period are of two principal forms: The Controversia, a discussion of legal questions, and the Suasoria, a debate upon imaginary themes. These two types are, perhaps, best preserved in the works of Seneca and Quintilian.

The Panegyric was the direct result of the teaching of the rhetoricians. It was the crowning effort of their school. This type of oratory reached its greatest development under the later Cæsars. Its period of degeneracy was soon reached, and panegyrists devoted their talents to the praise of the most trivial and even debasing subjects for the purpose of gain. In all this prostitution of eloquence, a certain grace, beauty, and wealth of thought remained to charm the great crowds which thronged to listen with eager attention to the orators. Of those panegyrics that have been preserved to us, that of Pliny the Younger (100 A.D.) on Trajan is esteemed the best, but we have other examples of this style of oratory that must be noted. The first important panegyric was that of Cicero upon Pompey; this forms a part of the oration upon the Manilian Law. The next was upon Marcellus, and was the work of Cæsar. But these panegyrics antedated the Empire, during the existence of which flourished Pliny the

Younger, Claudius Mamertinus, with his orations on Diocletian (289 A. D.), and on Maximianus (292 A.D.); Eunimius, with two panegyrics on Constantine Chlorus (296 A.D.), and those upon Constantine (310, 311–313 A.D.); Nazarius, with one upon the same emperor (321 A.D.); Mamertinus, who delivered an oration upon Julian (362 A.D.), as did Ausonius on Gratian (379 A.D.). The last of these orators is Pacatus, and his oration upon Theodosius (389 A.D.) is the latest of the major panegyrics that have been preserved to us.

With the passing of the panegyrists we enter upon a new era in the history of eloquence, an era lasting ten centuries, in which the orators of the Christian Church stood unrivalled.

C. SALLUSTIUS CRISPUS

C. Sallustius Crispus, commonly known as Sallust, was born in the year 84 B.C. at Amiternum. His family was plebeian. Little is known of his early life. He was prominent in political affairs, and during the civil war attached himself to the party of Cæsar, whose warm friend he was. Despite his plebeian origin he rose steadily through the various political official grades, was quæstor, tribune of the Plebeians, and a member of the Senate, from which body he was expelled in 50 B.C., because, as was alleged, the viciousness of his life disgraced the senatorial body. In all probability, without reference to the truth of the charge, he was degraded because the dominant party was opposed to him as a partisan of Cæsar. In 47 B.C. Cæsar rewarded him for his zeal and fidelity by the prætorship of Numidia and the restoration of his senatorial rank. He returned from Numidia in 45 B.C., with an enormous fortune, and retired from public activity, spending the balance of his life in pleasure and literary employment. It was in this period that his great works were produced. An examination of his political activity shows that from the moment of his entrance into public life he was continually addressing the Romans, in the Law Courts, in the Forum, and in the Senate. His talents as an orator won him the favor of the leaders and the support of the people, and the speeches in his History are the outgrowth of his oratorical training. He died at the age of fifty-two.

His style was cultured, classic, and a trifle archaic. It is supposed he sought to acquire the style of Thucydides. With all his faults, the charm of Sallust's writings has won him the distinction of disputing with Livy the title of Rome's greatest historian.

The great works of this prince of Roman historians are *Jugurtha,* the *Conspiracy of Catiline* and the *History of*

Rome; by them his fame was made, and through them it will remain secure. In these works we find masterpieces of oratory ascribed to early Romans, but in many cases such ascription is manifestly false. We know that they are from the pen of Sallust.

One of the best text of the works of Sallust is that published in the *Teubner* series. Several translations have been made.

For bibliographies consult the works of Teuffel and Engleman.

TO THE CONSPIRATORS

L. Sergius Catiline.

This speech is put in the mouth of Catiline by Sallust, but is essentially the work of the historian.

IF your courage and fidelity had not been sufficiently proved by me, this favorable opportunity would have occurred to no purpose; mighty hopes, absolute power, would in vain be within our grasp; nor should I, depending on irresolution or fickle-mindedness, pursue contingencies instead of certainties. But as I have, on many remarkable occasions, experienced your bravery and attachment to me, I have ventured to engage in a most important and glorious enterprise. I am aware, too, that whatever advantages or evils affect you, the same affect me; and to have the same desires and the same aversions is assuredly a firm bond of friendship.

What I have been meditating, you have already separately heard. But my ardor for action is daily more and more excited, when I consider what our

future condition of life must be, unless we ourselves assert our claims to liberty. For since the government has fallen under the power and jurisdiction of a few men, kings and princes have constantly been their tributaries; nations and States have paid them taxes; but all the rest of us, however brave or worthy, whether noble or plebeian, have been regarded as a mere mob, without interest or authority, and subject to those to whom, if the State were in a sound condition, we should be a terror. Hence, all influence, power, honor, and wealth, are in their hands, or where they dispose of them; to us they have left only insults, dangers, persecutions. To such indignities, O bravest of men, how long will you submit? Is it not better to die in a glorious attempt than, after having been the sport of other men's insolence, to resign with ignominy a wretched and degraded existence?

But success (I call gods and men to witness!) is in our own hands. We are in the flush of youth; our spirit is unbroken: among our oppressors, on the contrary, through age and wealth, a general debility has been produced. We have, therefore, only to make a beginning; the course of events will accomplish the rest.

Who in the world, indeed, that has the feelings of a man, can endure that these men should have a superfluity of riches to squander in bridging

seas and levelling mountains, and that means should be wanting to us to procure even the necessaries of life; that they should join together two houses or more, and that we should not have a hearth to call our own? They, though they purchase pictures, statues, and embossed plate; though they pull down new buildings and erect others, and lavish and abuse their wealth in every possible way, yet cannot, with the utmost efforts of caprice, exhaust it. But for us there is poverty at home, debts abroad; our present circumstances are bad, our prospects much worse; and what, in a word, is left to us but a miserable existence?

Will you not, then, awake to action? Behold, that liberty, that liberty for which you have so often wished, with wealth, honor, and glory, is set before your eyes. All these prizes Fortune offers to the victorious. Let the enterprise itself, then, let the opportunity, let your poverty, your dangers, and the glorious spoils of war, animate you far more than my words. Use me either as your leader or as your fellow-soldier; neither my heart nor my hand shall be wanting to you. These objects I hope to effect, in union with you, in the character of consul; unless, indeed, my expectation deceives me, and you prefer to be slaves rather than masters.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

TO HIS SOLDIERS

L. Sergius Catiline.

This speech is attributed by Sallust to Catiline. It is not authentic, yet presents a good illustration of the speeches which Roman generals often addressed to their troops. Sallust says : " When Catiline saw that he was surrounded by mountains and by hostile forces, that his schemes in the city had been unsuccessful, and that there was no hope either of escape or of succor, thinking it best, in such circumstances, to try the fortune of a battle, he resolved upon engaging, as speedily as possible, with Antonius. Having, therefore, assembled his troops, he addressed them in the following words : "

I AM well aware, soldiers, that words cannot inspire courage ; that a spiritless army cannot be rendered active, or a timid army valiant, by the speech of its commander. Whatever courage is in the heart of a man, whether from nature or from habit, so much will be shown by him in the field ; and on him whom neither glory nor danger can move, exhortation is bestowed in vain ; for the terror in his breast stops his ears.

I have called you together, however, to give you a few instructions, and to explain to you, at the same time, my reasons for the course which I have adopted. You all know, soldiers, how severe a penalty the inactivity and cowardice of Lentulus

has brought upon himself and us ; and how, while waiting for reinforcements from the city, I was unable to march into Gaul. In what situation our affairs now are, you all understand as well as I myself. Two armies of the enemy, one on the side of Rome, and the other on that of Gaul, oppose our progress ; while the want of corn and of other necessaries prevents us from remaining in our present position, however strongly we may desire to do so. Whithersoever we would go, we must open a passage with our swords. I conjure you, therefore, to maintain a brave and resolute spirit ; and to remember, when you advance to battle, that on your own right hands depend riches, honor, and glory, with the enjoyment of your liberty and of your country. If we conquer, all will be safe ; we shall have provisions in abundance, and the colonies and corporate towns will open their gates to us. But if we lose the victory through want of courage, those same places will turn against us ; for neither place nor friend will protect him whom his arms have not protected. Furthermore, soldiers, the exigency that presses upon us does not press upon our adversaries ; we fight for our country, for our liberty, for our life ; they contend for that which matters to them but little, the power of a small party. Attack them, therefore, with so much the greater confidence, and call to mind your achievements of old.

We might, with the utmost ignominy, have passed the rest of our days in exile. Some of you, after losing your property, might have waited at Rome for assistance from others. But because such a life was disgusting and unendurable to men of spirit, you resolved upon your present course. If you wish to accomplish your ends, you must exert all your resolution, for none but conquerors have ever exchanged war for peace. To hope for safety in flight, when you have turned away from the enemy the arms with which you should defend the body, is sheer madness. In battle, those who are most afraid are always in most danger; while courage is a rampart.

When I look upon you, soldiers, and consider your past exploits, a strong hope of victory animates me. Your spirit, your age, your valor, give me confidence, to say nothing of necessity, which makes even cowards brave. Our confined situation is sufficient to prevent the numbers of the enemy from surrounding us. But should Fortune be unjust to your valor, take care not to lose your lives unavenged; take care not to be taken and butchered like cattle, but rather, fighting like men, leave to your enemies a bloody and mournful victory.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

ON PUNISHING THE CONSPIRATORS

Cæsar.

This oration, delivered against Catiline and the conspirators, is considered by some scholars to be preserved essentially as it was delivered by Cæsar. If so, it is the only speech of Cæsar's which is extant. Without entering into a discussion of the authenticity of the oration, it may be said that there is no valid reason why Sallust should not have been able to preserve the exact words of Cæsar. If the speech had been read from a manuscript, Sallust's intimacy with Cæsar would have procured its use. If spoken without notes, the exact words could have been secured by the system of short-hand in use at Rome. Then, too, in care and painstaking accuracy Sallust was in advance of his age. Of this speech we can only say, quoting Sallust, "Cæsar, when it came to his turn, was asked his opinion by the consul, and spoke to the following effect:"

IT becomes all men, Conscript Fathers, who deliberate on dubious matters, to be influenced neither by hatred, affection, anger, nor pity. The mind, when such feelings obstruct its view, cannot easily see what is right; nor has any human being ever consulted, at the same moment, both his passions and his interest. When the mind is free to exert itself, its reasoning is sound; but passion, if it gain possession of it, becomes its tyrant, and reason is powerless.

I could easily mention, Conscript Fathers, numerous examples of kings and nations who,

swayed by resentment or compassion, have adopted injudicious courses of conduct; but I had rather speak of those instances in which our ancestors, in opposition to the impulse of passion, acted with wisdom and sound policy.

In the Macedonian war, which we carried on against King Perses, the great and powerful state of Rhodes, which had risen by the aid of the Roman people, was faithless and hostile to us; yet, when the war was ended and the conduct of the Rhodians was taken into consideration, our forefathers left them unmolested, lest any should say that war was made upon them in order to seize their wealth, rather than to punish their faithlessness. Throughout the Punic wars, too, though the Carthaginians, both during peace and in suspensions of arms, were guilty of many acts of injustice, yet our ancestors never took occasion to retaliate, but considered what was worthy of themselves, rather than what might justly be inflicted on their enemies.

You should observe similar caution, Conscript Fathers, that the guilt of Lentulus and the other conspirators may not have greater weight with you than your own dignity, and that you may not regard your indignation more than your character. If, indeed, a punishment adequate to their crimes be discovered, I consent to extraordinary measures; but if the enormity of their crimes exceeds whatever

can be devised, I think that we should inflict only such penalties as the laws have provided.

Most of those who have given their opinions before me have deplored in studied and impressive language the sad fate that threatens the Republic; they have recounted the barbarities of war and the afflictions that would fall on the vanquished; they have told us that maidens would be dishonored and youths abused; that children would be torn from the embraces of their parents; that matrons would be subjected to the passions of the conquerors; that temples and dwelling-houses would be plundered; that massacres and fires would follow; and that every place would be filled with arms, corpses, blood, and lamentation. But to what end, in the name of the eternal gods! was such eloquence directed? Was it intended to render you indignant with the conspiracy? A speech, doubtless, will inflame him whom so frightful and monstrous a reality has not provoked! Far from it; for to no man does evil directed against himself appear a light matter; many, on the contrary, have felt it more seriously than was right.

But to different persons, Conscript Fathers, different degrees of license are allowed. If those who pass a life sunk in obscurity commit any error through excessive anger, few become aware of it, for their fame is as limited as their fortune; but the whole world knows the acts of those who live

invested with extensive power and in an exalted station. Thus in the highest positions there is least liberty of action ; and it becomes us to indulge neither partiality nor aversion, and least of all animosity ; for what in others is called resentment is in the powerful termed violence and cruelty.

I am indeed of the opinion, Conscript Fathers, that the utmost degree of torture is inadequate to punish their crime ; but the generality of mankind dwell on that which happens last, and in the case of malefactors forget their guilt and talk only of their punishment, should that punishment have been inordinately severe. I feel assured, too, that Decimus Silanus, a man of spirit and resolution, made the suggestions which he offered from zeal for the State, and that he had no thought of favor or enmity in so important a matter ; such I know to be his character, and such his discretion. Yet his proposal appears to me, I will not say cruel (for what can be cruel that is directed against such characters ?) but foreign to our policy. For assuredly, Silanus, either your fears or their treasons must have induced you, a consul elect, to propose this new kind of punishment. Of fear it is unnecessary to speak when, by the prompt activity of that distinguished man, our consul, such numerous forces are under arms ; and of the punishment, we may say, what is indeed the truth, that in trouble and distress death is a relief from suffering, and

not a torment; that it puts an end to all human woes; and that, beyond it, there is no place either for sorrow or joy.

But why, in the name of the immortal gods, did you not add to your proposal, Silanus, that, before they were put to death, they should be punished with the scourge? Was it because the Porcian law forbids it? But other laws forbid condemned citizens to be deprived of life, and allow them to go into exile. Or was it because scourging is a severer penalty than death? Yet what can be too severe, or too harsh, towards men convicted of such an offence? But if scourging be a milder punishment than death, how is it consistent to observe the law as to the smaller point, when you disregard it as to the greater?

But who, it may be asked, will blame any severity that shall be decreed against these parricides of their country? I answer that time, the course of events, and fortune, whose caprice governs nations, may blame it. Whatever shall fall on the traitors, will fall on them justly; but it is for you, Conscript Fathers, to consider well what you resolve to inflict on others. All precedents productive of evil effects have had their origin in what was good; but when a government passes into the hands of the ignorant or unprincipled, any new example of severity, inflicted on deserving and suitable objects, is extended to those who are not

properly deserving of it. The Lacedæmonians, when they had conquered the Athenians, appointed thirty men to govern their State. These thirty began their administration by putting to death, even without a trial, all who were notoriously wicked or publicly detestable; acts at which the people rejoiced, and extolled their justice. But afterwards, when their lawless power gradually increased, they proceeded at their pleasure to kill the good and bad indiscriminately and to strike terror into all; and thus the State, overpowered and enslaved, paid a heavy penalty for its imprudent exultation.

Within our own memory, too, when the victorious Sulla ordered Damasippus, and others of similar character, who had risen by distressing their country, to be put to death, who did not commend the proceeding? All exclaimed that wicked and factious men, who had troubled the State with their seditious practices, had justly forfeited their lives. Yet this proceeding was the commencement of great bloodshed. For whenever any one coveted the mansion or villa, or even the plate or apparel of another, he exerted his influence to have him numbered among the proscribed. Thus they to whom the death of Damasippus had been a subject of joy were soon after dragged to death themselves; nor was there any cessation of slaughter until Sulla had glutted all his partisans with riches.

Such excesses, indeed, I do not fear from Marcus Tullius, or in these times. But in a large State there arise many men of various dispositions. At some other period, and under another consul, who, like the present, may have an army at his command, some false accusation may be credited as true; and when, with our example for a precedent, the consul shall have drawn the sword on the authority of the Senate, who shall stay its progress or temper its fury?

Our ancestors, Conscript Fathers, were never deficient in conduct or courage; nor did pride prevent them from imitating the customs of other nations, if these appeared deserving of regard. Their armor and weapons of war they borrowed from the Samnites; their insignia of authority, for the most part, from the Etrurians; and, in short, whatever appeared eligible to them, whether among allies or among enemies, they adopted at home with the greatest readiness, being more inclined to emulate merit than to be jealous of it. But at the same time, adopting a practice from Greece, they punished their citizens with the scourge, and inflicted capital punishment on such as were condemned. When the Republic, however, became powerful, and faction grew strong because of the vast number of citizens, men began to involve the innocent in condemnation, and other like abuses were practised; and it was then that

the Porcian and other laws were provided, by which condemned citizens were allowed to go into exile. This lenity of our ancestors, Conscript Fathers, I regard as a very strong reason that we should not adopt any new measures of severity. For assuredly there was greater merit and wisdom in those, who raised so mighty an empire from humble means, than in us, who can scarcely preserve what they so honorably acquired. Am I of the opinion, then, you will ask, that the conspirators should be set free, and that the army of Catiline should thus be increased? Far from it; my recommendation is, that their property be confiscated, and that they themselves be kept in custody in such of the municipal towns as are best able to bear the expense; that no one hereafter bring their case before the Senate or speak of it to the people; and that the Senate now give their judgment that he who shall act contrary to this, will act against the Republic and the general safety.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

AGAINST THE CONSPIRATORS

Marcus Porcius Cato

The same question of authenticity mentioned in the note to the oration of Cæsar On Punishing the Conspirators applies to the speech of Cato. Sallust says: "When Cæsar had ended his speech, the rest briefly expressed their assent, some to one speaker and some to another, in support of their different proposals; but Marcus Porcius Cato, having been asked his opinion, made a speech to the following purport":

MY feelings, Conscript Fathers, are altogether different when I contemplate our circumstances and dangers, and when I revolve in my mind the sentiments of some who have spoken before me. Those speakers, as it seems to me, have considered only how to punish the traitors who have raised war against their country, their parents, their altars, and their homes; but the state of affairs warns us rather to secure ourselves against them than to take counsel as to what sentence we should pass upon them. Other crimes you may punish after they have been committed; but with this, unless you prevent its commission, you will, when it has once taken effect, appeal to justice in vain. When the city is taken, no power is left to the vanquished.

But in the name of the immortal gods, I call upon you who have always valued your mansions and villas, your statues and pictures, at a higher price than the welfare of your country, if you wish to preserve those possessions, whatever kind they are, to which you are attached ; if you wish to secure quiet for the enjoyment of your pleasures, arouse yourselves, and act in defence of your country. We are not debating on the revenues, or on injuries done to our allies; our liberty and our lives are at stake.

Often, Conscript Fathers, have I spoken at great length in this assembly ; often have I complained of the luxury and avarice of our citizens, and, by that very means, have incurred the displeasure of many. I, who never excused to myself, or to my own conscience, the commission of any fault, could not easily pardon the misconduct or condone the licentiousness of others. But though you little regarded my remonstrances, yet the Republic remained secure ; its own strength was proof against your remissness. The question, however, at present under discussion, is not whether we live in a good or bad state of morals ; not how great or how splendid is the Empire of the Roman people ; but whether these things around us, of whatever value they are, are to remain our own or are to fall, with ourselves, into the hands of the enemy.

In such a case, does any one talk to me of

gentleness and compassion? For some time past, it is true, we have forgotten the real names of things; for to lavish the property of others is called generosity, and audacity in wickedness is called heroism; and hence the State is reduced to the brink of ruin. But let those who thus misname things be liberal, since such is the practice, out of the property of our allies; let them be merciful to the robbers of the treasury; but let them not lavish our blood, and, while they spare a few criminals, bring destruction on all the guiltless.

Caius Cæsar, a short time ago, spoke in fair and elegant language before this assembly on the subject of Life and Death; considering as false, I suppose, that which is said of the dead: that the bad, going a different way from the good, inhabit places which are gloomy, desolate, dreary, and full of horror. He accordingly proposed that the property of the conspirators should be confiscated, and themselves kept in custody in the municipal towns; fearing, it seems, that if they remain at Rome they may be rescued either by their accomplices in the conspiracy or by a hired mob; as if, forsooth, the mischievous and profligate were to be found only in the city and not throughout the whole of Italy, or as if desperate attempts would not be more likely to succeed where there is less power to resist them. His proposal, therefore, if he fears any danger from them, is absurd; but if,

amidst such universal terror, he alone is free from alarm, it the more concerns me to fear for you and for myself.

Be sure, then, that when you decide on the fate of Lentulus and the other prisoners, you at the same time determine that of the army of Catiline and of all the conspirators. The more spirit you display in your decision, the more will their confidence be diminished; but if they perceive you in the smallest degree irresolute, they will advance upon you with fury.

Do not suppose that our ancestors, from so small a commencement, raised the Republic to greatness merely by force of arms. If such had been the case, we should now enjoy it in a most excellent condition; for of allies and citizens, as well as arms and horses, we have a much greater abundance than they. But there were other things which made them great, but which no longer exist among us: such as industry at home, equitable government abroad, and minds impartial in council, uninfluenced by any immoral or improper feeling. Instead of such virtues, we have luxury and avarice, public distress and private superfluity; we extol wealth, and yield to indolence; no distinction is made between good men and bad; and ambition usurps the honors due to virtue. Nor is this wonderful, since each of you studies his own interest, since at home you are

slaves to pleasure, and here to money or to favor; and hence it happens that an attack is made on the defenceless State.

But on these subjects I shall say no more. Certain citizens, of the highest rank, have conspired to ruin their country; they are inciting the Gauls, the bitterest foes of the Roman name, to join in a war against us; the leader of the enemy is ready to make a descent upon us, and do you hesitate, even in such circumstances, how to treat armed incendiaries arrested within your walls? I advise you to have mercy upon them; they are young men who have been led astray by ambition; send them away, even with arms in their hands. But if they turn those arms against you, such mercy and such clemency will end in misery to yourselves. The case, assuredly, is dangerous, but you do not feel it; yes, you fear it greatly, but through weakness and want of spirit you hesitate how to act, waiting one for another, and trusting to the immortal gods, who have so often preserved your country in the greatest dangers. But the protection of the gods is not obtained by vows and womanish supplications; it is by vigilance, activity, and prudent measures that general welfare is secured. When you are once resigned to sloth and indolence, it is in vain that you implore the gods; they are then indignant and threaten vengeance.

In the days of our forefathers, Titus Manlius

Torquatus, during a war with the Gauls, ordered his own son to be put to death, because he had fought with an enemy contrary to orders. That noble youth suffered for excess of bravery ; and do you hesitate in determining what sentence to pass on the most inhuman of traitors ? Perhaps their former life is at variance with their present crime. Spare, then, the dignity of Lentulus, if he has ever spared his own honor or character, or had any regard for gods or for men. Pardon the youth of Cethegus, unless this be the second time that he has made war upon his country. As to Gabinius, Statilius, Cœparius, why should I make any remark upon them ? Had they ever possessed the smallest share of discretion, they would not have engaged in such a plot against their country.

In conclusion, Conscript Fathers, if there were time to amend an error, I might easily suffer you, since you disregard words, to be corrected by experience of consequences. But we are beset by dangers on all sides : Catiline, with his army, is ready to devour us, while there are other enemies within the walls and in the heart of the city ; and no measures can be taken, no plans arranged, without their knowledge. The more necessary is it, therefore, to act with promptitude. What I advise, then, is this : since the State, by a treasonable combination of abandoned citizens, has been brought into the greatest peril, and

since the conspirators have been convicted, on the evidence of Titus Volturcius and of the deputies of the Allobroges, and on their own confession, of having concerted massacres, conflagrations, and other horrible and cruel outrages against their fellow-citizens and their country, that, therefore, punishment ought to be inflicted, according to the usage of our ancestors, on the prisoners who have confessed their guilt, as on men convicted of capital crimes.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

AGAINST THE POWER OF THE NOBILITY

Caius Memmius.

"When rumor had made known the affairs transacted in Africa [the conduct of the Roman generals in treating with Jugurtha] and the mode in which they had been brought to pass, the conduct of the consul became a subject of discussion in every place and company at Rome. Among the people there was violent indignation; as to the Senators, it was a matter of doubt whether they would ratify so flagitious a proceeding or annul the act of the consul. The influence of Scaurus, who was said to be the supporter and accomplice of Bestia, was what chiefly restrained the Senate from acting with justice and honor. But Caius Memmius, of whose boldness of spirit and hatred to the power of the nobility I have already spoken, incited the people by his harangues, during the perplexity and delay of the Senators, to take vengeance on the authors of the treaty; he exhorted them not to abandon the public interest or their own liberty; he set before them the many tyrannical and violent proceedings of the nobles, and omitted no art to inflame the popular passions. As the eloquence of Memmius, at that period, had great reputation and influence, I have thought proper to give in full one out of many of his speeches; and I take, in preference to others, that which he delivered in the assembly of the people, after the return of Bestia, in words of the following effect:" (*Sallust.*)

WERE not my zeal for the good of the State, my fellow-citizens, superior to every other feeling, there are many considerations which would deter me from appearing in your cause; I allude to the power of the opposite party, your own tameness of spirit, the absence of all justice, and, above all, the fact that integrity is attended with more danger

than honor. Indeed, it grieves me to relate how, during the last fifteen years, you have been a sport to the arrogance of an oligarchy ; how dishonorably and how utterly unavenged your defenders have perished ; and how your spirit has become degenerate by sloth and indolence ; for not even now, when your enemies are in your power, will you rouse yourselves to action, but you continue still to stand in awe of those to whom you should be a terror.

Notwithstanding this state of things, I still feel prompted to make an attack on the power of that faction. That liberty of speech, therefore, which has been left me by my father I shall assuredly exert against them ; but whether I shall use it in vain, or for your advantage, must, my fellow-citizens, depend upon yourselves. I do not, however, exhort you, as your ancestors have often done, to rise in arms against injustice. There is at present no need of violence, no need of secession ; for your tyrants must work their fall by their own misconduct.

After the murder of Tiberius Gracchus, whom they accused of aspiring to be king, persecutions were instituted against the common people of Rome ; and after the slaughter of Caius Gracchus and Marcus Fulvius, many of your order were put to death in prison. But let us leave these proceedings out of the question ; let us admit that to

restore their rights to the people was to aspire to sovereignty ; let us allow that what cannot be avenged without shedding the blood of citizens was done with justice. You have seen with silent indignation, however, in past years, the treasury pillaged ; you have seen kings and free people paying tribute to a small party of Patricians, in whose hands were both the highest honors and the greatest wealth ; but they now deem it but a small matter to have carried on such proceedings with impunity ; and, at last, your laws and your honor, with every civil and religious obligation, have been sacrificed for the benefit of your enemies. Nor do they who have done these things show either shame or contrition, but parade proudly before your faces, displaying their sacerdotal dignities, their consulships, and some of them their triumphs, as if they regarded them as marks of honor and not as fruits of their dishonesty. Even slaves, purchased with money, will not submit to unjust commands from their masters ; yet you, my fellow-citizens, who were born to empire, tamely endure oppression.

But who are these, who have thus taken the government into their hands? Men of the most abandoned character, of blood-stained hands, of insatiable avarice, of enormous guilt, and of matchless pride ; men by whom integrity, reputation, public spirit, and indeed everything, whether honorable or dishonorable, is converted to a means

of gain. Some of them make it their defence that they have killed tribunes of the people; others, that they have instituted unjust prosecutions; others, that they have shed your blood; and thus, the more atrocities each has committed, the greater is his security; while your oppressors, whom the same desires, the same aversions, and the same fears combine in strict union (a union among good men is friendship, but among the bad is confederacy in guilt), have excited in you, through your want of spirit, that terror which they ought to feel for their own crimes.

If your concern to preserve your liberty were as great as their ardor to increase their power of oppression, the State would not be distracted as it is at present; and the marks of favor which proceed from you would be conferred, not on the most shameless, but on the most deserving. Your forefathers, in order to assert their rights and establish their authority, twice seceded in arms to Mount Aventine; and will not you exert yourselves, to the utmost of your power, in defence of that liberty which you received from them? Will you not display so much the more spirit in the cause, from the reflection that it is a greater disgrace to lose what has been gained, than not to have gained it at all?

But some will ask me, "What course of conduct, then, would you advise us to pursue?" I would

advise you to inflict punishment on those who have sacrificed the interests of their country to the enemy; not, indeed, by arms, or any violence (which would be more unbecoming, however, for you to inflict than for them to suffer), but by prosecutions, and by the evidence of Jugurtha himself, who, if he has really surrendered, will doubtless obey your summons; whereas, if he shows contempt for it, you will at once judge what sort of a peace or surrender it is from which springs impunity to Jugurtha for his crimes, immense wealth to a few men in power, and loss and infamy to the Republic.

But perhaps you are not yet weary of the tyranny of these men; perhaps these times please you less than those when kingdoms, provinces, laws, rights, the administration of justice, war, and peace, and indeed everything, civil and religious, was in the hands of an oligarchy; while you, that is, the people of Rome, though unconquered by foreign enemies and rulers of all nations around, were content with being allowed to live; for which of you had spirit to throw off your slavery? For myself, indeed, though I think it most disgraceful to receive an injury without resenting it, yet I could easily allow you to pardon these basest of traitors, because they are your fellow-citizens, were it not certain that your indulgence would end in your destruction. For such is their presumption, that

to escape punishment for their misdeeds will have but little effect upon them, unless they be deprived at the same time of the power of doing mischief; and endless anxiety will remain for you if you shall have to reflect that you must either be slaves or preserve your liberty by force of arms.

Of mutual trust, or concord, what hope is there? They wish to be lords; you desire to be free; they seek to inflict injury, you to repel it; they treat your allies as enemies, your enemies as allies. With feelings so opposite, can peace or friendship subsist between you? I warn you, therefore, and exhort you, not to allow such enormous dishonesty to go unpunished. It is not an embezzlement of the public money that has been committed; it is not a forcible extortion of money from your allies; offences, which, though great, are now, from their frequency, considered as nothing; but the authority of the Senate and your own power have been sacrificed to the bitterest of enemies, and the public interest has been betrayed for money, both at home and abroad; and unless these misdeeds be investigated and punishment be inflicted on the guilty, what remains for us but to live as the slaves of those who have committed them? For those who with impunity do what they will are undoubtedly kings.

I do not, however, wish to encourage you, O Romans, to be better satisfied by finding your

fellow-citizens guilty than innocent, but merely to warn you not to bring ruin on the good by suffering the bad to escape. It is far better, in any government, to be unmindful of a service than of an injury; for a good man, if neglected, only becomes less active; but a bad man becomes more daring. Besides, if the crimes of the wicked are suppressed, the State will seldom need extraordinary support from the virtuous.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

AGAINST SULLA

Marcus Æmilius Lepidus.

This oration has been declared authentic by early critics. There is at present little doubt that, though the thoughts may possibly be those of Lepidus, the composition is the work of Sallust.

YOUR clemency and probity, O Romans, for which you are eminent and renowned among other nations, excite in me the greatest apprehensions concerning the tyranny of Sulla, lest either by disbelieving about others what you yourselves think wrongful, you should allow imposition to be practised upon you (especially since all his hopes depend on dishonesty and perfidy, and he does not deem himself safe otherwise than by becoming more abandoned and infamous than ever your fears can forebode, so that, when you are completely subjected to him, your sufferings may suppress in you all care of recovering your liberty) ; or lest, if you foresee his machinations, you should occupy your thoughts rather in guarding against them than in taking revenge for them.

His satellites, men of the highest name and with

the noblest examples of their forefathers for their imitation, sacrifice their own freedom (I cannot sufficiently wonder at their conduct) as a price for the opportunity of domineering over you, and prefer slavery and tyranny without laws to liberty under the best laws. Illustrious descendants of the Bruti, Æmilii, and Lutatii, born to overthrow that which the virtue of their ancestors established! For what was it that they defended against Pyrrhus, and Hannibal, and Philip, and Antiochus, but liberty, and the security of our homes, and obedience to nothing but the laws? But all these privileges this cruel Romulus withholds from us, as spoils torn from foreign enemies; nor is he satiated with the destruction of so many armies, of a consul, and of other eminent men whom the fortune of war has overwhelmed in death, but grows still more bloodthirsty at a time when victory converts the fury of most commanders into compassion. He is the only one, in the memory of man, who has appointed punishments for children yet unborn, to whom suffering is thus insured before life. He revels in his atrocities, defended as yet by the enormity of his crimes; while you, through dread of heavier servitude, are deterred from making an effort to recover your liberty.

Such despotism, my fellow-citizens, you must exert yourselves to oppose, that your spoils may not remain in the hands of the oppressor; you

must not delay, or think of trusting for relief to entreaties; unless, perchance, you expect that, growing at length tired or ashamed of his tyranny, he will venture on the greater hazard of resigning what he has unjustly usurped. But he has proceeded to such a point that he thinks no conduct is glorious but such as conduces to his safety, and deems everything laudable that assists in preserving his power. It is in vain for you to expect that peace and tranquillity, therefore, which, with the enjoyment of liberty, many good men have sought in preference to toil with honor; you must either be slaves or rulers, my fellow-citizens, you must either be subjects of terror or objects of it. For what else is left to you? What human objects or desires remain? Or does anything divine continue inviolate? The people of Rome, once the lords of other nations, but now deprived of empire, dignity, and authority, and rendered helpless and despicable, find left to them not even the allowance made to slaves. The vast multitude of the allies and the Latins, whom you presented with the civil franchise for their many honorable services, are excluded therefrom by the will of a single individual, whose small band of satellites have seized, as the rewards of their villanies, the patrimonial lands of the innocent commonalty. The laws, the administration of justice, the treasury, the provinces, the tributary princes, are all

under the direction of one man. You have seen even human sacrifices offered by him, and tombs dyed with the blood of Roman citizens. And does any other course remain, then, for those who would act as men, but to put an end to such injustice, or to die honorably in attempting to do so? For nature has appointed one end to all men, even though a man should be encased in steel; nor will any one, unless he has but the heart of a woman, await without an effort the last extremity.

But I, according to Sulla's representations, am a promoter of sedition, because I complain of the rewards obtained by civil commotions; and a lover of war, because I seek to recover the privileges of peace. To make such a charge is to say that you cannot be safe or secure under his government, unless Vettius Picens and Cornelius the accountant be allowed to squander what others have honorably acquired, and unless you approve all the proscriptions of the innocent for the sake of their wealth, the torture of illustrious citizens, the depopulation of the city by banishment and slaughter, and the practice of selling or giving away, as if spoils taken from the Cimbri, the possessions of your unfortunate countrymen. He, however, objects to me, further, that I myself have a share in the property of those proscribed; but that I have such a share is the very greatest proof of his tyranny, since neither I nor any one of us all

would have been safe from his vengeance if we had strictly adhered to honesty. Yet that very property, which I then bought under the influence of terror, I am ready to restore, on repayment of the purchase money, to the rightful owners; for it is not my design to sanction the spoliation of my fellow-citizens. Let the sufferings which have resulted from the indulgence of our angry passions, from allowing Roman armies to encounter each other, and from turning our arms from our enemies against ourselves, be sufficient. Let there be an end of injustice and outrage; of which, however, Sulla himself is so far from repenting, that he glories in the perpetration of it, and would pursue it with greater avidity if he had greater power.

But I am not so much concerned about the opinion which you may have of his character as about the courage which you may find to oppose him. I am apprehensive lest, while each waits for his neighbor to begin to act, you should all be absolutely reduced to subjection (not indeed by his power, which is weakened and impaired, but by your own indolence) before you can proceed against him, and before he can venture to flatter himself with the hopes of such success. For, except his corrupt partisans, what man approves his proceedings? Who does not wish that every part of his course, except his victory, had

been of a different character? The soldiers, by whose blood wealth has been gained for Tarrula and Scyrrus, the worst of slaves? Or those to whom, in competition for office, was preferred Fufidius, a disgrace to his sex and a dishonor to every magistracy? To the victorious army, accordingly, I look for the strongest support, by whom, through so many sufferings and hardships, nothing has been gained but an oppressor; unless we suppose, indeed, that they took the field purposely to destroy the tribunitial power which was established by their ancestors, or to divest themselves of their own privileges and right of judicature? Glorious, in truth, was their recompense, when, banished to woods and marshes, they found reproach and hatred their only portion, and saw the spoils of conquest in the hands of an oligarchy!

How is it, then, that he presents himself before us with such a train of followers, and with such audacity? Because success throws a wonderful veil over vice; (though, should fortune fail him, he will be as much despised as he is now dreaded;) unless, perchance, he seeks to delude you with a prospect of concord and peace, names which he himself has given to his wickedness and treachery, saying that Rome can never have an end of war, unless the commonalty remain expelled from their lands (a calamitous prey of civil war), and the

power and judicial authority in all matters, which once belonged to the Roman people, be vested in himself alone. If such an arrangement be thought peace and concord, give your approval, I pray you, to the most extravagant disturbances and alterations of the State ; grant your sanction to the laws which are imposed upon you ; accept tranquillity and servitude ; and afford to posterity an example for enslaving the people of Rome by the hire of their own blood.

For myself, although, by my elevation to this high office, enough has been attained for my ancestral name, for my own dignity, and even for my personal protection, it was never my design to pursue merely my own interests. Liberty, gained with peril, appears to me more desirable than indolent servitude. And if you, my fellow-citizens, approve this sentiment, give me your support, and, relying on the gracious assistance of the gods, follow your consul, Marcus Æmilius, as your leader and guide to the recovery of your freedom.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

AGAINST LEPIDUS

Lucius Philippus.

This creation is without doubt the work of Sallust. It is the companion speech to that of Lepidus against Sulla, although not delivered until some time after the date assigned to the latter oration.

I COULD wish, beyond all things, Conscript Fathers, that the State should be at peace, or that, if it be in danger, it should be defended by its ablest citizens, and that mischievous plots should prove the ruin of their contrivers. But, on the contrary, everything is disordered by factious disturbances, disturbances excited by those whom it would better become to suppress them than to incite them. What the worst and weakest, moreover, have determined upon, is to be executed by the good and wise. For, though averse to your inclinations, we are to undertake war because it pleases Lepidus; unless any of us, perchance, choose to secure him peace on our part, and to suffer hostilities on his.

Just heaven! ye, who yet rule this city, but take no thought for its interests, behold Lepidus, the

worst of all infamous characters, of whom it cannot be decided whether his wickedness or baseness is the greater, heads an army for the purpose of oppressing our liberties, and he who was once contemptible has made himself formidable; while you, whispering and shrinking back, influenced by words and the predictions of augurs, desire to have peace rather than to maintain it, unmindful that, by the weakness of your resolutions, you lessen at once your dignity and his fears. And this is a natural consequence, when, by plunder, he has gained from you a consulship, and, by his factious proceedings, a province and an army. What would he have received for good deeds, when you have bestowed such rewards on his villanies?

But, you will say, those who have voted to the last for the sending of deputies, for peace, concord, and other things of the kind, have obtained favor from him. On the contrary, they have been held in contempt, thought unworthy of any share in the administration, and fit only to be the prey of others, as persons who sue for peace with the same weakness with which they lost it when it was in their possession. For myself, when, at the very first, I saw Etruria conspiring with him, the proscribed called to his support, and the Republic rent into factions by his bribes, I thought that no time was to be lost, and accordingly followed, with a few

others, the measures of Catulus. But that party which extolled the services which the Æmilian family rendered the State, and said that the greatness of the Romans had been increased by lenity, could not then perceive that Lepidus had done anything extraordinary; and even when he had taken up arms without your authority and for the destruction of your liberty, each of them, by seeking wealth and patronage for himself, weakened the public counsels. At that time, however, Lepidus was merely a marauder, at the head of a few camp-followers and cutthroats, each of whom would have perilled his life for a day's wages; now he is a proconsul with full authority—an authority not bought, but conferred on him by you yourselves—and with officers still obliged by law to obey him; while there have flocked to his standard the most profligate characters of every rank, men who are turbulent from distress and cupidity and harassed with the consciousness of crimes; men who are at ease in broils and restless in peace; men who excite tumult after tumult and war after war; and men who were first the followers of Saturninus, then of Sulpicius, next of Marius and Damasippus, and have now become the instruments of Lepidus. Etruria, moreover, is in insurrection; all the embers of the last war are rekindled; the Spains are solicited to take arms; Mithridates, on the very frontier of the

tributaries that still support us, is watching an opportunity to commence hostilities ; and nothing but a proper leader is wanting to subvert our government. I therefore entreat and conjure you, Conscript Fathers, to give your serious attention to this matter, and not to suffer the unbridled influence of corruption, like the ravages of a disease, to spread by contact to the uninfected. For when honors are heaped on the unprincipled, scarcely will any one maintain an integrity which is unrewarded. Or are you waiting till, having again brought his army upon you, he attacks the city with fire and sword ?—a much shorter step from his present assumptions than that from peace and concord to civil war ; a war which he commenced in defiance of every obligation, human and divine ; not to redress his own grievances, or those of the persons whose cause he pretends to vindicate, but to subvert our laws and our liberty. For he is disquieted and harassed with raging desires and terror for his crimes ; he is undecided and restless, pursuing sometimes one scheme and sometimes another ; dreading peace, and hating war ; feeling that he must abstain from luxury and licentiousness, yet taking advantage meantime of your inactivity, inactivity which I do not know whether I should not rather call fear, or pusillanimity, or infatuation ; for while you see peril threatening you like a thunderbolt, you merely wish, each for himself, that it

may not fall upon you, but do not make the least effort to prevent it.

Consider, I pray you, how the temper of the times is changed from what it was. Formerly, designs against the Commonwealth were conducted secretly, and measures for its defence with openness, and thus the lovers of their country had a great advantage over incendiaries; now peace and concord are publicly impugned, and supported only by plans concerted in secret. Those who espouse a bad cause show themselves in arms; you, Conscript Fathers, shrink back in terror. But for what do you wait, unless you are ashamed or unwilling to act as becomes you? Do the declarations of Lepidus influence you?—of Lepidus, who says that each should have his own, and yet retains the property of others; who proclaims that laws established by arms should be abrogated, and yet seeks to bring us under his yoke by a civil war; who asserts that the civic franchise should be restored to those from whom he denies that it has been taken; and who insists, for the sake of concord, on the reëstablishment of the tribunal power, by which all our discords have been inflamed. O most abandoned and shameless of men! Have the distresses and troubles of the citizens become objects of thy care, who hast in thy possession nothing but what has been obtained by violence and injustice? Thou demandest

a second consulship, as if thou hadst resigned the first; thou seekest a pretended peace by means of a war that breaks the real peace which we enjoyed; thou art a traitor to us, a deceiver of thy party, and the enemy of all honest men! Hast thou no shame before either gods or men, both of whom thou hast offended by thy perfidies and perjuries? But, since thou art what thou art, I exhort thee to persist in thy course, and to keep thy weapons in thy hands; and do not make thyself uneasy, and keep us in suspense, by delaying thy traitorous purposes. Neither our provinces, nor our laws, nor our household gods endure thee as a citizen. Proceed, then, as thou hast begun, that thou mayest as soon as possible meet thy deserts!

But you, O Conscript Fathers, how long will you keep the Republic in insecurity by your delays, and meet arms only with words? Forces are levied against you; money is raised publicly and privately, by extortion; troops are led out and placed in garrisons; the laws are under arbitrary and capricious management; and yet you, meanwhile, think only of sending deputies and preparing resolutions. But, be assured, the more earnestly you sue for peace, the more vigorously will war be urged against you, for your enemy will find himself better supported by your fields than by the justice and goodness of his cause. For whoever professes a hatred of civil broils, and

of the shedding of Roman blood, and keeps you, for that reason, defenceless while Lepidus is in arms, recommends you to submit to the treatment which the vanquished must endure, when you yourselves might inflict it on others. Such counsellors advise peace on your part towards him, and war on his towards you. If exhortations of this nature please you, if such insensibility has taken possession of your breasts that, forgetful of the crimes of Cinna, by whose return into the city all the dignity of your order was trampled in the dust, you will nevertheless put yourselves, your wives, your children, into the power of Lepidus, what need is there of resolutions, or what is the use of the aid of Catulus? He, and all other honest men, concern themselves for the State in vain. But act as you please; the bands of Cethegus and other traitors stand ready for you, eager to renew their ravages and burnings, and to arm their hands afresh against our household gods. If liberty and honor, however, have more attractions for you, decide on what is worthy of the name of Rome, and stimulate the courage of your valiant supporters. A new army is at your command, with colonies of veterans, with all the nobility, and the most able commanders. Fortune follows the braver side; and the force which the enemy has collected through our remissness will dwindle away when we begin to exert ourselves.

My opinion therefore is, since Lepidus is advancing to the gates of the city with an army, raised on his own responsibility, and with the worst enemies of the Commonwealth, and in defiance of the authority of the Senate, that Appius Claudius, the interrex, Quintus Catulus, the proconsul, and others who are in authority, shall be directed to guard the city, and to make it their care that the Republic receive no injury.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

DECLAMATION AGAINST CICERO

This speech has been attributed to Sallust, to Vibius Crispus, and to Porcius Latro. It is impossible to definitely settle its authorship.

I SHOULD bear your reproaches, Marcus Tullius, with concern and indignation if I thought that you indulged in such insolence from conviction, and not from disease of mind. But, perceiving in you neither moderation nor modesty, I will give you an answer, in order that, if you have received any pleasure from speaking evil of me, you may feel it diminished by hearing evil of yourself.

To whom shall I complain, or before whom shall I lament, Conscript Fathers, that our country is despoiled by different parties, and become a prey to the dishonesty of the most audacious of mankind? Shall I address myself to the Roman people, who are so corrupted with bribes that they are ready to sell themselves and all that belongs to them? Or shall I plead before you, Conscript Fathers, whose authority is grown a jest to the most infamous and abandoned, and before whom

Marcus Tullius defends the laws and judgments of the people, and exerts his influence with the Senate as if he were the sole remaining descendant of the illustrious Scipio Africanus, and not a person who has merely crept into the city and been recently adopted and engrafted into it? But are your deeds, Marcus Tullius, or your words, unknown to us? Have you not lived in such a manner, from your boyhood, as to think nothing that gratified another disgraceful to yourself? Did you not learn your extraordinary eloquence under Marcus Piso at the cost of your modesty? Doubtless; and it is by no means surprising that you display to your infamy that which you acquired with infamy.

But I suppose the splendor of your affairs at home exalts your spirits; that home, where you have a wife polluted with sacrilege and perjury, and a daughter who is a rival to her mother, and more compliant and submissive to you than she ought to be to her father. Your very home itself, thus fatal to you and yours, you secured by force and lawlessness; as if with a view to remind us how much the State is altered, when you, a most infamous character, dwell in that house which once belonged to Publius Crassus, a man of consular honors. And though these things are so, Cicero nevertheless says that he has been at the council of the immortal gods, whence he who

turns the disaster of the country to his own glory was despatched as a guardian to our city and its inhabitants, and not as an executioner; as if, forsooth, your consulship itself had not been the cause of the conspiracy, and as if the State had not then been disordered in consequence of having you for a protector. But, as I conceive, you must pride yourself still more on those measures which you adopted after your consulship, in concert with your wife, Terentia, when you conducted trials at your house under the Plautian law, condemning some of the conspirators to death, and others to pay fines; when one built you a Tusculan, another a Pompeian villa, and a third bought you a house; but he who could do nothing for you was devoted to obloquy; he had come to attack your dwelling, or had laid a plot against the Senate, and you were quite sure of his guilt. If the charges which I make are false, state what property you inherited from your father, how much you have acquired by pleading causes, from what resources you bought your house and reared, at such vast expense, your Tusculan and Pompeian villas.

But, we may suppose, a new man of Arpinum, of the stock of Caius Marius, imitates his virtue, contemns the enmity of the nobility, holds his country dear, is to be influenced neither by intimidation nor by interest; such would be his love for the State, and such his virtuous magnanimity.

On the contrary, he is a man of the lightest character, suppliant to his enemies, insolent to his friends; a follower sometimes of one party, and sometimes of another, but faithful to none; an unstable senator, a mercenary patron; a person whose every member is polluted with turpitude, whose tongue is false, whose hands are rapacious, whose feet are fugitive, and what cannot decently be named, the most dishonored of all. Yet he, a person of this description, dares to exclaim,

"O fortunatam natam, me consule, Romam!"

Rome fortunate under your consulship, Cicero? Nay, indeed, most unfortunate and wretched, suffering a most cruel proscription of her citizens, when you, in the disturbed condition of the State, compelled all the respectable classes to shrink before your severity; when all causes and all laws were under your control, and when, having set aside the Porcian law and despoiled us of our liberty, you took into your own hands the power of life and death over every one of us. Nor are you content to have done this with impunity; you reproach us by reminding us of it, and we are not allowed to forget our slavish submission. But let it suffice, I entreat you, Cicero, that you have effected and accomplished what you pleased; it is sufficient that we have endured it; would you, in

addition, burden our ears with the odious repetition of your deeds, and harass them with those most offensive words,

"Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea linguæ"?

As if you had perpetrated the deeds of which you boast with the aid of the toga, and not with arms, or as if there were any difference between you and Sulla the dictator, except in your title of authority.

But why should I expose your presumption, when you yourself pretend that Minerva has taught you all arts, and when the good and great Jupiter has admitted you to the council of the gods, and Italy brought you back from exile on her shoulders? Let me ask you, O Romulus of Arpinum, you who, in your extraordinary merit, have surpassed all the Paulli, Fabii, and Scipios, what place do you hold in the State, what party in the Republic suits you? Whom do you choose as a friend, whom as an enemy? Him for whom you laid a plot in the State you now serve. With what justice, when you returned from your exile at Dyrrhachium, did you follow him? Of those whom you called tyrants you now support the power; those whom you thought men of honor you now call fools and madmen. You plead the cause of Vatinius; you have a bad opinion of Sextius; you assail Bibulus with the most insolent language; you extol Cæsar; whomsoever you most hated, to him you

are the most submissive ; you have one opinion on political affairs when you are standing, and you have another when you are sitting ; some you slander, and others you hate ; and, O most fickle of renegades, you are trusted neither by one party nor by the other.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

TITUS LIVIUS PATAVINUS

Titus Livius Patavinus, commonly called Titus Livius, was born of noble parentage in 59 or 57 B.C., in the city of Patavium (Padua). Despite the fact that he was the most eloquent historian of Rome, we know nothing of his early life. When he arrived at maturity we find him at Padua, studying philosophy, teaching rhetoric, and publicly declaiming. In middle life he established himself at Rome, and there attained great eminence. His fame was by no means local, but extended to all parts of the Empire. After a life of which the activities continued until the last, Livy died at Rome in his eightieth year.

Livy was preëminently an orator, and his "talent for developing an idea, for explaining events as an orderly sequence, for establishing conclusions, for moving the feelings, for throwing himself into a cause, for clothing his arguments in noble language, shine conspicuous in his work, while he has the good faith, sincerity, and patriotism which mark off the orator from a mere advocate."

Livy's great work was *The History of Rome.* This work originally consisted of one hundred and forty-two books, of which only thirty-two complete and five fragmentary books have been preserved. It became, as soon as issued, the authoritative history of Rome. Every year increased the high regard in which it was held. In the pages of *The History of Rome* we find a score of the most effective speeches that have ever been written. It is for these oratorical masterpieces that we have given place in this volume to the great historian and orator.

An excellent text of Livy is that of Weissenborn (Leipzig), Berlin, 1853–1878. Annotated English edition by George Baker, London, 1779. A good French edition, which is in some respects the best of the translations, is that of Gaucher, Paris, 1877.

THE APPEAL OF HORATIUS

Horatius.

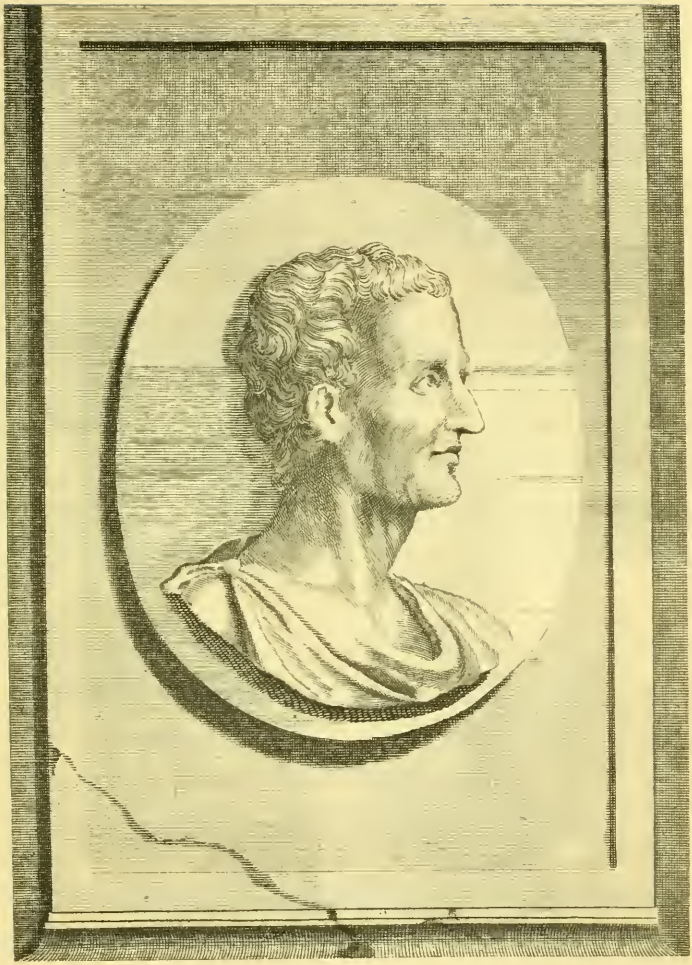
This is one of the most effective of the speeches of Livy. It is put into the mouth of Horatius, whose three sons had engaged in combat with the three Curiatii, the champions of the Etruscans. The conflict was to decide whether Rome or Tuscany should rule. The three Curiatii were slain, but with them fell two of the Horatii. The survivor returning proudly, laden with the spoils of the vanquished, was met by his sister, whose betrothed one of the Curiatii had been. She reviled the victorious youth, and he, in an outburst of passion, killed her. He was tried for his life. His condemnation was about to be spoken when his father appealed from the judges to the people. Then he spoke to the waiting multitude with such success that his son was saved.

ROMANS, can you bear to see bound beneath a gallows, amidst scourges and tortures, him whom you just now beheld marching decorated and exulting in victory ; a sight so shocking as the eyes even of the Albans could scarcely endure ? Go, lictor, bind those hands, which, but a little while since, being armed, established sovereignty for the Roman people. Go, cover the head of the liberator of this city ; hang him on the gallows ; scourge him, either within the pomœrium, so it be only amid those javelins and spoils of the enemy ; or without the pomœrium, only amid the graves

of the Curiatii. For whither can you bring this youth where his own glories must not redeem him from such ignominy of punishment?

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

Livy.
From the Mausoleum



AGAINST THE TRIBUNES

Appius Claudius.

The war against Veii (405–396 B.C.) had lasted many weeks, for the strength of the city was so great that the Roman generals thought an assault might result in failure. Plans for a winter siege were made. Such prolonged and difficult service was contrary to Roman custom. The tribunes of the people feared that the result would be a standing army, the destruction of the hardly-won Plebeian privileges, and the aggrandizement of the Patricians. They endeavored to incite the people to resist the proposed plan of campaign. The military tribunes, with consular powers, in whose hands was the conduct of the war, had anticipated this action of the tribunes of the people, and left their colleague Appius Claudius to check any demonstration. He waited until his opponents had spoken, and then he is reported by Livy to have delivered the following address:

IF, Romans, there was ever reason to doubt whether the tribunes of the people have ever promoted sedition for your sake or their own, I am certain that in the course of this year that doubt must have ceased to exist; and while I rejoice that an end has at length been put to a mistake of such long continuance, I also congratulate you, and on your account the Republic, that this delusion has been removed during a course of prosperous events. Is there any person who can feel a doubt that the tribunes of the commons were never so highly displeased and provoked by any wrongs done to you,

if ever such did happen, as by the munificence of the patricians to the commons, when pay was established for those serving in the army? What else do you suppose that they either then dreaded, or now wish to disturb, except the union between the orders, which they think contributes most to the dissolution of the tribunitian power? Thus, by Jupiter! like workers in iniquity, they are seeking employment, they who also wish that there should be always some diseased part in the Republic, that there may be something for the cure of which they may be employed by you. For [tribunes,] do you defend or attack the commons? Are you the enemies of those in the service, or do you plead their cause? Unless perhaps you say, whatever the patricians do displeases us; whether it is for the commons, or against the commons; and just as masters forbid their slaves to have any dealings with those belonging to others, and deem it right that they should equally refrain from having any commerce with them, either for kindness or unkindness, ye, in like manner, interdict us, the patricians, from all intercourse with the people, lest by our courtesy and munificence we may challenge their regard, and they become tractable and obedient to our direction. And if there were in you anything of the feelings, I say not of fellow-citizens, but of human beings, how much more ought you to favor and, as far as in you lay, to promote

the kindly demeanor of the patricians and the tractability of the commons! And if such concord were once permanent, who would not venture to guarantee that this Empire would in a short time become far superior to the neighboring States?

I shall hereafter explain to you how not merely expedient, but even necessary, has been this plan of my colleagues, according to which they could not draw off the army from Veii until the affair had been completed. For the present, I am disposed to speak concerning the condition of the soldiers. And these observations of mine I think would be reasonable not only in your opinion, but, if they were delivered in the camp, even in the opinion of the soldiers themselves; on which subject, if nothing could suggest itself to my own mind to say, I certainly should be satisfied with what is suggested by the arguments of my adversaries. They lately said that pay should not be given to the soldiers because it had never been given. How, then, can they now feel displeased that additional labor should be imposed in due proportion on those to whom some addition of profit has been added? In no case is there either labor without emolument, or emolument in general without the expense of labor. Toil and pleasure, in their natures most unlike, are yet linked together by a sort of natural connection. Formerly, the soldier thought it a hardship that he gave his labor to the Commonwealth at his own

expense ; at the same time he was glad to have a part of the year to till his own ground ; to acquire that means by which he might support himself and his family at home and in war. Now, he feels pleasure that the Republic is a source of advantage to him, and gladly receives his pay. Let him therefore bear with patience that he is a little longer absent from home and his family affairs, to which no heavy expense is now attached. But if the Commonwealth should call him to a settlement of accounts, would it not justly say, "You are paid by the year, perform labor by the year ; do you think it just to receive a whole year's pay for six months' service ?" Romans, with reluctance do I dwell on this topic ; for so ought to proceed they who employ mercenary troops. But we wish to treat as with fellow-citizens, and we think it only just that you treat with us as with the country. Either the war should not have been undertaken, or it ought to be conducted suitably to the dignity of the Roman people, and brought to a close as soon as possible. But it will be brought to a close if we press on the besieged ; if we do not retire until we have consummated our hopes by the capture of Veii. In truth, if there were no other motive, the very discredit of the thing should impose on us perseverance. In former times, on account of one woman, a city was for ten years besieged by all Greece. At what a distance from their homes !

how many lands, how many seas intervened ! We grumble at enduring a siege of a year's duration within twenty miles of us, almost within sight of own city ; because, I suppose, the cause of the war is trifling, nor is there resentment sufficiently just to stimulate us to persevere. Seven times have the Veientes rebelled ; in peace they never acted faithfully. They have laid waste our lands a thousand times ; they forced the Fidenatians to revolt against us ; they have put to death our colonists there ; contrary to the law of nations, they have been the instigators of the impious murder of our ambassadors ; they wished to excite all Etruria against us, and are at this day busily employed in this ; and they scarcely refrained from violating our ambassadors when demanding restitution. With such people, ought war to be conducted in a remiss and dilatory manner ?

If such just resentment have no influence with us, will you not, I entreat you, let the following considerations influence you ? The enemy's city has been enclosed with immense works, by which they are confined within their walls. They have not tilled their land, and what was previously tilled has been laid waste in the war. If we withdraw our army, who can doubt that they will invade our territory, not only from a desire of revenge, but from the necessity also imposed on them of plundering the property of others, since they have

lost their own? By such measures, then, we do not put off the war, but admit it within our own frontiers.

What shall I say of that which properly interests the soldiers, for whose interests those worthy tribunes of the commons are now suddenly so anxious to provide, after they have endeavored to wrest their pay from them? How does the matter stand? They have formed a rampart and a trench, both works of great labor on account of the great extent of ground; they have erected forts, at first only a few, afterwards very many, when the army became increased; they have raised ramparts, not only towards the city, but towards Etruria also, against any succors which may come thence. What need is there to mention towers, vinæ, testudines, and the other apparatus used in attacking towns? When so much labor has been expended, and they have now at length reached the end of the work, do you think that all these preparations should be abandoned in order that, next summer, the same course of toil may have to be again undergone in forming them anew? How much less trouble to maintain the works already completed, to press on and persevere, and to get rid of our task! For certainly the matter will be of short duration, if it be conducted with a uniform course of exertions; nor do we by these intermissions and interruptions expedite the attainment of our

hopes. I am now speaking of labor and of loss of time. What! do these so frequent meetings in Etruria on the subject of sending aid to Veii permit us to disregard the danger which we encounter by procrastinating the war? As matters now stand, the Etruscans are incensed, they dislike the Veientes, they refuse to send any aid; as far as they are concerned, we are at liberty to take Veii. Who can promise that their temper will be the same hereafter if the war is suspended? When, if you suffer any relaxation, more respectable and more frequent embassies will go to Etruria; when that which now displeases the Etruscans, the establishment of a king at Veii, may, after an interval, be done away with, either by the joint determination of the State that they may recover the goodwill of the Etruscans, or by a voluntary act of the king, who may be unwilling that his reign should stand in the way of the welfare of his countrymen. See how many and what detrimental circumstances follow that line of conduct: the loss of works formed with so great labor; the threatening devastation of our frontiers; an Etruscan feud excited instead of a Veientine war. These, O tribunes, are your measures, much the same, in truth, as if a person for the sake of present meat or drink should render a disease tedious and perhaps incurable in a patient who, by resolutely suffering himself to be treated, might soon have recovered his health.

If, by Jupiter! it were of no consequence with respect to the present war, yet it certainly would be of the utmost importance to military discipline that our soldiers should be accustomed not only to enjoy the victory obtained by them, but, even though matters should proceed more slowly than was anticipated, to brook the tediousness and await the issue of their hopes, however tardy; and if the war be not finished in the summer, to wait for the winter, and not, like summer birds, in the very commencement of autumn look out for shelter and a retreat. The eagerness and pleasure of hunting hurries men into snow and frost, over mountains and woods; shall we not employ in the exigencies of war that patience which even sport and pleasure are wont to call forth? Are we to suppose that the bodies of our soldiers are so effeminate, their minds so feeble, that they cannot hold out for one winter in a camp, and be absent from home? that, like persons who wage a naval war by taking advantage of the weather and observing the season of the year, they are able to endure neither heat nor cold? They would certainly blush, should any one lay these things to their charge; and would maintain that both their minds and their bodies were possessed of manly endurance; that they were able to conduct war equally well in summer and in winter; that they had not consigned to the tribunes the patronage of indolence

and sloth, and that they remembered that their ancestors had created this very power neither in the shade nor beneath their own roofs. Such sentiments are worthy of the valor of your soldiers, such sentiments are worthy of the Roman name, not to consider merely Veii, nor this war which is now pressing us, but to seek a reputation for the future for other wars and in other States. Do you consider the difference of opinion likely to result from this matter as something trivial? Pray, are the neighboring States to suppose that the Roman people are such that if any one should sustain their first assault, and that of very short continuance, they have nothing afterwards to fear? Or should such be the terror of our name that neither the tediousness of a distant siege nor the inclemency of winter can dislodge the Roman army from a city once invested, that they know no other termination of war than victory, and that they carry on wars not more by briskness than by perseverance? This perseverance is doubtless necessary in every kind of war, but more especially in besieging cities; most of which, though impregnable both by their works and by natural situation, time itself overpowers and reduces by famine and thirst; as it will reduce Veii, unless the tribunes of the commons shall afford aid to the enemy, and the Veientes find in Rome reinforcements which they seek in vain in Etruria.

Is there anything which can happen so much in accordance with the wishes of the Veientes as that first the Roman city, then the camp, as it were by contagion, should be filled with sedition ? But, by Jupiter! so forbearing a state of mind prevails among the enemy that not a single change has taken place among them, either through disgust at the length of the siege or even of the kingly form of government ; nor has the refusal of aid by the Etruscans aroused their tempers. For, among them, whoever may be the abettor of sedition will be instantly put to death ; nor will it be permitted to any one to utter those sentiments which amongst you are expressed with impunity. He who forsakes his colors or quits his post is sure to receive the bastinado. Persons advising not one or two soldiers, but whole armies, to relinquish their colors, or to forsake their camp, are openly listened to in your public assemblies. Accordingly you are accustomed to hear with partiality whatever a tribune of the people says, although it tends to the ruin of the country or the dissolution of the Commonwealth ; and, captivated with the charms of that authority, you suffer all sorts of crimes to lie concealed beneath it. The only thing that remains is, that that which they vociferate here, the same projects do they realize in the camp and among the soldiers ; and so they seduce the armies, and do not suffer them to obey their officers, since that, and

that only, is liberty in Rome : to show no deference to the Senate, nor to magistrates, nor to laws, nor to the customs of ancestors, nor to the institutions of our fathers, nor to military discipline.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

ON TREATING WITH THE SAMNITES

Lucius Lentulus.

The Romans from 326 to 304 B.C. were engaged in the Second Samnite War. In 321 B.C. two consuls with their armies had been entrapped within the Caudine Pass. They were forced to enter into a treaty, to give six hundred hostages, and, together with their forces, go under the yoke as a token of submission. But all this was not done without remonstrance from the bravest of the Romans. Livy makes Lucius Lentulus, one of the leaders next in rank to the consuls, overcome the opposition in the following words :

CONSULS, I have often heard my father say that he was the only man in the Capitol who did not advise the senators to ransom the State from the Gauls with gold ; and he would not concur in this because they had not been enclosed with a trench and rampart by the enemy (who were remarkably slothful with respect to works and raising fortifications), and because they might sally forth, if not without great danger, yet without certain destruction. Now if, in like manner as they had it in their power to rush in arms from the Capitol against their foe, as men besieged have often sallied out on the besiegers, so it were possible for us to come to blows with the enemy, either

on equal or on unequal ground, I would not be wanting in the high quality of my father's spirit in stating my advice. I acknowledge, indeed, that death in defence of our country is highly glorious; and I am ready either to devote myself for the Roman people and the legions, or to plunge into the midst of the enemy. But in this spot I behold my country; in this spot I behold the whole of the Roman legions: and unless these choose to rush on death in defence of their own individual characters, what is there which can be preserved by their death? The houses of the city, some may say, and the walls of it, and the crowd dwelling in it, by whom the city is inhabited. But in fact, in case of the destruction of this army, all these are betrayed, not preserved. For who will protect them? An unwarlike and unarmed multitude, shall I suppose? Yes, just as they defended them against the attacks of the Gauls. Will they call to their succor an army from Veii, with Camillus at its head? Here, on the spot, are our hopes and strength; by preserving them we preserve our country; by delivering them to death, we abandon and betray our country. But to surrender is shameful and ignominious. True; but such ought to be our affection for our country that we should save it by our own disgrace, if necessity required, as freely as by our death. Let, therefore, that indignity be undergone,

howsoever great, and let us submit to that necessity which even the gods themselves do not overcome. Go, consuls, ransom for arms the State which your ancestors ransomed with gold.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

SCIPIO TO HIS SOLDIERS

P. Cornelius Scipio.

During the Second Punic War (218–201 B.C.) Hannibal, the greatest general of the Carthaginians, made his daring campaign in Italy. He crossed the Pyrenees with fifty thousand foot, nine thousand horse, and thirty-seven elephants. He was opposed by the Roman consul, P. Cornelius Scipio. The first important battle upon Italian soil between the Carthaginians led by Hannibal and the Romans under Scipio, was the cavalry engagement (September, 218 B.C.) on the banks of the Ticinus, one of the northern branches of the Po. It resulted in the defeat of Scipio. Before the battle Scipio is said to have addressed his soldiers in the following stirring words, which form one of the most celebrated of the Roman military orations :

IF, soldiers, I were leading out to battle that army which I had with me in Gaul, I should have thought it superfluous to address you ; for of what use would it be to exhort either those horsemen who so gloriously vanquished the cavalry of the enemy at the river Rhone, or those legions with whom, pursuing this very enemy flying before us, I obtained, in lieu of victory, a confession of superiority, shown by his retreat and refusal to fight ? But now because that army, levied for the province of Spain, maintains the war under my auspices and the command of my brother, Cneius Scipio, in the

country where the Senate and the people of Rome wished him to serve ; and since I have offered myself voluntarily for this contest, that you might have a consul for your leader against Hannibal and the Carthaginians, a few words are required to be addressed from a new commander to soldiers unacquainted with him.

That you may not be ignorant of the nature either of the war or of the enemy, let me remind you, soldiers, that you have to fight with those whom in the former war you conquered both by land and sea ; from whom you have exacted tribute for twenty years ; from whom you hold Sicily and Sardinia, taken as the prizes of victory. In the present contest, therefore, you and they will have those feelings which are wont to belong to the victors and the vanquished. They are now about to fight, not because they are daring, but because it is unavoidable ; unless you can believe that those who declined the engagement when their forces were entire should have now gained more confidence when two thirds of their infantry and cavalry have been lost in the passage of the Alps, and when almost greater numbers have perished than survive. Yes, they are few, indeed (some may say), but they are vigorous in mind and body ; men whose strength and power almost no force may withstand. On the contrary, they are but the semblances, nay, they are rather the

shadows of men; for they are worn out with hunger, cold, dirt, and filth, and bruised and enfeebled among stones and rocks. Besides all this, their joints are frost-bitten, their sinews stiffened with the snow, their limbs withered up by the frost, their armor battered and gaping, their horses lame and powerless. With such cavalry, with such infantry, you have to fight; you will not have enemies in reality, but rather their last remains. And I fear nothing more than that when you have fought Hannibal, the Alps may appear to have conquered him. But perhaps it was fitting that the gods themselves should, without any human aid, commence and carry forward a war against a leader and a people who violate the faith of treaties; and that we, who have been injured next to the gods, should finish the contest thus commenced and now nearly completed.

I do not fear lest any one should think that I say this ostentatiously for the sake of encouraging you, while in my own mind I am differently affected. I was at liberty to go with my army into Spain, my own province, whither I had already set out. There I should have had a brother as a sharer of my councils and my dangers, and Hasdrubal for my antagonist, and without question a less laborious war. Nevertheless, as I sailed along the coast of Gaul, I landed on hearing of this enemy, and having sent forward the cavalry, I moved my camp

to the Rhone. In a battle of cavalry, for with that part of my forces the opportunity was afforded of engaging, I routed the enemy; and because I could not overtake by land his army of infantry, which was rapidly hurried away as if in flight, having returned to the ships with all the speed I could, after compassing such an extent of sea and land, I have met him at the foot of the Alps. Do I appear to have fallen in unexpectedly with this dreaded foe while declining the contest, or to encounter him in his track, to challenge him and drag him out to decide the contest? I am anxious to try whether the earth has suddenly, in these twenty years, sent forth a new race of Carthaginians, or whether these are the same who fought at the islands of Ægates, and whom you permitted to depart from Eryx, valued at eighteen denarii a head; and whether this Hannibal be, as he himself gives out, the rival of the expeditions of Hercules, or one left by his father the tributary, the subject and the slave of the Roman people; who, if his guilt at Saguntum did not drive him to frenzy, would certainly reflect, if not upon his conquered country, at least on his family, his father, and the treaties written by the hand of Hamilcar; who, at the command of our consul, withdrew the garrison from Eryx; who, indignant and grieving, submitted to the harsh conditions imposed on the conquered Carthaginians;

who agreed to depart from Sicily and pay tribute to the Roman people.

I would therefore have you fight, soldiers, not only with that spirit with which you are wont to encounter other enemies, but with a certain indignation and resentment, as if you saw your slaves suddenly taking up arms against you. We might have killed them, when shut up in Eryx, by hunger, the most dreadful of human tortures; we might have carried our victorious fleet over to Africa, and in a few days have destroyed Carthage without any opposition. We granted pardon to their prayers; we released them from the blockade; we made peace with them when conquered; and we afterwards considered them under our protection when they were oppressed by the African war. In return for these benefits, they come, under the command of a furious youth, to attack our country. And I wish that the contest on your side was for glory, and not for safety. It is not about the possession of Sicily and Sardinia, concerning which the dispute was formerly, but for Italy, that you must fight; nor is there another army behind, which, if we should not conquer, can resist the enemy; nor are there other Alps, during the passage of which fresh forces may be procured. Here, soldiers, we must make our stand, as if we fought beneath the walls of Rome. Let every one consider that he defends with his

weapons not only his own person, but his wife and young children; nor let him only entertain domestic cares and anxieties, but at the same time let him bear in mind that the Senate and people of Rome are now anxiously regarding our efforts; and that, according to what our strength and valor shall be, such henceforward will be the fortune of that city and of the Roman Empire.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

HANNIBAL TO HIS SOLDIERS

Hannibal.

The companion address to that of Scipio To his Soldiers is that of Hannibal To his Soldiers, before the same engagement at the Ticinus. Livy says :

" Hannibal, thinking that his soldiers ought to be roused by deeds rather than by words, having drawn his army around for the spectacle, placed in their midst the captive mountaineers in fetters ; and after Gallic arms had been thrown at their feet, he ordered the interpreter to ask, ' whether any among them, on condition of being released from chains, and receiving, if victorious, armor and a horse, was willing to fight with the sword ?' When they all, to a man, demanded the combat and the sword, and lots were cast into the urn for that purpose, each wished himself the person whom fortune might select for the contest. As the lot of each man came out, eager and exulting with joy amidst the congratulations of his comrades, and dancing after the national custom, he hastily snatched up the arms ; but when they fought, such was the state of feeling, not only among their companions in the same circumstances, but among the spectators in general, that the fortune of those who conquered was not praised more than that of those who died bravely.

" When he had dismissed the soldiers, thus affected after viewing several pairs of combatants, having then summoned an assembly, he is said to have addressed them in these terms " :

IF, soldiers, you shall by and by, in judging of your own fortune, preserve the same feelings which you experienced a little before in the example of the fate of others, we shall have already conquered ; for neither was that merely a spectacle, but, as it were, a certain representation of your condition. And I know not whether fortune has not

thrown around you still stronger chains and more urgent necessities than around your captives. On the right and left two seas enclose you, without your possessing even a single ship for escape. The river Po before you, the Po larger and more impetuous than the Rhone, the Alps behind, with difficulty passed when you were fresh and vigorous, hem you in. Here, soldiers, where you first met the enemy, you must conquer or die ; and the same fortune which has imposed the necessity of fighting holds out to you, if victorious, rewards greater than which men are not wont to desire, even from the immortal gods. If we were only about to recover by our valor Sicily and Sardinia, wrested from our fathers, the recompense would be sufficiently ample ; but whatever, acquired and amassed by so many triumphs, the Romans possess, all, with its masters themselves, will become yours. To gain this rich reward, hasten, then, and seize your arms, with the favor of the gods. Long enough, in pursuing cattle among the desert mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia, you have gained no emolument from so many toils and dangers ; it is time to make rich and profitable campaigns, and to gain the great reward of your labors, after having accomplished such a length of journey over so many mountains and rivers, and so many nations in arms. Here fortune has granted you the termination of your labors ; here she will bestow a reward worthy of

the service you have undergone. Nor ought you to consider that the victory will be difficult in proportion as the war is great in name. A despised enemy has often maintained a sanguinary contest, and renowned States and kings have been conquered by a very slight effort. For, setting aside only the splendor of the Roman name, what remains in which they can be compared to you? To pass over in silence your service for twenty years, distinguished by such valor and success, you have made your way to this place from the pillars of Hercules, from the ocean and the remotest limits of the world, advancing victorious through so many of the fiercest nations of Gaul and Spain! you will fight against a raw army, which this very summer was beaten, conquered, and surrounded by the Gauls, an army as yet unknown to its general, and ignorant of him. Shall I compare myself, almost born, and certainly bred in the tent of my father, that most illustrious commander, myself the subjugator of Spain and Gaul, the conqueror too not only of the Alpine nations, but, what is much more, of the Alps themselves, with this six-months' general, the deserter from his army? to whom, if any one, having taken away their standards, should to-day show the Carthaginians and Romans, I am sure that he would not know of which army he was consul. I do not regard it, soldiers, as of small account that there is not a man among you before

whose eyes I have not often achieved some military exploit ; and to whom, in like manner, I, as spectator and witness of his valor, could not recount his own gallant deeds, particularized by time and place. With soldiers who have a thousand times received my praises and gifts, I, who was the pupil of you all before I became your commander, will march out in battle-array against those who are unknown to and ignorant of each other.

On whatever side I turn my eyes I see nothing but what is full of courage and energy ; a veteran infantry ; cavalry, both those with and those without the bridle, composed of the most gallant nations, you, our most faithful and valiant allies, you, Carthaginians, who are about to fight as well for the sake of your country as from the justest resentment. We are the assailants in the war, and descend into Italy with hostile standards, about to engage so much more boldly and bravely than the foe as the confidence and courage of the assailants are greater than those of him who acts on the defensive. Besides, suffering, injury, and indignity inflame and excite our minds ; they first demanded for punishment me, your leader, and then all of you who had laid siege to Saguntum ; and had we been given up they would have visited us with the severest tortures. That most cruel and haughty nation considers everything its own, and at its own disposal ; it thinks it right that it should regulate

with whom we are to have war, with whom peace ; it circumscribes and shuts us up by the boundaries of mountains and rivers which we must not pass ; and then does not adhere to those boundaries which it appointed. Pass not the Iberus ; have nothing to do with the Saguntines. Saguntum is on the Iberus ; you must not move a step in any direction. Is it a small thing that you take away my most ancient provinces Sicily and Sardinia ? Will you take Spain also ? and should I withdraw thence, you will cross over into Africa—will cross, did I say? They have sent the two consuls of this year, one to Africa, the other to Spain ! there is nothing left to us in any quarter, except what we can assert to ourselves by arms. Those may be cowards and dastards who have something to look back upon ; whom, flying through safe and unmolested roads, their own lands and their own country will receive. There is a necessity for you to be brave, and, since all between victory and death is broken off from you by inevitable despair, either to conquer, or, if fortune should waver, to meet death in battle rather than in flight. If this be well fixed and determined in the minds of you all, I will repeat, you have already conquered ; no stronger incentive to victory has ever been given to man by the immortal gods.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

ON RANSOMING THE PRISONERS

Marcus Junius.

The first years of the Second Punic War were filled with a succession of brilliant Carthaginian victories. Ticinus, Trebici, Trasimene, were bloody defeats for the Roman arms, but the loss to them in the three battles together was trifling when compared with the result of the terrible defeat at Cannæ (216 B.C.). There seventy thousand Romans were killed, and nine thousand either made captive or driven as fugitives into the wilderness.

Livy says that Hannibal treated the prisoners kindly, dismissed the Italians without ransom, and offered the Romans their liberty upon terms that were joyfully accepted. The prisoners were allowed to choose and send delegates to Rome to secure their ransom. Having arrived there, an audience of the Senate was granted by the dictator, and Marcus Junius, the leader of the delegates, said:

THERE is not one of us, Conscript Fathers, who is not aware that there never was a nation which held prisoners in greater contempt than our own. But, unless our own cause is dearer to us than it should be, never did men fall into the hands of the enemy who less deserved to be disregarded than we do; for we did not surrender our arms in battle through fear; but, having prolonged the battle almost till nightfall, standing upon heaps of our slaughtered countrymen, we betook ourselves to our camp. For the remainder of the day and during the following night, although exhausted with

exertions and wounds, we guarded our ramparts. On the following day, when beset by the enemy, we were deprived of water, and there was no hope of breaking through the dense bands of the foe; and moreover, since we did not consider it an impiety that any Roman soldier should survive the battle of Cannæ, after fifty thousand of our army had been butchered we at length agreed upon terms on which we might be ransomed and released; and our arms, in which there was no longer any protection, we delivered to the enemy. We had been informed that our ancestors also had redeemed themselves from the Gauls with gold, and that, though so rigid as to the terms of peace, they had sent ambassadors to Tarentum for the purpose of ransoming the captives. And yet both the fight at the Alia with the Gauls, and at Heraclea with Pyrrhus, were disgraceful, not so much on account of the loss as on account of the panic and flight.

Heaps of Roman corpses cover the plains of Cannæ; not one of us would have survived the battle, had not the enemy wanted the strength and the swords to slay us. There are, too, some of us who did not even retreat from the field, but, being left to guard the camp, fell into the hands of the enemy when it was surrendered. For my part, I envy not the good fortune or condition of any citizen or fellow-soldier, nor would I endeavor to raise myself by depreciating another; but not even

those men who, for the most part, leaving their arms, fled from the field, and stopped not till they arrived at Venusia or Canusium : not even those men, unless some reward is due to them on account of their swiftness of foot and running, could justly set themselves before us or boast that there is more protection to the State in them than in us. But you will find them to be both good and brave soldiers, and you will find us still more zealous, because, through your kindness, we shall have been ransomed and restored to our country. You are levying from every age and condition ; I hear that eight thousand slaves are being armed. We are no fewer in number ; nor will the expense of redeeming us be greater than that of purchasing these. Should I compare ourselves with them, I should slander the name of a Roman.

I should think also, Conscript Fathers, that in deliberating on such a measure it ought also to be considered (if you are disposed to be over severe, which you cannot be from any demerit of ours) to what sort of enemy you would abandon us. Is it to Pyrrhus, for instance, who treated us, when his prisoners, like guests ; or to a barbarian, to a Carthaginian, of whom it is difficult to determine whether his rapacity or cruelty be the greater ? If you were to see the chains, the squalid appearance, the loathsomeness of your countrymen, such a spectacle would affect you, I am confident, not less than if

you beheld your legions prostrate on the plains of Cannæ. You may behold the solicitude and the tears of our kinsmen, as they stand in the lobby of your Senate-house and await your verdict. When they are in so much suspense and anxiety in behalf of us and those who are absent, what think you must be our own feelings, whose lives and liberty are at stake? By Hercules! should Hannibal himself, contrary to his nature, be disposed to be lenient towards us, yet we should not consider our lives worth possessing, since we have seemed to you unworthy of ransom. At a former time, prisoners dismissed by Pyrrhus, without ransom, returned to Rome; but they returned in company with ambassadors, the chief men of the State, who were sent to ransom them. Would I return to my country, a citizen, when I was not considered worth three hundred denarii? Every man has his own way of thinking, Conscript Fathers. I know that my life and person are at stake. But the danger which threatens my reputation if we should go away rejected and condemned by you affects me most; for men will never suppose that you merely grudged the price of our redemption.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

AGAINST RANSOMING THE PRISONERS

Titus Manlius Torquatus.

The appeal of Marcus Junius was answered by Titus Manlius Torquatus, to whom Livy ascribes the "over-righteous severity" of his ideal of the primitive Roman. So effective was the reply of Manlius that the captives were refused ransom, although many of them were nearly related to members of the Senate.

HAD the deputies confined themselves to making a request, in behalf of those who are in the hands of the enemy, that they might be ransomed, I should have briefly given my opinion without inveighing against any one. For what else would have been necessary but to admonish you that you ought to adhere to the customs handed down from your ancestors, a precedent indispensable to military discipline? But now, since they have almost boasted of having surrendered themselves to the enemy, and have claimed to be preferred, not only to those who were captured by the enemy in the field, but to those who came to Venusia and Canusium, and even to the consul Terentius himself, I will not suffer you to remain in ignorance of things which were done there.

I wish that what I am about to bring before you were stated at Canusium, before the army itself,

the best witness to every man's cowardice or valor ; or at least that there might have been here one person, Publius Sempronius, whom had they followed as their leader, then they would this day have been soldiers in the Roman camp, and not prisoners in the power of the enemy. But though the enemy was fatigued with fighting and engaged in rejoicing for their victory, and the greater part of them had retired into their camp ; though they had the night at their disposal for making a sally, and as they were seven thousand armed troops, they might have forced their way through the troops of the enemy, however closely arrayed ; yet they neither attempted of themselves to do this, nor were willing to follow another. Throughout nearly the whole night Sempronius ceased not to admonish and exhort them, while but few of the enemy were about the camp, while there was stillness and quiet, while the night would conceal their design, that they should follow him ; that before daybreak they might reach places of security, the cities of their allies. If, as Publius Decius, the military tribune in Samnium, said within the memory of our grandfathers ; or as Calpurnius Flamma, in the First Punic War, when we were youths, said to the three hundred volunteers, when he was leading them to seize upon an eminence situated in the midst of the enemy : " Let us die, soldiers, and by our death rescue the surrounding

legions from ambuscade" ;—if Publius Sempronius has said thus, he would have considered you as neither Romans nor men had no one stood forward as his companion in so valorous an attempt. He points out to you the road that leads not to glory more than to safety ; he restores you to your country, your parents, your wives and children. Do you want courage to effect your preservation ? What would you do if you had to die for your country ? Fifty thousand of your countrymen and allies on that very day lay around you slain. If so many examples of courage did not move you, nothing ever will. If so great a carnage did not make life less dear, nothing ever will.

While in freedom and safety, show your affection for your country ; nay, rather do so always while it is your country and you its citizens. Too late you now endeavor to evince your regard for her when degraded, disfranchised from the rights of citizens, and become the slaves of the Carthaginians. Shall you return by purchase to that degree which you have forfeited by cowardice and neglect ? You did not listen to Sempronius, your countryman, when he bid you take arms and follow him ; but a little after you listened to Hannibal, when he ordered your arms to be surrendered and your camp betrayed. But why do I charge those men with cowardice when I might tax them with villany ? They not only refused to follow him who gave them

good advice, but endeavored to oppose and hold him back, and would have done so, had not some men of the greatest bravery, drawing their swords, removed the cowards. Publius Sempronius, I say, was obliged to force his way through a band of his countrymen before he burst through the enemy's troops. Can our country regret such citizens as these, whom if all the rest resembled she would not have one citizen of all those who fought at Cannæ ?

Out of seven thousand armed men, there were six hundred who had the courage to force their way through, who returned to their country free, and in arms ; nor did forty thousand of the enemy successfully oppose them. How safe, think you, would a passage have been for nearly two legions ? Then you would have had this day at Canusium, Conscript Fathers, twenty thousand bold and faithful men. But now how can these men be called faithful and good citizens (for they do not even call themselves brave), except one assumes that they showed themselves such when they opposed those who were desirous of forcing their way through the enemy, or unless one assumes that they do not envy those men their safety and glory acquired by valor, when they must know that their timidity and cowardice were the cause of their ignominious servitude ? Skulking in their tents, they preferred to wait for the light and the enemy together, when they had an opportunity of sallying forth during

the silence of the night. But though they had not courage to sally forth from the camp, had they courage to defend it strenuously? Having endured a siege for several days and nights, did they protect their rampart by their arms, and themselves by their rampart? At length, having dared and suffered every extremity, when every means of sustenance was lost, their strength exhausted with famine, and themselves unable to hold their arms, were they subdued by the necessities of nature rather than by arms? At sunrise, the enemy approached the rampart; before the second hour, without hazarding any contest, they delivered up their arms and themselves. Here is their military service for you during two days. When they ought to have stood firm in array and fought on, then they fled back into their camps; good for nothing either in the field or the camp. I redeem you? When you ought to sally from the camp, you linger and hesitate; and when you ought to stay and protect your camp in arms, you surrender the camp, your arms, and yourselves to the enemy. I am of the opinion, Conscript Fathers, that these men should no more be ransomed than that those should be surrendered to Hannibal who sallied from the camp through the midst of the enemy, and, with the most distinguished courage, restored themselves to their country.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

M. ANNÆUS SENECA

M. Annæus Seneca was born in Cordova about 54 B.C. His youth was spent in the study of rhetoric, and when he attained manhood he became a professor of that art. His fluency and prodigious power of memory, united to great imaginative ability, soon won him fame, and he became renowned as the most eloquent rhetorician of his day. He spent much of his life in Rome, and died either there or at Cordova in 38 A.D. He has left but few writings, and these probably did not rank among his masterpieces, but those extant are valuable as examples of a type of declamation which formed an important period in the history of oratory. His Controversiæ, or discussions on legal subjects, were designed for use as practice selections by the orators of the law courts; the Suasoriæ were discussions upon imaginary themes, and were adapted to the study of students of rhetoric. Seneca the rhetorician must not be confounded with L. Annæus Seneca, his grandson, also born in Hispania, and who was tutor to Nero and eminent alike as statesman and writer.

Seneca's style, as far as known, was inclined to simplicity and lucidity. It must, however, be remembered that the works which have been preserved were intended only for study.

The only extant works of Seneca are five books of the *Controversarium, Libri X.*, and the *Suasoriarum Liber.* His works have not been translated into English.

SUASORIA VII

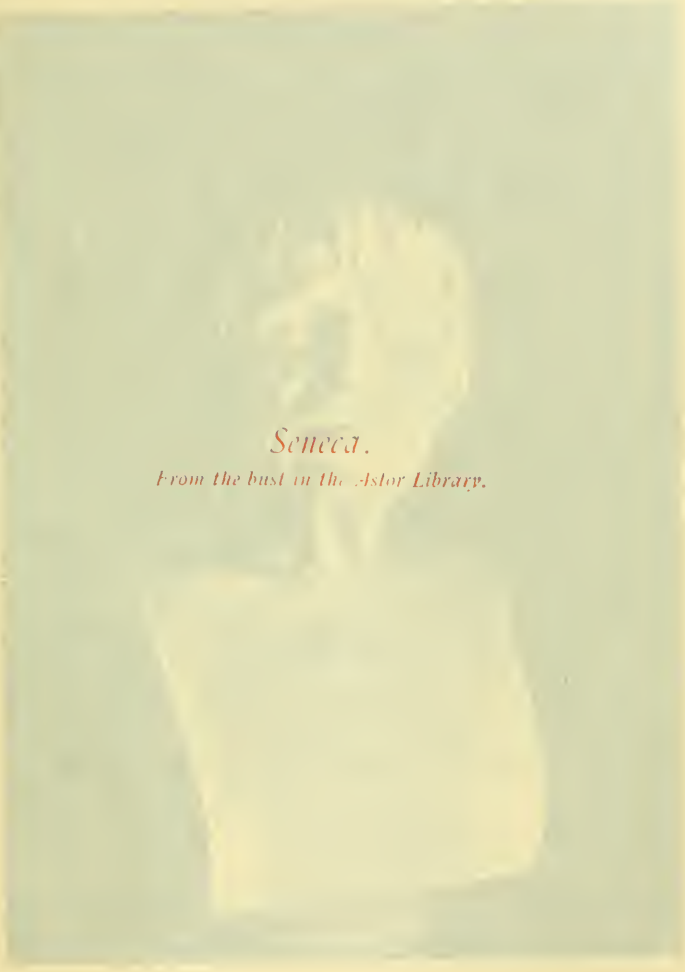
M. Annæus Seneca.

The following has been selected as an excellent example of the style of Seneca in the composition termed suasoria. This, as will be seen, consisted in a hortatory oration, or series thereof, and was much in vogue in the days of Seneca. In that selected, Cicero is represented as deliberating whether he should burn his writings, thereby earning the clemency of Antony, who has promised him life upon this condition. His friends exhort him to accept death rather than thus dearly purchase life.

Q. Haterius—"You will not listen to Antony. Success only renders an evil character unendurable, because nothing more encourages an avaricious man than the consciousness of his baseness being successful. The position is a difficult one. You will not listen to him, I say, and you will again stir up your personal enemy to your destruction. As to me, indeed, I am not of great help to Cicero; but I am not so much disgusted with my life as ashamed of it, because not even in this is it of much use to Cicero. You are proud of your talent, the very thing which Antony hates more than he hates you. He says that you may live, when he has already contrived a plan to rob you of that by which you truly live. More cruel, therefore, is Antony's

promise than his proscription. The arms of the triumvirs had no power over your genius. Then Antony deliberated how he might destroy through Cicero that which he was unable to proscribe together with Cicero. If freedom held her place in the Republic, if eloquence held her place in freedom, and if the lives of the citizens were not merely sported with, I should exhort you, O Cicero, to place a high value upon your life. But now Antony promises you life, that you may see that death is the best portion. The list of that accursed proscription is yet unfinished ; many prætorians, many men of consular rank, many of the order of knights have perished ; no one is left except those who can be made slaves. I do not know if at this time you desire to live, O Cicero ; there is no one left with whom you would care to live. But, by Hercules ! there was a time when you lived worthily ; it was when Cæsar of his own accord asked that you might live, and that too without any bargain ; at which time the State could not be said to be standing, for it had fallen into the arms of a benevolent prince."

Cestius Pius—"Has my expectation deceived me ? Antony comprehended that if the memorials of Cicero's eloquence remained secure, Cicero could not die. You are therefore asked to make a compact according to which your nobler part is threatened with destruction. Lend me for a moment



Seneca.

From the bust in the Astor Library.

some of your own eloquence. I ask Cicero, who is soon to die, whether Cæsar and Pompey, refusing your advice, did not enter into a base alliance, did not break it? I ask whether, if they had been willing to follow your counsel, Pompey would have deserted Cæsar, or Cæsar Pompey? I ask, what of your consulship which brought safety to the city? What of your exile, even more honorable to you than your consulship? what of the power of Sulla, provoked by you at the very beginning of your manhood? what of Antony, torn from Catiline and restored to the Republic? Pardon me, O Cicero, if I have spoken at too great length of these things; it may be that this day they will be heard for the last time. If Cicero be slain, he will lie beside Pompey the Elder and Pompey the Younger, beside Afranius Petreius, Quintus Catulus, and that Marcus Antonius who did not deserve such a successor as the present Antonius. If Cicero be saved, he will live among the Ventidii, the Canicii, and the Saxæ. Can it be doubted whether it would be better for him to lie dead among the former or to live among the latter? To save one man, yourself, you would sell that which is of great value to the whole State. I know that any price which Antony might fix would be unjust; no one would buy the life of Cicero at the only price for which Antony would sell it. If he should keep his compact with you, you would indeed live, but your eyes would be

torn out; you would live, but your feet would be lamed; and even if in regard to all other bodily losses you manifested patience and resignation, you could not feel these at the loss of your tongue. Where is that sacred voice of yours? For to die is the end of nature, not a penalty; is it only to you that this is not clear? Rather preserve yourself to liberty, and thus add one more crime to those of your enemy. Make Antony yet more criminal by your death."

P. Asprenas—"In order that Antony may spare Cicero, will Cicero sin against his own eloquence. Besides, what is promised you? Is it that Cnæus Pompey and Marcus Cato and that ancient and most dignified Senate of the State shall be again brought to life, and that Cicero shall speak in their presence? Many, when on the verge of success, have been struck down by that soul's scorn of life; many, when at the point of perishing, have been sustained by mere admiration for that soul; and with them, to die bravely was to truly live. Intrust yourself to the Roman people against Antony. If you burn your writings, Antony promises you a few years; but if you do not burn them, the Roman people promise you eternity."

Pompeius Silo—"What sort of a compact is this, that we should destroy the eloquence of Cicero and accept the pledge of Antony? Do you call that pity, that which would be the most severe punish-

ment to the talents of Cicero? We should trust Antony, O Cicero, if money-lenders would do well to trust their money to him, if Brutus and Cassius would do well to trust their safety to him,—to him, a man rendered crazy both by nature and by the license of the times, a man who, amid his love-affairs with actors, revels in the blood of the citizens; a man who pledged the Republic to his creditors, and whose avarice was not to be satisfied with the wealth of two princes, Cæsar and Pompey. I will quote your own words, O Cicero: Is that safety, which Antony can bestow or take away, precious to any one? To owe to Antony the preservation of Cicero would be to purchase the preservation of Cicero at too great a price."

Triarius—"The Roman people were once driven to such straits that nothing was left to them except the besieged temple of Jupiter Capitolinus and the exiled Camillus; yet no act of Camillus was nobler than that he thought it unworthy of a man to owe his safety to a bargain. Life, even though it be granted without payment, is only a burden. Antony, once adjudged an enemy by the Republic, now adjudges the Republic an enemy. Lepidus, in order that the world might not think that as a colleague he was distasteful to Antony, exceeds him in frenzy: the slave of both colleagues is our master."

Argentarius—"We must put no confidence in

Antony. For what might he not do who could kill Cicero, or who would save him only by a cruelty worse than death? Do you believe that he forgives you, he who hates your talents? Do you hope for life at the hands of him from whose memory your words have not faded? Should genius, which is eternal, perish, that the body, which is weak and fragile, should be preserved for a time? I wondered if Antony's favor would not be more cruel than his punishments. A noble death placed among the ranks of the Scipios, Publius Scipio, who in life fell far below the distinction of his ancestors. Antony delivers you from death in order that that which alone of you is immortal may perish. What a promise! The genius of Cicero is to be taken away, and only his life remain. A few years of servitude are promised you, but with oblivion for your name added. Antony does not wish you to live, but only to make you the survivor of your genius. Live, that Cicero may listen to Lepidus, that Cicero may listen to Antony, but that no one may listen to Cicero! Can you endure that the best of you shall die the first? Let rather your genius and the infamous proscription of Antony survive you."

Arellius Fuscus—"As long as the human race survives, as long as literature survives, honor will reward the noblest eloquence. As long as the fortune of our State exists or memory endures, splendid genius will be esteemed by posterity; though

yourself proscribed in this generation, you shall proscribe Antony forever. Believe me, it is but the most trivial part of you which can be taken from or bestowed upon you. That Cicero who Antony thinks cannot be proscribed except by Cicero himself, that is the real Cicero. He does not abandon your proscription, but he desires to avert his own. If Antony should break his promise, you will die; if he should keep it, you will live a slave. As far as I am concerned, I would choose to foil him. By yourself, Marcus Tullius, by your four-and-sixty years of noble life, by the welfare of the Republic, by your consulship, by the memory of your eternal genius, if you permit it to be eternal, by the Republic, which perished before you that you might not think that you left behind you anything dear to you, I urge and beseech you not to die having confessed that you were unwilling to die."

Translated by the Editors of this volume.

AULUS GELLIUS

Aulus Gellius is supposed to have been born at Rome about 117 A.D. He studied rhetoric at Rome and philosophy at Athens. He became a distinguished member of the Roman bar. He died about 181 A.D.

His style is somewhat artificial and inclined to the pedantic. Yet his work is interesting from the vitality of his anecdotes and reminiscences.

His extant work, *Noctes Atticæ,* is valuable because of many quotations from ancient writers.

The best edition of his work is that of Hertz, Leipzig ; 1871, Teubner. Translations in English, French, and German have been made.

FRAGMENTS

Aulus Gellius.

The following fragments taken from the *Noctes Atticæ* are attributed to Gaius Gracchus and M. Porcius Cato respectively. If authentic, they are important examples of the work of these orators.

EXORDIUM OF THE SPEECH FOR THE RHODIANS

Cato.

I KNOW that most men are accustomed in prosperity to be highly elated, and that their haughtiness and ferocity increases and enlarges. Now it is a great care to me that these affairs should advance so successfully that no untoward event may happen to our deliberations nor interfere with our success, and that our joy, our rejoicing over these things, may not be too excessive. Adversity teaches what there is need of; prosperity is wont by reason of excessive joy to drive one from just and intelligent deliberation. Wherefore, I advise and recommend strongly that this matter be postponed for some time until we return from our great joy to control of ourselves. And now I think that the Rhodians did not wish to fight us, as they

did fight. Not only were the Rhodians unwilling, but also I think many nations and peoples were unwilling to fight against us. And I am also inclined to think that there were some of them who did not wish this to turn out as it did, through fear of insult to us; they also feared that they might come under our sovereign control, and be reduced to a condition of servitude. The Rhodians, nevertheless, did not as a State assist King Perses. Reflect how very careful we are with our own individual affairs. For each one of us, if any one thinks that anything is against his own interests, strives against it with all his might, in order that nothing disadvantageous may befall his affairs; nevertheless, these (Rhodians) endured this state of affairs.

Translated for this volume by H. C. Whiting, L.H.D., Professor in Dickinson College.

FRAGMENT OF SPEECH IN BEHALF OF THE RHODIANS

Cato.

Shall we abandon them now when there might be such mutual profit and friendship? Shall we hasten to be the first to do that which we say they wish to do? He who speaks most strongly against them says that they wish to become enemies. Is there, pray, any one of you who thinks it just to punish them simply because it is charged that they were willing to act the part of an enemy? No one,

I think ; for I, in so far as in me lies, would not be willing. What then ? Pray, is there any law so severe as to say, if any one had the inclination to become hostile, let him be fined in the half of his household slaves ? For example, if any one simply wished to have more than five hundred acres of land, or if any one wished to have a large number of cattle, would any one say, let him suffer a penalty in proportion to his wishes ? We wish to have many times more than we have ; and yet this is without punishment on our part. But if it is not just to be considered meritorious merely for this reason, that one says that he wishes to do well, and yet does not do it, shall it be a crime in the Rhodians, not because they did the wrong, but because they are said to have wished to do so ? They say the Rhodians are haughty : grant that they are haughty ; how does that concern us ? Are we to become angry because one is haughtier than we are ?

Translated for this volume by H. C. Whiting, L.H.D., Professor in Dickinson College.

MEN MUST BE TAKEN AS THEY ARE

Gaius Gracchus.

For you, O Romans, if you are willing to employ wisdom and reason, and if you inquire, will find that no one of us gives his services without pay. All of us who speak ask something, and no one comes to you except that he may take something

away. I myself, who speak to you that you may increase your revenue, and that you may the more easily administer your personal affairs and those of the State, do not come here gratis. But I ask of you, not money, but good opinion and honor. But those who come forward to persuade you not to accept this law seek not honor at your hands, but money at the hands of Nicomedes. Those who advise you to accept the law also ask of you not a good opinion, but a reward and pay at the hands of Mithridates. Moreover, those in this body and in this place who are silent, are indeed very spirited men, but they accept pay from all. You, when you think that they are far removed from these things, bestow upon them a good opinion. Moreover, ambassadors from the kings, when they think that these men are silent for their sake, bestow upon them large sums of money and defray their expenses; as in the land of Greece, when a Greek tragedian considered it a great glory that a talent was given him for one play, the most eloquent man of his State, Demades, is reported to have said: "Do you think it wonderful to have received one talent for this spoken production? I have received ten talents from the king to be silent." So now these people receive the greatest price for being silent.

Translated for this volume by ***H. C. Whiting, L.H.D.,***
Professor in Dickinson College.

IN VINDICATION OF HIS POLITICAL PURITY

Gaius Gracchus.

Gaius Gracchus, when he returned from Sardinia, delivered a speech to the people in their assembly. These are his words :—

I so conducted myself in the province as I believed would be to your best interests ; not as I thought would conduce to my personal ambition. I had no cook-shop with me, no slaves of beautiful form stood in my presence. I conducted myself so that no one could truly say that I received a single farthing as a personal gift ; nor can any one truly say that he was put to expense through my fault. I was two years in the province ; if any disreputable person entered my home, you may consider me the lowest and most worthless of mankind. When I set out, O Romans, to return to Rome, the money girdles which I carried to the province full of silver I brought back from the province empty. Some persons brought back full of silver the wine jars which they carried to the provinces full of wine.

Translated for this volume by H. C. Whiting, L.H.D., Professor in Dickinson College.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

Marcus Tullius Cicero was born near Arpinum on January 3, 106 B.C. His family was of the Equestrian order, of some wealth and a large local influence. It had never been connected with the political movements of the capital. In earliest youth Cicero manifested great intellectual promise. His father, a man of good education and liberal ideas, determined to take the boy to Rome and place him under the leading instructors. The elder Cicero and Quintus, an older son who had already settled at Rome, devoted themselves to the education of Marcus. The boy had many masters, among them the poet Archias, by whom he was taught grammar, rhetoric, and literature. At sixteen, he, as was the custom, assumed the toga, and was duly enrolled as a Roman citizen. The study of law, oratory, and philosophy was now begun. Philosophy was taught him by Philo the Academic, by Diodotus the Stoic, and Molo gave him instruction in philosophical disputation, which, for the purpose of improving his style, was carried on in Greek. He neglected no line of study known to his world, and under the advice of the masters of each branch became the most learned man of his day. His legal and oratorical studies were carried on under the friendly eyes of the Augur Mucius Scævola and the orators Crassus and Antonius, and under their advice and with constant practice, he prepared himself for his future career. He spent every possible moment in study at the Senate, law courts, or the public meetings. He was abstemious to a fault, took little or no exercise, and thought only of his work. Not until he had reached his twenty-sixth year did he consider himself fitted to commence his public career. The name of his first speech is not certainly known, but it is thought to be that for Quintus. This was soon followed by the great oration in defence of Roscius. In one year these orations gave him rank as one of the greatest

of Roman orators. But Cicero had drawn upon him the wrath of Sulla, as Chrysogonus, a favorite of the dictator, had been the accuser of Roscius. Then, too, Cicero joined, with the enthusiasm of early manhood, the popular party. His health began to fail under the tremendous exertions he had made. He decided to travel and continue his studies. He visited Greece, and at Athens studied philosophy with Antiochus, the Academic, and with Zeno and Phædrus, the Epicureans. He next travelled in Asia Minor, visiting Stratonice, Magnesia, Cnidos, and Adramyttium, where he held counsel with the leading philosophers and rhetoricians. He then studied at Rhodes under his old preceptor Molo. After two years' absence, he returned to Rome in perfect health and with widely augmented knowledge. From the delivery of his first speech after returning, his position as the foremost of Roman orators was universally acknowledged. He passed through the various political offices, and was elected to the consulship. His life was passed in constant and varied activity. He was the leading lawyer, the most eminent statesman, the most learned scholar of his generation, and the greatest orator of Roman history. He was murdered on December 7, 43 B.C., by command of Antonius and with the consent of Octavius.

Any extended criticism of Cicero's style would be out of place in this work. The able treatises upon this subject fill volumes. A bibliography of these valuable contributions to literary criticism may be found in the pages of Engelmann, Teuffel, and others.

Yet it may be well to note the general characteristics of the style of the great Roman orator. This was always easy and sometimes almost dangerously light of touch ; but it was never ineffective. There was generally a cumulative rapidity, borrowed, but strengthened in the transition, from the Grecian school. Cicero has been charged with verboseness, but this was used for the purpose of attracting and gradually riveting the attention of his auditory. When the subject demanded conciseness, he was never verbose. There is in his style a stateliness and gorgeousness which was the product and the taste of his time. He was always logical, always cogent in

his reasoning, and his method of arrangement has never been surpassed. His power as an orator may perhaps be best summed up in the words of Quintilian: ". . . I may not unreasonably believe that the summit of excellence was not attained by him. Nevertheless, no man has made nearer approach to it."

The works that most concern us are those in the field of oratory. In addition to his Orations we have the *De Oratore* and the *Brutus*.

Many editions of his works have been published. It is difficult to name the best. The bibliographies in such works as *Bibliotheca Scriptorum Classicorum, Scriptores Latini,* Engelmann, should be consulted. A very satisfactory edition of Cicero's complete works is that of Teubner, Leipzig, 1874. The Valpy edition of the Orations with English notes, Longman, London, 1839, is useful. Forsyth's *Life of Cicero* is the standard. Translations of the Orations, *De Oratore*, and the *Brutus* are to be found in French and German, as well as in English.

ON THE PUNISHMENTS

[Selection.] *Cicero.*

FROM THE FIFTH BOOK OF THE SECOND ACTION AGAINST VERRES

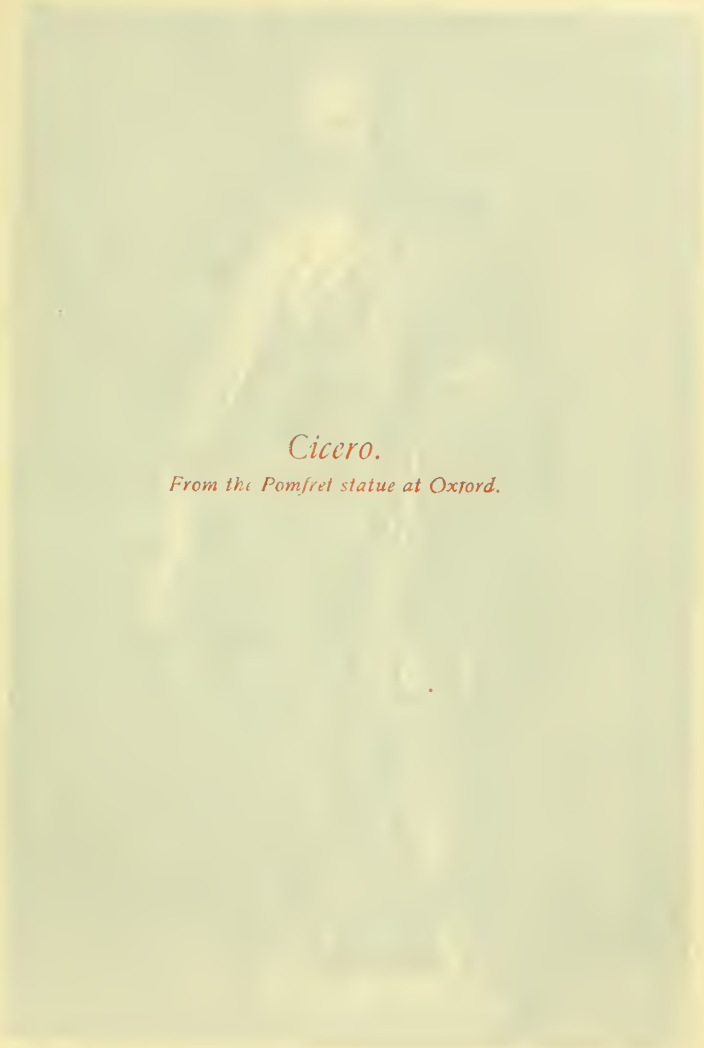
About the period of Sulla's abdication a young noble, named Caius Verres, accompanied the prætor Dolabella to his government of Cilicia. At Sicyon, in Achaia, as he passed along, he thought fit to demand a sum of money of the chief magistrate of the city, and, being refused, shut him up in a close chamber, with a fire of green wood, to extort the gratuity he required. From the same place he carried off several of the finest sculptures and paintings. At Athens he shared with his chief the plunder of the temple of Minerva; at Delos, that of Apollo; at Chios, Erythræa, Halicarnassus, and elsewhere on his route, he perpetrated similar acts of rapine. Samos possessed a temple celebrated throughout Asia; Verres rifled both the temple and the city itself. The Samians complained to the governor of Asia; they were recommended to carry their complaints to Rome. Perga boasted a statue of Diana coated with gold; Verres scraped off the gilding. Miletus offered the escort of one of her finest vessels; he detained it for his own use and sold it. At Lampsacus he sought to dishonor the daughter of the first citizen of the place; her father and brother ventured to defend her, and slew one of his attendants. Verres seized the pretext to accuse them both of an attempt on his life, and the governor of the province obliged him by cutting off both their heads. Such were the atrocities of the young ruffian while yet a mere dependent of the proconsul, with no charge or office of his own. Being appointed quæstor, he extended his exactions over every district of the provinces, and speedily amassed, as is known from the avowal of his own principal, from two to three millions of sesterces beyond the requisitions of the public service.

Verres could now pay for his election to the praetorship in the city. For a year he dispensed his favorable judgments to wealthy suitors at home, and on its termination sailed for the province of Sicily. Here his conduct in the tribunal was marked by the most glaring venality. He sold everything, both his patronage and his decisions, making sport of the laws of the country and of his own edicts;

of the religion, the fortunes, and the loves of the provincials. During the three years of his government not a single senator of the sixty-five cities of the island was elected without a gratuity to the proprætor. He imposed arbitrary requisitions of many hundred thousand bushels of grain upon communities already overburdened with their authorized tithes. He distributed cities among his creatures with the air of a Persian despot ; Lipara he gave to a boon companion, Segesta to an actress, Herbita to a courtesan. These exactions threatened to depopulate the country. At the period of his arrival the territory of Leontium possessed eighty-three farms ; in the third year of the Verrine administration only thirty-two remained in occupation. At Motya the number of tenanted estates had fallen from a hundred and eighty-eight to a hundred and one ; at Herbita, from two hundred and fifty-seven to a hundred and twenty ; at Argyrona, from two hundred and fifty to eighty. Throughout the province more than one half of the cultivated lands were abandoned, as if the scourge of war or pestilence had passed over the island.

But Verres was an amateur and an antiquary, and had a taste for art as well as a thirst for lucre. At every city where he stopped on his progresses he extorted gems, vases, and trinkets from his host, or from any inhabitant whom he understood to possess them. No one ventured to complain. There was no redress even for a potentate in alliance with the Republic, such as Antiochus, King of Syria, who was robbed of a splendid candelabrum enriched with jewels, which he was about to dedicate in the Capitol at Rome. All these objects of art were sent off to Italy to decorate the villa of the proprætor. Nor were the antiques and curiosities he thus amassed less valuable than the ornaments of gold and silver. Finally, Verres laid his hands on certain statues of Ceres and Diana, the special objects of worship among the natives, who were only allowed the consolation of coming to offer them their sacrifices in his garden. Nor did the extortion of Verres fall upon the Sicilians only. He cheated the treasury at Rome of the sums advanced to him in payment of corn for the consumption of the city. He withheld the necessary equipments for the fleet which he was directed to send against the pirates, and applied them to his own use. The fleet was worsted by the enemy, and Verres caused its officers to be executed for cowardice. He crowned his enormities by punishing one of the ruling caste with death. Gavius, a Roman trader, he had confined in the quarries of Syracuse. The man escaped, was retaken, and fastened to a cross on the beach within sight of Italy, that he might address to his native shores the ineffectual cry, "I am a Roman citizen."

Verres was impeached in 70 B.C. The importance of the trial was great. The fate of Verres, the whole system of the oligarchical administration of the provinces, and the right of the Senate to act as a jury were involved. Verres secured the great advocate Hortensius as consul. Every effort was made to defeat the prosecution before actual trial. Cicero, then in his thirty-sixth year, saw in the trial his opportunity. He seized it. He overcame the schemes of the defence and brought the case to trial. The opening speech, known as the First Oration against Verres, was devoted to the production of evidence against him. The proof was so overwhelming that Hortensius abandoned the defence, and



Cicero.

From the Pomfret statue at Oxford.

Verres went into voluntary exile. Under ordinary circumstances, this would have ended the matter, but so great were the Constitutional and political interests involved that Cicero completed the orations he had intended to deliver against Verres, and published them as a weapon against the Sullan Constitution. These Orations are five in number and constitute what is known as the Second Pleading against Verres. From these we have selected a part of the Fifth Oration, that On the Punishments.

THE remainder of the accusation, O judges, is one which I have not received from any one, but which is, if I may so say, innate in me; it is one which has not been brought to me, but which is deeply fixed and implanted in all my feelings; it is one which concerns, not the safety of allies, but the life and existence of Roman citizens, that is to say, of every one of us. And in urging this, do not, O judges, expect to hear any arguments from me, as if the matter was doubtful. Everything which I am going to say about the punishment of Roman citizens will be so evident and notorious that I could produce many witnesses to prove it. For some insanity, the frequent companion of wickedness and audacity, urged on that man's unrestrained ferocity of disposition and inhuman nature to such frenzy that he never hesitated openly, in the presence of the whole body of citizens and settlers, to employ against Roman citizens those punishments which have been instituted only for slaves convicted of crime. Why need I tell you how many men he has scourged? I will only say most briefly, O judges, that while that man was prætor there was no

discrimination whatever in the infliction of that sort of punishment, and, accordingly, the hands of the lictor were habitually laid on the persons of Roman citizens, even without any actual order from Verres.

Can you deny this, O Verres, that in the Forum, at Lilybæum, in the presence of a numerous body of inhabitants, Caius Servilius, a Roman citizen, an old trader of the body of settlers at Panormus, was beaten to the ground by rods and scourges before your tribunal, before your very feet? Dare first to deny this, if you can. No one was at Lilybæum who did not see it. No one was in Sicily who did not hear of it. I assert that a Roman citizen fell down before your eyes, exhausted by the scourging of your lictors. For what reason, O ye immortal gods?—though in asking that I am doing injury to the common cause of all the citizens, and to the privilege of citizenship, for I am asking what reason there was in the case of Servilius for this treatment, as if there could be any reason for its being legally inflicted on any Roman citizen. Pardon me this one error, O judges, for I will not in the rest of the cases ask for any reason. He had spoken rather freely of the dishonesty and worthlessness of Verres. And as soon as Verres is informed of this, he orders the man to Lilybæum to give security in a prosecution instituted against him by one of the slaves of Verres. He gives

security. He comes to Lilybæum. Verres begins by compelling him, though no one proceeded with any action against him, though no one made any claim on him, to be bound over in the sum of two thousand sesterces to appear to a charge brought against him by his own lictor, in the formula,—"if he had made any profit by robbery." He says that he will appoint judges out of his own revenue. Servilius demurs, and entreats that he may not be proceeded against by a capital prosecution before unjust judges and where there is no prosecutor. While he is urging this with a loud voice, six of the most vigorous lictors surround him, men in full practice in beating and scourging men; they beat him most furiously with rods; then the lictor who was nearest to him, the man whom I have already often mentioned, Sextus, turning his stick round, began to beat the wretched man violently on the eyes. Therefore, when blood had filled his mouth and eyes, he fell down, and they nevertheless continued to beat him on the sides while lying on the ground, till he at last said he would give security. He, having been treated in this manner, was taken away from the place as dead, and, in a short time afterwards, he died. But that devoted servant of Venus, that man so rich in wit and courtesy, erected in the temple of Venus a silver statue out of the dead man's property. And in this way he misused the fortunes of men to fulfil

the nightly vows made by him for the accomplishment of his desires.

But why should I speak separately of all the other punishments inflicted on Roman citizens, rather than generally, and in the lump? That prison which was built at Syracuse by that most cruel tyrant Dionysius, which is called the stone-quarries, was, under his government, the home of Roman citizens. When any one of them offended this man's eyes or mind, he was instantly thrown into the stone-quarries. I see that this appears a scandalous thing to you, O judges; and I observed that it so appeared at the former pleading, when the witnesses stated these things; for you thought that the privileges of freedom ought to be maintained, not only here, where there are tribunes of the people, where there are other magistrates, where there is a Forum with many courts of justice, where there is the authority of the Senate, where there is the opinion of the Roman people to hold a man in check, where the Roman people itself is present in great numbers; but in whatever country or nation the privileges of Roman citizens are violated, you, O judges, decide that that violation concerns the common cause of freedom and your dignity. Did you, O Verres, dare to confine such a number of Roman citizens in a prison built for foreigners, for wicked men, for pirates, and for enemies? Did no thoughts of this tribunal, or

of the public assembly, or of this numerous multitude which I see around me, and which is now regarding you with a most hostile and inimical disposition, occur to your mind? Did not the dignity of the Roman people, though absent, did not the appearance of such a concourse as this, ever present itself to your eyes or to your thoughts? Did you never think that you would have to return home to the sight of these men, that you would have to come into the Forum of the Roman people, that you would have to submit yourself to the power of the laws and courts of justice?

But what, O Verres, was that passion of yours for practising cruelty? what was your reason for undertaking so many wicked actions? It was nothing, O judges, except a new and unprecedented system of plundering. For, like those men whose histories we have learnt from the poets, who are said to have occupied some bays on the seacoast, or some promontories, or some precipitous rocks, in order to be able to murder those who had been driven to such places in their vessels, this man also looked down as an enemy over every sea, from every part of Sicily. Every ship that came from Asia, from Syria, from Tyre, from Alexandria, was immediately seized by informers and guards upon whom he could rely; their crews were all thrown into the stone-quarries, their

freights and merchandise carried up into the prætor's house. There was seen to range through Sicily, after a long interval, not another Dionysius, not another Phalaris (for that island has at one time or another produced many inhuman tyrants), but a new sort of monster endowed with all the ancient savage barbarity which is said to have formerly existed in those same districts; for I do not think that either Scylla or Charybdis was such an enemy to sailors as that man has been in the same waters. And in one respect he is far more to be dreaded than they, because he is girdled with more numerous and more powerful hounds than were they. He is a second Cyclops, far more savage than the first, for Verres had possession of the whole island; Polyphemus is said to have occupied only Ætna and that part of Sicily. But what pretext was alleged at the time by that man for this outrageous cruelty? The same which is now going to be stated in his defence. He used to say, whenever any one came to Sicily a little better off than usual, that they were soldiers of Sertorius, and that they were flying from Dianium. They brought him presents to gain his protection from danger; some brought him Tyrian purple, others brought frankincense, perfumes, and linen robes; others gave jewels and pearls; some offered great bribes and Asiatic slaves, so that it was seen by their very goods from what place they came.

They were not aware that those very things which they thought they were employing as aids to insure their safety were the causes of their danger. For he would claim that they had acquired those things by partnership with pirates ; he would order the men themselves to be led away to the stone-quarries ; he would see that their ships and their freights were diligently taken care of.

When by these practices his prison had become full of merchants, then took place those scenes which you have heard related by Lucius Suetius, a Roman knight and a most virtuous man, and by others. The necks of Roman citizens were infamously broken in the prison, so that that very expression and form of entreaty, "I am a Roman citizen," which has often brought to many, in the most distant countries, succor and assistance, even among the barbarians, only brought to these men a more bitter death and a more immediate execution. What is this, O Verres ? What reply are you thinking of making to this ? That I am telling lies ? that I am inventing things ? that I am exaggerating this accusation ? Will you dare to say any one of these things to those men who are defending you ? Give me, I pray you, the documents of the Syracusans taken from his own bosom, which, methinks, were drawn up according to his will ; give me the register of the prison, which is most carefully made up, stating in what

day each individual was committed to prison, when he died, how he was executed.

[The documents of the Syracusans are read.]

You see that Roman citizens were thrown into the stone-quarries; you see that a multitude of your fellow-citizens were heaped together in a most unworthy place. Look now for all the traces which are to be found of their departure from that place. There are none. Are they all dead of disease? If he were able to urge this in his defence, still such a defence would find credit with no one. But there is a word written in these documents which that ignorant and profligate man never noticed and would not have understood if he had: *Ἐδικαιώθησαν*, it says—that is, according to the Sicilian language, they were punished and put to death.

If any king, if any city among foreign nations, if any nation had done anything of this sort to a Roman citizen, should we not avenge that act by a public revolution? should we not prosecute our revenge by war? Could we leave unavenged and unpunished such injury and insult offered to the Roman name? How many and what serious wars do you think that our ancestors undertook because Roman citizens were said to have been ill treated, Roman vessels detained, or Roman merchants plundered? But I am not complaining that men have been detained: I think one might pass over their having been plundered; I am

impeaching Verres because that, after their ships, their slaves, and their merchandise had been taken from them, the merchants themselves were thrown into prison—because Roman citizens were imprisoned and executed. If I were saying this among Scythians, not before such a multitude of Roman citizens, not before the most select senators of the city, not in the Forum of the Roman people,—if I were relating such numerous and bitter punishments inflicted on Roman citizens, I should move the pity of even those barbarous men. For so great is the dignity of this Empire, so great is the honor in which the Roman name is held among all nations, that the exercise of such cruelty towards our citizens is permitted to no one. Can I think that there is any safety or any refuge for you, Verres, when I see you hemmed in by the severity of the judges, and entangled, as it were, in the meshes of a net by the concourse of the Roman people here present? If, indeed (though I have no idea that this is possible), you were to escape from these toils, and effect your escape by any way or any method, you will then fall into that still greater net in which you must be caught and destroyed by me from the elevation on which I stand. For even if I were to grant him all that he urges in his defence, it must turn out not less injurious to him than my true accusation.

For what does he urge in his defence? He says that he arrested men flying from Spain, and put them to death. Who gave you leave to do so? By what right did you do so? Who else did the same thing? How was it lawful for you to do so? We see the Forum and the Porticos full of those men, and are contented to see them there. For the end of civil dissensions, and of the (shall I say) insanity, or destiny, or calamity in which they take their rise, is not so grievous as to make it unlawful for us to preserve the rest of our citizens in safety. This Verres, this ancient betrayer of his consul, this transferrer of the quæstorship, this embezzler of the public money, has taken upon himself so much authority in the Republic that he would have inflicted a bitter and cruel death on all those men whom the Senate, and the Roman people, and the magistrates allowed to remain in the Forum in the exercise of their rights of voters, in the city and in the Republic, if fortune had brought them to any part of Sicily. After Perperna was slain, many of the number of Sertorius's soldiers fled to Cnæus Pompeius, that most illustrious and gallant man. Was there one of them whom he did not with the greatest kindness preserve safe and unhurt? was there one suppliant citizen to whom that invincible right hand was not stretched out as a pledge of his faith, and as a sure token of

safety? Was it, then, so? Was death and torture appointed by you, who had never done one important service to the Republic, for those who found a harbor of refuge in that man against whom they had borne arms? See what an admirable defence you have imagined for yourself!

I had rather, I had rather indeed, that the truth of this defence of yours were proved to these judges and to the Roman people than the truth of my accusation. I had rather, I say, that you were thought a foe and an enemy to that class of men than to merchants and seafaring men. For the accusation I bring against you impeaches you of excessive avarice; the defence that you make for yourself accuses you of a sort of frenzy, of savage ferocity, of unheard-of cruelty, and of almost a new proscription. But I may not avail myself of such an advantage as that, O judges; I may not, for all Puteoli is here; merchants in crowds have come to this trial, wealthy and honorable men, who will tell you, some that their partners, some that their freedmen, were plundered by that man, and were thrown into prison; that some were privately murdered in prison, some publicly executed. See, now, how impartially I will behave to you. When I produce Publius Granius as a witness to state that his freedmen were publicly executed by you, to demand back his ship and his merchandise from you, refute him

if you can ; I will abandon my own witness and take your part ; I will assist you, I say ; prove that those men have been with Sertorius, and that, when flying from Dianium, they were driven to Sicily. There is nothing which I would rather have you prove. For no crime can be imagined or produced against you which is worthy of a greater punishment. I will call back the Roman knight, Lucius Flavius, if you wish ; since at the previous pleading, being influenced, as your advocates are in the habit of saying, by some unusual prudence, but (as all men are aware), being overpowered by your own conscience and by the authority of my witnesses, you did not put a question to any single witness. Let Flavius be asked, if you like, who Lucius Herennius was, the man who, he says, was a money-changer at Leptis ; who, though he had more than a hundred Roman citizens in the body of settlers at Syracuse who not only knew him, but defended him with their tears and with entreaties to you, was still publicly executed by you in the sight of all the Syracusans. I am very willing that this witness of mine should also be refuted, and that it should be demonstrated and proved by you that Herennius had been one of Sertorius's soldiers.

What shall we say of that multitude of men who were produced with veiled heads among the pirates and prisoners in order to be executed ? What was

that new scheme of yours, and on what account was it put in operation? Had the loud outcries of Lucius Flavius and the rest concerning Lucius Herennius influenced you? Had the excessive influence of Marcus Annius, a most influential and most honorable man, made you a little more careful and more fearful? he who lately stated in his evidence that it was not some stranger, no one knows who, nor any foreigner, but a Roman citizen, who was well known to the whole body of inhabitants, who had been born at Syracuse, who had been publicly executed by you. After this public statement of theirs,—after this had become known by the common conversation and common complaints of all men, he began to be, I will not say more merciful in his punishments, but more careful. He established the rule of bringing out Roman citizens for punishment with their heads muffled up,—whom, however, he put to death in the sight of all men,—because the citizens (as we have said before) were calculating the number of pirates with too much accuracy. Was this the condition that was established for the Roman people while you were prætor? were these the hopes under which they were to transact their business? was this the danger in which their lives and condition as freemen were placed? are there not enough risks at the hands of fortune to be encountered of necessity by merchants, that they

should be also threatened with these terrors by our magistrates, and in our provinces? Was this a state to which it was fitting to reduce that suburban and loyal province of Sicily,—full of most valued allies and of most honorable Roman citizens, which had at all times received with the greatest willingness all Roman citizens within its territories,—that those who were sailing from the most distant parts of Syria or Egypt, who had been held in some honor, even among barbarians, on account of their name as Roman citizens, who had escaped from the ambushes of pirates, from the dangers of tempests, should be publicly executed in Sicily when they thought that they had at last reached their home?

Why should I speak of Publius Gavius, a citizen of the municipality of Cosa, O judges? or with what vigor of language, with what gravity of expression, with what grief of mind, shall I mention him? But, indeed, words of indignation fail me. I must take more care than usual that what I am going to say be worthy of my subject,—worthy of the indignation which I feel. For the charge is of such a nature that when I was first informed of it I thought I should not avail myself of it. For although I knew that it was entirely true, still I thought that it would not appear credible. Being compelled by the tears of all the Roman citizens who are living as traders in Sicily; being

influenced by the testimonies of the men of Valentia, most honorable men, and by those of all the Rhegians, and of many Roman knights who happened at that time to be at Messana, I produced at the previous pleading only just that amount of evidence which might prevent the matter from appearing doubtful to any one. What shall I do now? When I have been speaking for so many hours of one class of offences, and of that man's nefarious cruelty; when I have now expended nearly all my treasure of words of such a sort as are worthy of that man's wickedness on other matters, and have omitted to take precautions to keep your attention on the stretch by diversifying my accusations, how am I to deal with an affair of such importance as this? There is, I think, but one method, but one line open to me: I will place the matter plainly before you, since it is of itself of such importance that there is no need of my eloquence—and eloquence, indeed, I have none, but there is no need of any one's eloquence to excite your feelings. This Gavius of whom I am speaking, a citizen of Cosa, when he (among that vast number of Roman citizens who had been treated in the same way) had been thrown by Verres into prison, and somehow or other had secretly escaped out of the stone-quarries, and had come to Messana, being now almost within sight of Italy and of the walls of Rhegium, and being

revived, after that fear of death and that darkness, by the light, as it were, of liberty and the fragrance of the laws, began to talk at Messana, and to complain that he, a Roman citizen, had been thrown into prison. He said that he was now going straight to Rome, and that he would meet Verres on his arrival there.

The miserable man was not aware that it made no difference whether he said this at Messana or before the man's face in his own prætorian palace. For, as I have shown you before, that man had selected this city as the assistant in his crimes, the receiver of his thefts, the partner in all his wickedness. Accordingly, Gavius is at once brought before the Mamertine magistrates; and, as it happens, Verres comes on that very day to Messana. The matter is brought before him. He is told that the man is a Roman citizen, who was complaining that at Syracuse he had been confined in the stone-quarries, and who, when he was actually embarking on board ship, uttering violent threats against Verres, has been brought back by them, and held in order that Verres himself might decide what should be done with him. He thanks the men and praises their good-will and diligence in his behalf. He himself, inflamed with wickedness and frenzy, comes into the Forum. His eyes glare; cruelty is visible in his whole countenance. All men wait to see what steps he is going to take,—

what he is going to do ; when suddenly he orders the man to be seized, to be stripped and bound in the middle of the Forum, and the rods to be got ready. The miserable man cries out that he is a Roman citizen, a citizen, also, of the municipal town of Cosa,—that he has served with Lucius Pretius, a most illustrious Roman knight, who is living as a trader at Panormus, and from whom Verres might know that he is speaking the truth. Then Verres says that he has ascertained that the man was sent into Sicily by the leaders of the runaway slaves, in order to act as a spy ; a matter as to which there was no witness, no evidence, nor even the slightest suspicion in the mind of any one. Then he orders the man to be most violently scourged on all sides. In the middle of the Forum of Messana, a Roman citizen, O judges, was beaten with rods ; while in the meantime no groan was heard, no other expression was heard from that wretched man, amid all his pain, and between the sound of the blows, except these words, "I am a citizen of Rome." He fancied that by this one statement of his citizenship he could ward off all blows and remove all torture from his person. He not only did not succeed by his entreaties in averting the violence of the rods, but as he continued to repeat his entreaties and the assertion of his citizenship, a cross, I say, was prepared for that

miserable man, who had never witnessed such a stretch of power.

O the sweet name of liberty! O the admirable privileges of our citizenship! O Porcian law! O Sempronian laws! O power of the tribunes, bitterly regretted by, and at last restored to, the Roman people! Have all our rights fallen so far that in a province of the Roman people, in a town of our confederate allies, a Roman citizen should be bound in the Forum and beaten with rods by a man who only had the fasces and the axes through the kindness of the Roman people? What shall I say, when fire, and red-hot plates, and other instruments of torture were employed? If the bitter entreaties and the miserable cries of that man had no power to restrain you, O Verres, were you not moved even by the weeping and loud groans of the Roman citizens who were present? Did you dare to drag to the cross any one who said that he was a Roman citizen? I was unwilling, O judges, to press this point so strongly at the former pleading; I was unwilling to do so. For you saw how the feelings of the multitude were excited against him with indignation, hatred, and fear of their common danger. I, at that time, fixed a limit to my oration, and checked the eagerness of Caius Numitorius, a Roman knight, a man of the highest character, one of my witnesses. And I rejoiced that Glabrio had acted (and he had acted most

The Forum, Rome.

wisely) as he did in dismissing that witness immediately, in the middle of the discussion. In fact, he was afraid that the Roman people might seem to have inflicted that punishment on Verres by tumultuary violence which he was anxious he should only suffer according to the laws and by your judicial sentence. Now, since it is made clear beyond a doubt to every one in what state your case is, and what will become of you, I will deal thus with you: I will prove that that Gavius, whom you all of a sudden assert to have been a spy, had been confined by you in the stone-quarries at Syracuse; and I will prove that, not only by the registers of the Syracusans,—lest you should be able to say that, because there is a man named Gavius mentioned in those documents, I have invented this charge, and picked out this name so as to be able to say that this is the man,—but in accordance with your own choice I will produce witnesses who will state that that identical man was thrown by you into the stone-quarries at Syracuse. I will produce, also, citizens of Cosa, his fellow-citizens and relatives, who shall show you, though it is too late, and who shall also show the judges (for it is not too late for them to know these facts), that Publius Gavius, whom you crucified, was a Roman citizen, and a citizen of the municipality of Cosa, not a spy of runaway slaves.

When I have made all these points, which I undertake to prove, abundantly plain to your most intimate friends, then I will also turn my attention to that which is granted me by you. I will say that I am content with that. For what, —what, I say, did you yourself lately say, when in an agitated state you escaped from the outcry and violence of the Roman people? Why, that Gavius had only cried out that he was a Roman citizen because he was seeking some respite, but that he was a spy. My witnesses are unimpeachable. For what else does Caius Numitorius say? what else do Marcus and Publius Cottius say, most noble men of the district of Tauromenium? what else does Marcus Lucceius say, who had a great business as a money-changer at Rhegium? what else do all the others say? For as yet witnesses have only been produced by me of this class; not men who say that they were acquainted with Gavius, but men who say that they saw him at the time he was being dragged to the cross while crying out that he was a Roman citizen. And you, O Verres, say the same thing. You confess that he did cry out that he was a Roman citizen; but that the name of citizenship did not avail with you even so much as to cause the least hesitation in your mind, or even any brief respite from a most cruel and ignominious punishment. This is the point I press, this is

what I dwell upon, O judges; with this single fact I am content. I give up, I am indifferent to, all the rest. By his own confession he must be entangled and destroyed. You did not know who he was, O Verres; you suspected that he was a spy. I do not ask you what were your grounds for that suspicion, I impeach you by your own words. He said that he was a Roman citizen. If you, O Verres, being taken among the Persians or in the remotest parts of India, were being led to execution, what else would you cry out but that you were a Roman citizen? And if that name of your city, honored and renowned as it is among all men, would have availed you, a stranger among strangers, among barbarians, among men placed in the most remote and distant corners of the earth, ought not he, whoever he was, whom you were hurrying to the cross, who was a stranger to you, to have been able, when he said that he was a Roman citizen, to obtain from you, the prætor, if not escape, at least a respite from death by his mention of and claims to citizenship?

Men of no importance, born in an obscure rank, go to sea; they go to places which they have never before seen; where they can neither be known to the men among whom they have arrived, nor always find people to vouch for them. But still, owing to this confidence in the mere

fact of their citizenship, they think that they shall be safe, not only among our own magistrates, who are restrained by fear of the laws and of public opinion, nor only among our fellow-citizens, who are united with them by community of language, of rights, and of many other things; but wherever they come they think that this will be a protection from Roman citizens. Establish the fact that there is no assistance to be found in the words, "I am a Roman citizen"; that a prætor or any other officer may with impunity order any punishment he pleases to be inflicted on a man who says that he is a Roman citizen, though no one knows that it is not true; and at one blow, by admitting that defence, you cut off from the Roman citizens all the provinces, all the kingdoms, all the free cities, and indeed the whole world, which has hitherto been open most especially to our countrymen. But what shall be said if Gavius named Lucius Pretius, a Roman knight, who was at that time living in Sicily as a trader, as a man who would vouch for him? Was it a very great undertaking to send letters to Panormus? to keep the man? to detain him in prison, confined in the custody of your dear friends, the Mamertines, till Pretius came from Panormus? Did he know the man? Then you might remit some part of the extreme punishment. Did he not know him? Then, if you thought fit, you

might establish this law for all people, that whoever was not known to you, and could not produce a rich man to vouch for him, even though he were a Roman citizen, was still to be crucified.

But why need I say more about Gavius? as if you were hostile only to Gavius, and not rather an enemy to the name and class of citizens, and to all their rights. You were not, I say, an enemy to the individual, but to the common cause of liberty. For what was your object in ordering the Mamertines, when, according to their regular custom and usage, they had erected the cross behind the city in the Pompeian road, to place it where it looked toward the strait; and in adding, what you can by no means deny, what you said openly in the hearing of every one, that you chose that place in order that the man who said that he was a Roman citizen might be able from his cross to behold Italy and to look towards his own home? And accordingly, O judges, that cross, for the first time since the foundation of Messana, was erected in that place. A spot commanding a view of Italy was picked out by that man for the express purpose that the wretched man who was dying in agony and torture might see that the rights of liberty and of slavery were only separated by a very narrow strait, and that Italy might behold her son murdered by the most miserable and most painful punishment, appropriate only to slaves.

To bind a Roman citizen is a crime ; to scourge him is a wickedness ; to put him to death is almost a parricide. What shall I say of crucifying him ? So guilty an action cannot by any possibility be expressed by any name bad enough for it. Yet, with all this, that man was not content. "Let him behold his country," said he; "let him die within sight of laws and liberty." It was not Gavius, it was not one unknown individual,—it was not one Roman citizen,—it was the common cause of freedom and citizenship that you exposed to that torture and nailed on that cross. But now consider the audacity of that man. Do you not think that he was indignant that he could not erect that cross for Roman citizens in the Forum, in the comitium, in the very rostra ? For he selected the place in his province which was the most like those places in celebrity and the nearest to them in point of distance. He chose that monument of his wickedness and audacity to be in sight of Italy, in the very vestibule of Sicily, within sight of all passers-by as they sailed to and fro.

If I were to choose to make these complaints and to utter these lamentations, not to Roman citizens, not to any friends of our city, not to men who had heard of the name of the Roman people ; if I uttered them not to men but to beasts : or, even to go further, if I uttered them in some most

desolate wilderness to the stones and rocks, still all things, mute and inanimate as they might be, would be moved by such excessive, by such scandalous atrocity of conduct. But now, when I am speaking before senators of the Roman people, the authors of the laws, of the courts of justice, and of all right, I ought not to fear that that man will not be judged to be the only Roman citizen deserving of that cross of his, and that all others will not be judged most undeserving of such a danger. A little while ago, O judges, we did not restrain our tears at the miserable and most unworthy death of the naval captains; and it was right for us to be moved by the misery of our innocent allies: what now ought we to do, when the lives of our relatives are concerned? For the blood of all Roman citizens ought to be accounted kindred blood; since the consideration of the common safety and truth requires it. All the Roman citizens in this place, both those who are present and those who are absent in distant lands, require your severity, implore the aid of your good faith, look anxiously for your assistance. They think that all their privileges, all their advantages, all their defences,—in short, all their liberty,—depend on your sentence.

Now, O good and great Jupiter, you whose royal present, worthy of your most splendid temple, worthy of the Capitol and of that citadel of all nations, worthy of being the gift of a king,

made for you by a king, dedicated and promised to you, that man by his nefarious wickedness wrested from the hands of a monarch ; you whose most costly and most beautiful image he carried away from Syracuse : and you, O royal Juno, whose two temples, situated in two islands of our allies,—at Melita and Samos,—temples of the greatest sanctity and the greatest antiquity, that same man, with similar wickedness, stripped of all their presents and ornaments : and you, O Minerva, whom he also pillaged in two of your most renowned and most venerated temples,—at Athens, when he took away a great quantity of gold, and at Syracuse, when he took away everything except the roof and walls : and you, O Latona, O Apollo, O Diana, whose (I will not say temples, but, as the universal opinion and religious belief agrees) ancient birthplace and divine home at Delos he plundered by a nocturnal robbery and attack : you also, O Apollo, whose image he carried away from Chios : you, again and again, O Diana, whom he plundered at Perga ; whose most holy image at Segesta, where it had been twice consecrated,—once by their own religious gift, and a second time by the victory of Publius Africanus, —he dared to take away and remove : and you, O Mercury, whom Verres has placed in his villa and in some private palæstra, but whom Publius Africanus had placed in a city of the allies, and in

the gymnasium of the Tyndaritans, as a guardian and protector of the youth of the city: and you, O Hercules, whom that man endeavored, on a stormy night, with a band of slaves properly equipped and armed, to tear down from your situation and to carry off: and you, O most holy mother Cybele, whom he left among the Enguini, in your most august and venerated temple, plundered to such an extent that only the name of Africanus and some traces of your worship, thus violated, remain, but the monuments of victory and all the ornaments of the temple are no longer visible: you also, O you judges and witnesses of all forensic matters, and of the most important tribunals, and of the laws, and of the courts of justice: you, placed in the most frequented place belonging to the Roman people, O Castor and Pollux, from whose temple that man, in a most wicked manner, procured gain to himself and enormous booty: and O all ye gods, who, borne on sacred cars, visit the solemn assemblies of our games, whose road that fellow contrived should be adapted, not to the dignity of your religious ceremonies, but to his own profit: and you, O Ceres and Libera, whose sacred worship, as the opinions and religious belief of all men agree, is contained in the most important and most abstruse mysteries; you, by whom the principles of life and food, the examples of laws, customs,

humanity, and refinement are said to have been given and distributed to nations and to cities ; you, whose sacred rites the Roman people has received from the Greeks and adopted, and now preserves with such religious awe both publicly and privately that they seem not to have been introduced from other nations, but rather to have been transmitted from hence to other nations, but which have been polluted and violated by that man alone in such a manner that he had one image of Ceres (which it was impious for a man not only to touch, but even to look upon) pulled down from its place in the temple at Catina, and taken away ; and another image of whom he carried away from its proper seat and home at Enna, which was a work of such beauty that men when they saw it thought either that they saw Ceres herself, or an image of Ceres not wrought by human hand, but one that had fallen from Heaven : to you, again and again, I implore and appeal, most holy goddesses, who dwell around those lakes and groves of Enna, and who preside over all Sicily, which is intrusted to me to be defended ; you whose invention and gift of corn, which you have distributed over the whole earth, inspires all nations and all races of men with reverence for your divine power : and I implore and entreat all the other gods and all the goddesses, against whose temples and religious worship that man, inspired by some

wicked frenzy and audacity, has always waged a sacrilegious and impious war, that if, in dealing with this criminal and this cause, my counsels have always tended to the safety of the allies, the dignity of the Roman people, and the maintenance of my own character for good faith ; if all my cares and vigilance and thoughts have been directed to nothing but the discharge of my duty, and the establishment of truth,—I implore them, O judges, so to influence you that the thoughts which were mine when I undertook this cause, the good faith which has been mine in pleading it, may be yours also in deciding it. Lastly, that if all the actions of Caius Verres are unexampled and unheard-of instances of wickedness, of audacity, of perfidy, of lust, of avarice, and of cruelty, then an end worthy of such a life and such actions may, by your sentence, overtake him ; and that the Republic, and my own duty thereto, may be content with my undertaking this one prosecution, and that I may be allowed for the future to defend the good, instead of being compelled to prosecute the infamous.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

AGAINST CATILINE

THE FIRST ORATION

Cicero.

L. Sergius Catiline, a man of noble birth, of ferocious bravery, and the vilest character, was Prætor in 68 B.C., and Governor of Africa in 67 B.C. In 65 B.C., he sought election as consul, but he was disqualified by charges pending against him for maladministration in Africa. His profligate life had burdened him with debts. His creditors, seeing the defeat of his political aspirations, pressed for payment. He was ruined and disgraced. He planned a political revolution by which he would become ruler of Rome. The conspiracy, in which he was joined by other dissolute and impoverished nobles, became widespread. The plot was betrayed to Cicero, who was consul in 63 B.C., and he took measures to foil it. On November 6, 63 B.C., Catiline assembled the conspirators and for the first time completely revealed his plans. These included the murder of Cicero and all other opponents of the conspirators, and the sack and burning of Rome. Despite some objection, the plan was approved, and messengers were despatched to distant members of the conspiracy to order immediate action. Cicero placed the city in a state of defence, sent against the forces of the conspirators in Etruria and Apulia two proconsuls who had opportunely arrived with troops, dispersed the Capuan gladiators, whom Catiline had planned to use against the Romans, and sent forces against the rebels in Picenum. On November 7th, the Senate was convened in the temple of Jupiter Stator on the Palatine. Catiline appeared in his place, for despite his treacherous nature he was rashly brave. Cicero rose, and overwhelmed the guilty man with his famous speech known as the First Oration against Catiline.

HOW long, O Catiline, will you abuse our patience? How long is that madness of yours still to mock us? When is there to be an end of that unbridled audacity of yours, swaggering

about as it does now? Do not the guards placed by night on the Palatine Hill: do not the watches posted throughout the city: does not the alarm of the people, and the union of all good men: does not the precaution taken of assembling the Senate in this most defensible place: do not the looks and countenances of this venerable body here present, have any effect upon you? Do you not feel that your plans are detected? Do you not see that your conspiracy is already arrested and rendered powerless by the knowledge which every one here possesses of it? What is there that you did last night, what the night before: where is it that you were: who was there that you summoned to meet you: what design was there which was adopted by you, with which you think that any one of us is unacquainted?

Shame on the age and on its principles! The Senate is aware of these things; the consul sees them; and yet this man lives. Lives! ay, he comes even into the Senate. He takes a part in the public deliberations; he is watching and marking down and checking off for slaughter every man among us. And we, gallant men that we are, think that we are doing our duty to the Republic if we keep out of the way of his frenzied attacks.

You ought, O Catiline, long ago to have been led to execution by command of the consul. That destruction which you have been long plotting

against us ought already to have fallen on your own head.

What! Did not that most illustrious man, Publius Scipio, the Pontifex Maximus, in his capacity of a private citizen, put to death Tiberius Gracchus, though but slightly undermining the Constitution? And shall we, who are the consuls, tolerate Catiline, openly desirous to destroy the whole world with fire and slaughter? For I pass over older instances, such as how Caius Servilius Ahala with his own hand slew Spurius Mælius when plotting a revolution in the State. There was—there was once such virtue in this Republic that brave men would repress mischievous citizens with severer chastisement than the most bitter enemy. For we have a resolution of the Senate, a formidable and authoritative decree against you, O Catiline; the wisdom of the Republic is not at fault, nor the dignity of this senatorial body. We, we alone—I say it openly,—we, the consuls, are wanting in our duty.

The Senate once passed a decree that Lucius Opimius, the consul, should take care that the Republic suffered no injury. Not one night elapsed. There was put to death, on some mere suspicion of disaffection, Caius Gracchus, a man whose family had borne the most unblemished reputation for many generations. There were slain Marcus Fulvius, a man of consular rank, and all

his children. By a like decree of the Senate the safety of the Republic was intrusted to Caius Marius and Lucius Valerius, the consuls. Did not the vengeance of the Republic, did not execution overtake Lucius Saturninus, a tribune of the people, and Caius Servilius, the prætor, without the delay of one single day? But we, for these twenty days, have been allowing the edge of the Senate's authority to grow blunt, as it were. For we are in possession of a similar decree of the Senate, but we keep it locked up in its parchment—buried, I may say, in the sheath; and according to this decree you ought, O Catiline, to be put to death this instant. You live—and you live, not to lay aside, but to persist in your audacity.

I wish, O Conscript Fathers, to be merciful; I wish not to appear negligent amid such danger to the State; but I do now accuse myself of remissness and culpable inactivity. A camp is pitched in Italy, at the entrance of Etruria, hostile to the Republic; the number of the enemy increases every day; and yet the general of that camp, the leader of those enemies, we see within the walls —ay, and even in the Senate—planning every day some internal injury to the Republic. If, O Catiline, I should now order you to be arrested, to be put to death, I should, I suppose, have to fear lest all good men should say that I had acted tardily, rather than that any one should affirm that I acted

cruelly. But yet this, which ought to have been done long since, I have good reason for not doing as yet; I will put you to death, then, when there shall be not one person possible to be found so wicked, so abandoned, so like yourself, as not to admit that it has been rightly done. As long as one person exists who can dare to defend you, you shall live; but you shall live as you do now, surrounded by my many and trusty guards, so that you shall not be able to stir one finger against the Republic: many eyes and ears shall still observe and watch you, as they have hitherto done, though you shall not perceive them.

For what is there, O Catiline, that you can still expect, if night is not able to veil your nefarious meetings in darkness, and if private houses can not conceal the voice of your conspiracy within their walls—if everything is seen and displayed? Change that purpose of yours: trust me: forget the slaughter and conflagration you are meditating. You are hemmed in on all sides; all your plans are clearer to us than the day: let me remind you of them. Do you recollect that on the 21st of October I said in the Senate, that on a certain day, which was to be the 27th of October, C. Manlius, the satellite and servant of your audacity, would be in arms? Was I mistaken, Catiline, not only in so important, so atrocious, so incredible a fact, but, what is much more remarkable, in the very

day? I said also in the Senate that you had fixed the massacre of the nobles for the 28th of October, when many chief men of the Senate had left Rome, not so much for the sake of saving themselves as of checking your designs. Can you deny that on that very day you were so hemmed in by my guards and my vigilance, that you were unable to stir one finger against the Republic; when you said that you would be content with the flight of the rest, and the slaughter of us who remained? What! When you made sure that you would be able to seize Præneste on the 1st of November by a nocturnal attack, did you not find that that colony was fortified by my order, by my garrison, by my watchfulness and care? You do nothing, you plan nothing, think of nothing, which I not only do not hear, but which I do not see and every particular of which I do not know.

Listen while I speak of the night before. You shall now see that I watch far more keenly for the safety than you do for the destruction of the Republic. I say that you came the night before (I will say nothing obscurely) into the Scythe-dealers' street, to the house of Marcus Lecca; that many of your accomplices in the same insanity and wickedness came there also. Do you dare to deny it? Why are you so silent? I will prove it if you do deny it; for I see here in the Senate some men who were there with you.

O ye immortal gods, where on earth are we? in what city are we living? what Constitution is ours? There are here—here in our body, O Conscript Fathers, in this the most holy and dignified assembly of the whole world, men who meditate my death, and the death of all of us, and the destruction of this city, and of the whole world. I, the consul, see them; I ask them their opinion about the Republic, and I do not yet attack, even by words, those who ought to be put to death by the sword. You were, then, O Catiline, at Lecca's that night; you divided Italy into sections; you settled where every one was to go; you fixed whom you were to leave at Rome, whom you were to take with you; you portioned out the divisions of the city for conflagration; you undertook that you yourself would at once leave the city, and said that there was then only this to delay you,—that I was still alive. Two Roman knights were found to deliver you from this anxiety, and to promise that very night, before daybreak, to slay me in my bed. All this I knew almost before your meeting had broken up. I strengthened and fortified my house with a stronger guard; I refused admittance, when they came, to those whom you sent in the morning to salute me, and of whom I had foretold to many eminent men that they would come to me at that time.

As, then, this is the case, O Catiline, continue as

you have begun. Leave the city at last: the gates are open; depart. That Manlian camp of yours has been waiting too long for you as its general. And lead forth with you all your friends, or at least as many as you can; purge the city of your presence; you will deliver me from a great fear when there is a wall between me and you. Among us you can dwell no longer—I will not bear it, I will not permit it, I will not tolerate it. Great thanks are due to the immortal gods, and to this very Jupiter Stator, in whose temple we are, the most ancient protector of this city, that we have already so often escaped so foul, so horrible, and so deadly an enemy to the Republic. But the safety of the Commonwealth must not be too often allowed to be risked on one man. As long as you, O Catiline, plotted against me while I was the consul elect, I defended myself not with a public guard, but by my own private diligence. When, in the next consular comitia, you wished to slay me when I was actually consul, and your competitors also, in the Campus Martius, I checked your nefarious attempt by the assistance and resources of my friends, without publicly exciting any disturbance. In short, as often as you attacked me, I by myself opposed you, and that, too, though I saw that my ruin was connected with great disaster to the Republic. But now you are openly attacking the entire Republic.

You are summoning to destruction and devastation the temples of the immortal gods, the houses of the city, the lives of all citizens—in short, all Italy. Wherefore, since I do not yet venture to do that which is the best thing, and which belongs to my office and to the discipline of our ancestors, I will do that which is more merciful, if we regard its rigor, and more expedient for the State. For if I order you to be put to death, the rest of the conspirators will still remain in the Republic; if, as I have long been exhorting you, you depart, your companions, these worthless dregs of the Republic, will be drawn off from the city too. What is the matter, Catiline? Do you hesitate to do that when I order you which you were already doing of your own accord? The consul orders an enemy to depart from the city. Do you ask me are you to go into banishment? I do not order it; but, if you consult me, I advise it.

For what is there, O Catiline, that can now afford you any pleasure in this city? for there is no one in it, except that band of profligate conspirators of yours, who does not fear you—no one who does not hate you. What brand of domestic baseness is not stamped upon your life? What disgraceful circumstance is wanting to your infamy in your private affairs? From what licentiousness have your eyes, from what atrocity have your hands, from what iniquity has your whole body

ever abstained? Is there one youth, when you have once entangled him in the temptations of your corruption, to whom you have not held out a sword for audacious crime, or a torch for licentious wickedness?

What! When lately, by the death of your former wife, you had made your house empty and ready for a new bridal, did you not even add another incredible wickedness to this wickedness? But I pass that over, and willingly allow it to be buried in silence, that so horrible a crime may not be known to have existed in this city without having been chastised. I pass over the ruin of your fortune, which you know is hanging over you against the Ides of the very next month; I come to those things which relate not to the infamy of your private vices, not to your domestic difficulties and baseness, but to the welfare of the Republic and to the lives and safety of us all.

Can the light of this life, O Catiline, can the breath of this atmosphere be pleasant to you, when you know that there is not one man of those here present who is ignorant that you, on the last day of the year, when Lepidus and Tullus were consuls, stood armed in the assembly; that you had prepared your hand for the slaughter of the consuls and chief men of the State, and that no reason or fear of yours hindered your crime and madness, but the fortune of the Republic? And I

say no more of these things, for they are not unknown to every one. How often have you endeavored to slay me, both as consul elect and as actual consul? how many shots of yours, so aimed that they seemed impossible to be escaped, have I avoided by some slight stooping aside, and some dodging, as it were, of my body? You attempt nothing, you execute nothing, you devise nothing that can be kept hid from me at the proper time; and yet you do not cease to attempt and to contrive. How often already has that dagger of yours been wrested from your hands? how often has it slipped through them by some chance, and dropped down? and you can not any longer do without it; and I know not to what sacred mysteries it is consecrated and devoted by you that you think it necessary to plunge it in the body of the consul.

But, now, what is that life of yours that you are leading? For I will speak to you not so as to seem influenced by the hatred I ought to feel, but by pity, nothing of which is due to you. You came a little while ago into the Senate: in so numerous an assembly, who of so many friends and connections of yours saluted you? If this never happened to any one else in the memory of man, are you waiting for insults by word of mouth, when you are overwhelmed by the most irresistible condemnation of silence? Is it nothing that at your arrival all those seats were vacated? that all the men of

consular rank, who had often been marked out by you for slaughter, the very moment you sat down left that part of the benches bare and vacant? With what feelings do you think you ought to bear this? On my honor, if my slaves feared me as all your fellow-citizens fear you, I should think I must leave my house. Do you not think you should leave the city? If I saw that I was even undeservedly so suspected and hated by my fellow-citizens, I would rather flee from their sight than be gazed at by the hostile eyes of every one. And do you, who, from the consciousness of your wickedness, know that the hatred of all men is just and has been long due to you, hesitate to avoid the sight and presence of those men whose minds and senses you offend? If your parents feared and hated you, and if you could by no means pacify them, you would, I think, depart somewhere out of their sight. Now, your country, which is the common parent of all of us, hates and fears you, and has no other opinion of you than that you are meditating parricide in her case; and will you feel neither awe of her authority, deference for her judgment, nor fear of her power?

And she, O Catiline, thus pleads with you, and after a manner silently speaks to you: There has now for many years been no crime committed but by you; no atrocity has taken place without you; you alone, unpunished and unquestioned, have murdered the citizens, have harassed and plundered

the allies ; you alone have had power not only to neglect all laws and investigations, but to overthrow and break through them. Your former actions, though they ought not to have been borne, I did yet bear as well as I could ; but now that I should be wholly occupied with fear of you alone, that at every sound I should dread Catiline, that no design should seem possible to be entertained against me which does not proceed from your wickedness,—this is no longer endurable. Depart, then, and deliver me from this fear ; that, if it be a just one, I may not be destroyed ; if an imaginary one, that at least I may finally cease to fear.

If, as I have said, your country were thus to address you, ought she not to obtain her request, even if she were not able to enforce it ? What shall I say of your having given yourself into custody ? what of your having said, for the sake of avoiding suspicion, that you were willing to dwell in the house of Marcus Lepidus ? And when you were not received by him, you dared even to come to me, and begged me to keep you in my house ; and when you had received answer from me that I could not possibly be safe in the same house with you, when I considered myself in great danger as long as we were in the same city, you came to Quintus Metellus, the prætor, and being rejected by him, you passed on to your associate, that most excellent man, Marcus Marcellus, who

would be, I suppose you thought, most diligent in guarding you, most sagacious in suspecting you, and most bold in punishing you; but how far can we think that man ought to be from bonds and imprisonment who has already judged himself deserving of being given into custody?

Since, then, this is the case, do you hesitate, O Catiline, if you can not remain here with tranquillity, to depart to some distant land, and to trust your life, saved from just and deserved punishment, to flight and solitude? Make a motion, say you to the Senate (for that is what you demand), and if this body votes that you ought to go into banishment, you say that you will obey. I will not make such a motion, it is contrary to my principles, and yet I will let you see what these men think of you. Begone from the city, O Catiline, deliver the Republic from fear; depart into banishment, if that is the word you are waiting for. What now, O Catiline? Do you not perceive, do you not see the silence of these men? They permit it, they say nothing; why wait you for the authority of their words when you see their wishes in their silence?

But had I said the same to this excellent young man, Publius Sextius, or to that brave man, Marcus Marcellus, before this time the Senate would deservedly have laid violent hands on me, consul though I be, in this very temple. But as to you, Catiline, while they are quiet they approve, while

they permit me to speak they vote, while they are silent they are loud and eloquent. And not only they, whose authority forsooth is dear to you, though their lives are unimportant, but the Roman knights also, those most honorable and excellent men, and the other virtuous citizens who are now surrounding the Senate, whose numbers you may see, whose desires you may know, and whose voices you a few minutes ago could hear—ay, whose very hands and weapons I have for some time been scarcely able to keep off from you ; but those, too, I will easily bring to attend you to the gates if you leave these places you have been long desiring to lay waste.

And yet, why am I speaking ? That any thing may change your purpose ? that you may ever amend your life ? that you may meditate flight or think of voluntary banishment ? I wish the gods may give you such a mind ; though I see, if, alarmed at my words, you bring your mind to go into banishment, what a storm of unpopularity hangs over me; if not at present, while the memory of your wickedness is fresh, at all events hereafter. But it is worth while to incur that, as long as that is but a private misfortune of my own and is unconnected with the dangers of the Republic. But we cannot expect that you should be concerned at your own vices, that you should fear the penalties of the laws, or that you should yield to the

necessities of the Republic, for you are not, O Catiline, one whom either shame can recall from infamy, or fear from danger, or reason from madness.

Wherefore, as I have said before, go forth, and if you wish to make me, your enemy as you call me, unpopular, go straight into banishment. I shall scarcely be able to endure all that will be said if you do so ; I shall scarcely be able to support my load of unpopularity if you do go into banishment at the command of the consul ; but if you wish to serve my credit and reputation, go forth with your ill-omened band of profligates ; betake yourself to Manlius, rouse up the abandoned citizens, separate yourself from the good ones, wage war against your country, exult in your impious banditti, so that you may not seem to have been driven out by me and gone to strangers, but to have gone invited to your own friends.

Though why should I invite you, by whom I know men have been already sent to wait in arms for you at the Forum Aurelium ; who I know has fixed and agreed with Manlius upon a settled day ; by whom I know that that silver eagle, which I trust will be ruinous and fatal to you and to all your friends, and to which there was set up in your house a shrine as it were of your crimes, has already been sent forward. Need I fear that you can long do without that which you used to worship when going out to murder, and from whose

altars you have often transferred your impious hand to the slaughter of citizens ?

You will go at last whither your unbridled and mad desire has been long hurrying you. And this causes you no grief, but an incredible pleasure. Nature has formed you, desire has trained you, fortune has preserved you for this insanity. Not only did you never desire quiet, but you never even desired any war but a criminal one ; you have collected a band of profligates and worthless men, abandoned not only by all fortune but even by hope.

Then what happiness will you enjoy ! with what delight will you exult ! in what pleasure will you revel ! when in so numerous a body of friends, you neither hear nor see one good man. All the toils you have gone through have always pointed to this sort of life : your lying on the ground, not merely to lie in wait to gratify your unclean desires, but even to accomplish crimes ; your vigilance, not only when plotting against the sleep of husbands, but also against the goods of your murdered victims, have all been preparations for this. Now you have an opportunity of displaying your splendid endurance of hunger, of cold, of want of every thing ; by which in a short time you will find yourself worn out. All this I effected when I procured your rejection from the consulship, that you should be reduced to make

attempts on your country as an exile, instead of being able to distress it as consul, and that that which had been wickedly undertaken by you should be called piracy rather than war.

Now that I may remove and avert, O Conscript Fathers, any in the least reasonable complaint from myself, listen, I beseech you, carefully to what I say, and lay it up in your inmost hearts and minds. In truth, if my country, which is far dearer to me than my life—if all Italy—if the whole Republic were to address me, "Marcus Tullius, what are you doing? Will you permit that man to depart whom you have ascertained to be an enemy? whom you see ready to become the general of the war? whom you know to be expected in the camp of the enemy as their chief, the author of all this wickedness, the head of the conspiracy, the instigator of the slaves and abandoned citizens, so that he shall seem not driven out of the city by you, but let loose by you against the city? Will you not order him to be thrown into prison, to be hurried off to execution, to be put to death with the most prompt severity? What hinders you? is it the customs of our ancestors? But even private men have often in this Republic slain mischievous citizens. Is it the laws which have been passed about the punishment of Roman citizens? But in this city those who have rebelled against the Republic

have never had the rights of citizens. Do you fear odium with posterity? You are showing fine gratitude to the Roman people which has raised you, a man known only by your own actions, of no ancestral renown, through all the degrees of honor at so early an age to the very highest office, if from fear of unpopularity or of any danger you neglect the safety of your fellow-citizens. But if you have a fear of unpopularity, is that arising from the imputation of vigor and boldness, or that arising from that of inactivity and indecision, more to be feared? When Italy is laid waste by war, when cities are attacked and houses in flames, do you not think that you will be then consumed by a perfect conflagration of hatred?"

To this holy address of the Republic, and to the feelings of those men who entertain the same opinion, I will make this short answer: If, O Conscript Fathers, I thought it best that Catiline should be punished with death, I would not have given the space of one hour to this gladiator to live in. If, forsooth, those excellent men and most illustrious cities not only did not pollute themselves, but even glorified themselves by the blood of Saturninus, and the Gracchi, and Flaccus, and many others of old time, surely I had no cause to fear lest for slaying this parricidal murderer of the citizens any unpopularity should accrue to me

with posterity. And if it did threaten me to ever so great a degree, yet I have always been of the disposition to think unpopularity earned by virtue and glory not real unpopularity.

Though there are some men in this body who either do not see what threatens, or dissemble what they do see; who have fed the hope of Catiline by mild sentiments, and have strengthened the rising conspiracy by not believing it; influenced by whose authority many, and they not wicked, but only ignorant, if I punished him would say that I had acted cruelly and tyrannically. But I know that if he arrives at the camp of Manlius to which he is going, there will be no one so stupid as not to see that there has been a conspiracy, no one so hardened as not to confess it. But if this man alone were put to death, I know that this disease of the Republic would be only checked for a while, not eradicated forever. But if he banishes himself, and takes with him all his friends, and collects at one point all the ruined men from every quarter, then not only will be extinguished and eradicated this full-grown plague of the Republic, but also the root and seed of all future evils.

We have now for a long time, O Conscript Fathers, lived among these dangers and machinations of conspiracy; but somehow or other, the ripeness of all wickedness, and of this long-standing madness and audacity, has come to a head at the

time of my consulship. But if this man alone is removed from this piratical crew, we may appear, perhaps, for a short time relieved from fear and anxiety, but the danger will settle down and lie hid in the veins and bowels of the Republic. As it often happens that men afflicted with a severe disease, when they are tortured with heat and fever, if they drink cold water seem at first to be relieved, but afterward suffer more and more severely, so this disease which is in the Republic, if relieved by the punishment of this man, will only get worse and worse, as the rest will be still alive.

Wherefore, O Conscript Fathers, let the worthless begone—let them separate themselves from the good—let them collect in one place—let them, as I have often said before, be separated from us by a wall ; let them cease to plot against the consul in his own house—to surround the tribunal of the city prætor—to besiege the Senate-house with swords—to prepare brands and torches to burn the city ; let it, in short, be written on the brow of every citizen what are his sentiments about the Republic. I promise you this, O Conscript Fathers, that there shall be so much diligence in us the consuls, so much authority in you, so much virtue in the Roman knights, so much unanimity in all good men, that you shall see every thing made plain and manifest by the departure of Catiline—every thing checked and punished.

With these omens, O Catiline, begone to your impious and nefarious war, to the great safety of the Republic, to your own misfortune and injury, and to the destruction of those who have joined themselves to you in every wickedness and atrocity. Then do you, O Jupiter, who were consecrated by Romulus with the same auspices as this city, whom we rightly call the stay of this city and Empire, repel this man and his companions from your altars and from the other temples—from the houses and walls of the city—from the lives and fortunes of all the citizens ; and overwhelm all the enemies of good men, the foes of the Republic, the robbers of Italy, men bound together by a treaty and infamous alliance of crimes, dead and alive, with eternal punishments.

THE SECOND PHILIPPIC

Cicero.

Cæsar's death gave Antonius the opportunity to make himself the virtual dictator of Rome. He seized the property left by Cæsar, he amassed by fraud and violence great riches. Through his ill-gotten wealth and his force and ability he seemed to have established a permanent hold upon the State. Yet opposition was active, and the Republican party, led by Cicero, only waited the opportunity to regain the power that it had held for one brief moment after the death of Cæsar. Antonius might have controlled and eventually conquered this opposition to his tyranny, but a more formidable antagonist arose. Caius Octavius, the nephew and heir of Cæsar, though but eighteen years of age, was destined to grasp the power at which Antonius aimed. Octavius returned to Rome from the camp at Apollonia, where he had become the idol of the soldiers, and claimed the inheritance of Cæsar. He instantly obtained a following. Cæsar's veterans flocked to his support, Cæsar's friends were ready with substantial aid. He assumed the name of Caius Julius Cæsar Octavius, and demanded his inheritance from Antonius. Antonius refused to disgorge the sums stolen from Cæsar. Octavius addressed the Senate. He won the people by his mild and conciliatory conduct. He made especial and successful efforts to win Cicero. He visited him, and, for the time at least, convinced the old statesman that he was again to save the State by combating the designs of Antonius, by whom the welfare of Rome was placed in jeopardy. The following months were crowded with political intrigue and indecisive conflict.

On August 30th, Cicero came to Rome, and was received with acclamations. Antonius convened the Senate upon September 1st. He invited Cicero to be present. Cicero did not attend. Antonius, enraged at this act of defiance, attacked the absent statesman with bitter invective, and threatened his ruin. The next day, Cicero, roused by the attacks of Antonius, delivered the first of those fourteen celebrated speeches that have received the name of Philippics. Antonius was beside himself with rage. He called another meeting of the Senate on September 19th, and notified Cicero to be present. The friends of Cicero persuaded him not to put himself in the power of his enemy, and again Antonius poured forth vituperation on his absent opponent.

Cicero did not immediately publish his reply. For weeks he labored upon it

in the interval of his political activities, which were many and arduous. At last the completed occasion came, and the Second Oration against Antonius, called the Second Philippic, was issued. This is considered by the great majority of critics to be the masterpiece of the greatest orator of Rome. It is a lasting monument to his fame.

TO what destiny of mine, O Conscript Fathers, shall I say that it is owing, that no one for the last twenty years has been an enemy to the Republic without at the same time declaring war against me? Nor is there any necessity for naming any particular person; you yourselves recollect instances in proof of my statement. They have all hitherto suffered severer punishments than I could have wished for them; but I marvel that you, O Antonius, do not fear the end of those men whose conduct you are imitating. And in others I was less surprised at this. None of those men of former times was a voluntary enemy to me; all of them were attacked by me for the sake of the Republic. But you, who have never been injured by me, not even by a word, in order to appear more audacious than Catiline, more frantic than Clodius, have of your own accord attacked me with abuse, and have considered that your alienation from me would be for you a recommendation to impious citizens.

What am I to think? That I have been despised? I see nothing either in my life, or in my influence in the city, or in my exploits, or even in the moderate abilities with which I am endowed, which

Antonius can despise. Did he think that it was easiest to disparage me in the Senate? a body which has borne its testimony in favor of many illustrious citizens that they ably governed the Republic, but in favor of me alone, of all men, that I preserved it. Or did he wish to contend with me in a rivalry of eloquence? This, indeed, is an act of generosity! for what could be a more fertile or richer subject for me, than to have to speak in defence of myself, and against Antonius? This, in fact, is the truth. He thought it impossible to prove to the satisfaction of those men who resembled himself that he was an enemy to his country, if he was not also an enemy to me. And before I make him any reply on the other topics of his speech, I will say a few words respecting the friendship formerly subsisting between us, which he has accused me of violating,—for that I consider a most serious charge.

He has complained that I pleaded once against his interest. Was I not to plead against one with whom I was quite unconnected, in behalf of an intimate acquaintance, of a dear friend? Was I not to plead against interest acquired not by hopes of virtue, but by the disgrace of youth? Was I not to plead against an injustice which that man procured to be done by the obsequiousness of a most iniquitous interposer of his veto, not by any law regulating the privileges of the prætor? But I

imagine that this was mentioned by you, in order that you might recommend yourself to the citizens, if they all recollected that you were the son-in-law of a freedman, and that your children were the grandsons of Quintus Fadius, a freedman.

But you had entirely devoted yourself to my principles (for this is what you said); you had been in the habit of coming to my house. In truth, if you had done so, you would more have consulted your own character and your reputation for chastity. But you did not do so, nor, if you had wished it, would Caius Curio have ever suffered you to do so. You have said that you retired in my favor from the contest for the augurship. Oh the incredible audacity! oh the monstrous impudence of such an assertion! For, at the time when Cnæus Pompeius and Quintus Hortensius named me as augur, after I had been desired as such by the whole college (for it was not lawful for me to be put in nomination by more than two members of the college), you were notoriously insolvent, nor did you think it possible to secure your safety by any other means than by the destruction of the Republic. But was it possible for you to stand for the augurship at a time when Curio was not in Italy? or even at the time when you were elected, could you have obtained the votes of one single tribe without the aid of Curio? you, whose intimate friends even

were convicted of violence for having been too zealous in your favor.

But I availed myself of your friendly assistance. Of what assistance? although the instance which you cite I have myself at all times openly admitted. I preferred confessing that I was under obligations to you, to letting myself appear to any foolish person not sufficiently grateful. However, what was the kindness that you did me? not killing me at Brundusium? Would you then have slain the man whom the conqueror himself, who conferred on you, as you used to boast, the chief rank among all his robbers, had desired to be safe, and had enjoined to go to Italy? Grant that you could have slain him, is not this, O Conscript Fathers, such a kindness as is done by the banditti, who are contented with being able to boast that they have granted their lives to all those men whose lives they have not taken? and if that were really a kindness, then those who slew that man by whom they themselves had been saved, and whom you yourself are in the habit of styling most illustrious of men, would never have acquired such immortal glory. But what sort of kindness is it, to have abstained from committing nefarious wickedness? It is a case in which it ought not to appear so delightful to me not to have been killed by you, as miserable that it should have been in your power to do such a

thing with impunity. However, grant that it was a kindness, since no greater kindness could be received from a robber, still in what point can you call me ungrateful? Must I not complain of the ruin of the Republic, lest I should appear ungrateful toward you? But in that complaint, mournful indeed and miserable, but still unavoidable for a man of that rank in which the Senate and people of Rome have placed me, what did I say that was insulting? that was otherwise than moderate? that was otherwise than friendly? and what instance of moderation was it not to complain of the conduct of Marcus Antonius, and yet to abstain from any abusive expressions! especially when you had scattered abroad all relics of the Republic; when every thing was on sale at your house by the most infamous traffic; when you confessed that those laws which had never been promulgated, had been passed with reference to you, and by you; when you, as augur, had abolished the auspices, as consul, had taken away the power of interposing the veto; when you were escorted in the most shameful manner by armed guards; when, worn out with drunkenness and debauchery, you were every day performing all sorts of obscenities in that chaste house of yours. But I, as if I had to contend against Marcus Crassus, with whom I have had many severe struggles, and not with a most worthless gladiator,

while complaining in dignified language of the state of the Republic, did not say one word which could be called personal. Therefore, to-day I will make him understand with what great kindness he was then treated by me.

But he also read letters which he said that I had sent to him, like a man devoid of humanity and ignorant of the common usages of life. For who, even one but slightly acquainted with the habits of polite men, ever produced in an assembly and openly read letters which had been sent to him by a friend, just because some quarrel had arisen between them? Is not this destroying all companionship in life, destroying the means by which absent friends converse together? How many jests are frequently put in letters, which, if they were produced in public, would appear stupid! How many serious opinions, which, for all that, ought not to be published! Let this be a proof of your utter ignorance of courtesy. Now mark, also, his incredible folly. What have you to oppose to me, O eloquent man, as you at least seem to Mustela Tamisius, and to Tiro Numisius? And while these men are standing at this very time in the sight of the Senate with drawn swords, I too will think you an eloquent man if you will show how you would defend them if they were charged with being assassins. However, what answer would you make if I were to deny that I ever sent those letters

to you? By what evidence could you convict me? by my handwriting? Of [forging] handwriting indeed you have a lucrative knowledge. How can you prove it in that manner? for the letters are written by an amanuensis. By this time I envy your teacher, who for all that payment, which I shall mention presently, has taught you to know nothing.

For what can be less like, I do not say an orator, but a man, than to reproach an adversary with a thing which if he denies by one single word, he who has reproached him can not advance one step further? But I do not deny it; and in this very point I convict you not only of inhumanity but also of madness. For what expression is there in those letters which is not full of humanity and service and benevolence? and the whole of your charge amounts to this, that I do not express a bad opinion of you in those letters; that in them I wrote as to a citizen, as to a virtuous man, not as to a wicked man and a robber. But your letters I will not produce, although I fairly might, now that I am thus challenged by you; letters in which you beg of me that you may be enabled by my consent to procure the recall of some one from exile; and you will not attempt it if I have any objection, and you prevail on me by your entreaties. For why should I put myself in the way of your audacity, when neither the authority of this body, nor the

opinion of the Roman people, nor any laws are able to restrain you? However, what was your object in addressing these entreaties to me, if the man for whom you were entreating was already restored by a law of Cæsar's? I suppose the truth was, that he wished it to be done by me as a favor; in which matter there could not be any favor done even by himself, if a law was already passed for the purpose.

But, O Conscript Fathers, since I have many things which I must say both in my own defense and against Marcus Antonius, one thing I ask you, that you will listen to me with kindness while I am speaking for myself; the other I will insure myself, namely, that you shall listen to me with attention while speaking against him. At the same time also, I beg this of you: that if you have been acquainted with my moderation and modesty throughout my whole life, and especially as a speaker, you will not, when to-day I answer this man in the spirit in which he has attacked me, think that I have forgotten my usual character. I will not treat him as a consul, for he did not treat me as a man of consular rank; and although he in no respect deserves to be considered a consul, whether we regard his way of life, or his principle of governing the Republic, or the manner in which he was elected, I am beyond all dispute a man of consular rank.

That you might understand, therefore, what

sort of a consul he himself professed to be, he reproached me with my consulship—a consulship which, O Conscript Fathers, was in name, indeed, mine, but in reality yours. For what did I determine, what did I contrive, what did I do, that was not determined, contrived, or done, by the counsel and authority and in accordance with the sentiments of this order? And have you, O wise man, O man not merely eloquent, dared to find fault with these actions before the very men by whose counsel and wisdom they were performed? But who was ever found before, except Publius Clodius, to find fault with my consulship? And his fate indeed awaits you, as it also awaited Caius Curio; since that which was fatal to each of them is now in your house.

Marcus Antonius disapproves my consulship; but it was approved by Publius Servilius—to name first that man of those of consular rank who has died most recently. It was approved by Quintus Catulus, whose authority will always carry weight in this Republic; it was approved by the two Luculli, by Marcus Crassus, by Quintus Hortensius, by Caius Curio, by Caius Piso, by Marcus Glabrio, by Marcus Lepidus, by Lucius Volcatius, by Caius Figulus, by Decimus Silanus and Lucius Murena, who at that time were the consuls elect; the same consulship also which was approved by those men of consular rank, was approved by Marcus Cato,

who escaped many evils by departing from this life, and especially the evil of seeing you consul. But, above all, my consulship was approved by Cnæus Pompeius, who, when he first saw me, as he was leaving Syria, embracing me and congratulating me, said that it was owing to my services that he was about to see his country again. But why should I mention individuals? It was approved by the Senate, in a very full house, so completely, that there was no one who did not thank me as if I had been his parent, who did not attribute to me the preservation of his life, of his fortunes, of his children, and of the Republic.

But, since the Republic has been now deprived of those men whom I have named, many and illustrious as they were, let us come to the living, since two of the men of consular rank are still left to us: Lucius Cotta, a man of the greatest genius and the most consummate prudence, proposed in the most complimentary language a supplication in my honor for those very actions with which you find fault, and those very men of consular rank whom I have named, and the whole Senate, adopted his proposal; an honor which has never been paid to any one else in the garb of peace from the foundation of the city to my time. With what eloquence, with what firm wisdom, with what a weight of authority did Lucius Cæsar, your uncle, pronounce his opinion against the husband of his own sister,

your step-father. But you, when you ought to have taken him as your adviser and tutor in all your designs and in the whole conduct of your life, preferred being like your step-father to resembling your uncle. I, who had no connection with him, acted by his counsels while I was consul. Did you, who were his sister's son, ever once consult him on the affairs of the Republic ?

But who are they whom Antonius does consult ? O ye immortal gods, they are men whose birthdays we have still to learn. To-day Antonius is not coming down. Why ? He is celebrating the birthday feast at his villa. In whose honor ? I will name no one. Suppose it is in honor of some Phormio, or Gnatho, or even Ballio. Oh, the abominable profligacy of the man ! oh, how intolerable is his impudence, his debauchery, and his lust ! Can you, when you have one of the chiefs of the Senate, a citizen of singular virtue, so nearly related to you, abstain from ever consulting him on the affairs of the Republic, and consult men who have no property whatever of their own, and are draining yours ?

Yes, your consulship, forsooth, is a salutary one for the State, mine a mischievous one. Have you so entirely lost all shame as well as all chastity, that you could venture to say this in the temple in which I was consulting that Senate which formerly, in the full enjoyment of its honors, presided over

the world? And did you not place around it abandoned men armed with swords? But you have dared besides (what is there which you would not dare?) to say that the Capitoline Hill, when I was consul, was full of armed slaves. I was offering violence to the Senate, I suppose, in order to compel the adoption of those infamous decrees of the Senate. O wretched man, I ask whether those things are unknown to you (for you know nothing that is good), or whether they are known, when you dare to speak so shamelessly before such men. For what Roman knight was there, what youth of noble birth except you, what man of any rank or class who remembered that he was a citizen, who was not on the Capitoline Hill while the Senate was assembled in this temple? who was there, who did not give in his name? Indeed, there could not be provided checks enough, nor were the books able to contain their names.

In truth, when wicked men, being compelled by the revelations of the accomplices, by their own handwriting, and by what I may almost call the voices of their letters, were confessing that they had planned the parricidal destruction of their country, and that they had agreed to burn the city, to massacre the citizens, to devastate Italy, to destroy the Republic, who could have existed without being roused to defend the common safety? especially at that time when the Senate and people of

Rome had a leader; and if they now had one such as he then was, the same fate would befall you which overtook them.

He asserts that the body of his step-father was not allowed burial by me. But this is an assertion that was never made by Publius Clodius, a man whom, as I was deservedly his enemy, I grieve now to see surpassed by you in every sort of vice. But how could it occur to you to recall to our recollection that you had been educated in the house of Publius Lentulus? Were you afraid that we might think that you could have turned out as infamous as you are by the mere force of nature, if your natural qualities had not been strengthened by education?

But you are so senseless that throughout the whole of your speech you were at variance with yourself; so that you said things which not only had no coherence with each other, but which were most inconsistent with and contradictory to one another; so that there was not so much opposition between you and me as there was between you and yourself. You confessed that your step-father had been implicated in that enormous wickedness, yet you complained that he had had punishment inflicted on him. And by doing so you praised that which was peculiarly my achievement, and blamed that which was wholly the act of the Senate. For the detection and arrest of the guilty parties was

my work, their punishment was the work of the Senate. But that eloquent man does not perceive that the man against whom he is speaking is being praised by him, and that those before whom he is speaking are being attacked by him. But now what an act, I will not say of audacity (for he is anxious to be audacious), but (and this is what he does not desire) what an act of folly, in which he surpasses all men, is it to make mention of the Capitoline Hill, at a time when armed men are actually between our benches—when men, armed with swords, are now stationed in this same Temple of Concord, O ye immortal gods, in which, while I was consul, opinions most salutary to the State were delivered, owing to which it is that we are all alive at this day.

Accuse the Senate ; accuse the Equestrian body, which at that time was united with the Senate ; accuse every order of society, and all the citizens, as long as you confess that this assembly at this very moment is besieged by Ityrean soldiers. It is not so much a proof of audacity so impudently to advance these statements, as of utter want of sense to be unable to see their contradictory nature. For what is more insane than, after you yourself have taken up arms to do mischief to the Republic, to reproach another with having taken them up to secure its safety ? On one occasion you attempted even to be witty. O ye good gods,

how little did that attempt suit you! And yet you are a little to be blamed for your failure in that instance, too. For you might have got some wit from your wife, who was an actress. "Arms to the gown must yield." Well, have they not yielded? But afterward the gown yielded to your arms. Let us inquire then whether it was better for the arms of wicked men to yield to the freedom of the Roman people, or that our liberty should yield to your arms. Nor will I make any further reply to you about the verses. I will only say briefly that you do not understand them, nor any other literature whatever. I have never at any time been unmindful of the claims that either the Republic or my friends had upon me; but nevertheless, in all the different sorts of composition on which I have employed myself, during my leisure hours, I have always endeavored to make my labors and my writings such as to be some advantage to our youth, and some credit to the Roman name. But, however, all this has nothing to do with the present occasion. Let us consider more important matters.

You have said that Publius Clodius was slain by my contrivance. What would men have thought if he had been slain at the time when you pursued him in the Forum with a drawn sword, in the sight of all the Roman people? and when you would have slain him if he had not thrown himself

up the stairs of a bookseller's shop, and, shutting them against you, checked your attack by that means. And I confess that at that time I favored you, but even you yourself do not say that I had advised your attempt. But as for Milo, it was not possible even for me to favor his action. For he had finished the business before any one could suspect that he was going to do it. Oh, but I advised it. I suppose Milo was a man of such a disposition that he was not able to do a service to the Republic if he had not some one to advise him to do it. But I rejoiced at it. Well, suppose I did; was I to be the only sorrowful person in the city, when every one else was in such delight? It may be that that inquiry into the death of Publius Clodius was not instituted with any great wisdom. For what was the reason for having a new law to inquire into the conduct of the man who had slain him, when there was a form of inquiry already established by the laws? However, an inquiry was instituted. And have you now been found, so many years afterward, to say a thing which, at the time that the affair was under discussion, no one ventured to say against me? But as to the assertion that you have dared to make, and that at great length too, that it was by my means that Pompeius was alienated from his friendship with Cæsar, and that on that account it was my fault that the civil war was originated; in that you have not erred so

much in the main facts, as (and that is of the greatest importance) in the times.

When Marcus Bibulus, a most illustrious citizen, was consul, I omitted nothing which I could possibly do or attempt to draw off Pompeius from his union with Cæsar. In which, however, Cæsar was more fortunate than I, for he himself drew off Pompeius from his intimacy with me. But afterward, when Pompeius joined Cæsar with all his heart, what could have been my object in attempting to separate them then? It would have been the part of a fool to hope to do so, and of an impudent man to advise it. However, two occasions did arise on which I gave Pompeius advice against Cæsar. You are at liberty to find fault with my conduct on those occasions if you can. One was when I advised him not to continue Cæsar's government for five years more. The other, when I advised him not to permit him to be considered as a candidate for the consulship when he was absent. And if I had been able to prevail on him in either of these particulars, we should never have fallen into our present miseries.

Moreover, when Pompeius had now devoted to the service of Cæsar all his own power, and all the power of the Roman people, and had begun when it was too late to perceive all those things which I had foreseen long before, and when I saw that a nefarious war was about to be waged

against our country, I never ceased to be the adviser of peace, and concord, and some arrangement. And this language of mine was well known to many people,—"I wish, O Cnæus Pompeius, that you had either never joined in a confederacy with Caius Cæsar, or else that you had never broken it off. The one conduct would have become your dignity, and the other would have been suited to your prudence." This, O Marcus Antonius, was at all times my advice both respecting Pompeius and concerning the Republic. And if it had prevailed, the Republic would still be standing, and you would have perished through your own crimes, indigence, and infamy.

But these are all old stories now. This charge, however, that Cæsar was slain by my contrivance, is quite modern. I am afraid, O Conscript Fathers, lest I should appear to you to have brought up a sham accuser against myself (which is a most disgraceful thing to do); a man not only to distinguish me by the praises which are my due, but to load me also with those which do not belong to me. For who ever heard my name mentioned as an accomplice in that most glorious action? and whose name has been concealed who was in the number of that gallant band? Concealed, do I say? Whose name was there which was not at once made public? I should sooner say that some men had boasted in order to appear to have

been concerned in that conspiracy, though they had in reality known nothing of it, than that any one who had been an accomplice in it could have wished to be concealed. Moreover, how likely it is, that among such a number of men, some obscure, some young men who had not the wit to conceal any one, my name could possibly have escaped notice! Indeed, if leaders were wanted for the purpose of delivering the country, what need was there of my inciting the Bruti, one of whom saw every day in his house the image of Lucius Brutus, and the other saw also the image of Ahala? Were these the men to seek counsel from the ancestors of others rather than from their own? and out of doors rather than at home? What! Caius Cassius, a man of that family which could not endure, I will not say the domination, but even the power of any individual,—he, I suppose, was in need of me to incite him? a man who, even without the assistance of these other most illustrious men, would have accomplished this same deed in Cilicia, at the mouth of the river Cydnus, if Cæsar had brought his ships to that bank of the river which he had intended, and not to the opposite one. Was Cnæus Domitius spurred on to seek to recover his dignity, not by the death of his father, a most illustrious man, nor by the death of his uncle, nor by the deprivation of his own dignity, but by my advice and authority?

Did I persuade Caius Trebonius? a man whom I should not have ventured even to advise. And on this account the Republic owes him even a larger debt of gratitude, because he preferred the liberty of the Roman people to the friendship of one man, because he preferred overthrowing arbitrary power to sharing it. Was I the inciter whom Lucius Tillius Cimber followed? a man whom I admired for having performed that action, rather than ever expected that he would perform it; and I admired him on this account, that he was unmindful of the personal kindness which he had received, but mindful of his country. What shall I say of the two Servilii? Shall I call them Cascas, or Ahalas? and do you think that those men were incited by my authority rather than by their affection for the Republic? It would take a long time to go through all the rest; and it is a glorious thing for the Republic that they were so numerous; and a most honorable thing also for themselves.

But recollect, I pray you, how that clever man convicted me of being an accomplice in the business. When Cæsar was slain, he says, Marcus Brutus immediately lifted up on high his bloody dagger, and called on Cicero by name, and congratulated him on liberty being recovered. Why on me above all men? Because I knew of it beforehand? Consider rather whether this was not

his reason for calling on me, that, when he had performed an action very like those which I myself had done, he called me above all men to witness that he had been an imitator of my exploits. But you, O stupidest of all men, do not you perceive, that if it is a crime to have wished that Cæsar should be slain—which you accuse me of having wished—it is a crime also to have rejoiced at his death? For what is the difference between a man who has advised an action and one who has approved it? or what does it signify whether I wished it to be done or rejoice that it has been done? Is there any one then, except you yourself and those men who wished him to become a king, who was unwilling that that deed should be done or who disapproved it after it was done? All men, therefore, are guilty as far as this goes. In truth, all good men, as far as it depended on them, bore a part in the slaying of Cæsar. Some did not know how to contrive it, some had not the courage for it, some had no opportunity,—every one had the inclination.

However, mark the stupidity of this fellow,—I should rather say, of this brute beast. For thus he spoke: "Marcus Brutus, whom I name to do him honor, holding aloft his bloody dagger, called upon Cicero, from which it must be understood that he was privy to the action." Am I then called wicked by you because you suspect that I suspected

something? and is he who openly displayed his reeking dagger named by you that you may do him honor? Be it so. Let this stupidity exist in your language; how much greater is it in your actions and opinions! Arrange matters in this way at last, O consul; pronounce the cause of the Bruti, of Caius Cassius, of Cnæus Domitius, of Caius Trebonius and the rest to be whatever you please to call it: sleep off that intoxication of yours, sleep it off and take breath. Must one apply a torch to you to awaken you while you are sleeping over such an important affair? Will you never understand that you have to decide whether those men who performed that action are homicides or asserters of freedom?

For just consider a little; and for a moment think of the business like a sober man. I who, as I myself confess, am an intimate friend of those men, and, as you accuse me, an accomplice of theirs, deny that there is any medium between these alternatives. I confess that they, if they be not deliverers of the Roman people and saviors of the Republic, are worse than assassins, worse than homicides, worse even than parricides: since it is a more atrocious thing to murder the father of one's country than one's own father. You wise and considerate man, what do you say to this? If they are parricides, why are they always named by you, both in this assembly and before the Roman

people, with a view to do them honor? Why has Marcus Brutus been, on your motion, excused from obedience to the laws, and allowed [against the law] to be absent from the city more than ten days? Why were the games of Apollo celebrated with almost incredible honor to Marcus Brutus? why were provinces given to Brutus and Cassius? why were quæstors assigned to them? why was the number of their lieutenants augmented? And all these measures were owing to you. They are not homicides then. It follows that in your opinion they are deliverers of their country, since there can be no other alternative. What is the matter? Am I embarrassing you? For perhaps you do not quite understand propositions which are stated disjunctively. Still this is the sum total of my conclusions: that since they are acquitted by you of wickedness, they are at the same time pronounced most worthy of the very most honorable rewards.

Therefore I will now proceed again with my oration. I will write to them, if any one by chance should ask whether what you have imputed to me be true, not to deny it to any one. In truth, I am afraid that it must be considered either a not very creditable thing to them that they should have concealed the fact of my being an accomplice, or else a most discreditable one to me that I was invited to be one, and that I shirked it. For what

greater exploit (I call you to witness, O august Jupiter!) was ever achieved, not only in this city, but in all the earth? What more glorious action was ever done? What deed was ever more deservedly recommended to the everlasting recollection of men? Do you, then, shut me up with the other leaders in the partnership in this design, as in the Trojan horse? I have no objection; I even thank you for doing so, with whatever intent you do it. For the deed is so great an one, that I can not compare the unpopularity which you wish to excite against me on account of it with its real glory.

For who can be happier than those men whom you boast of having now expelled and driven from the city? What place is there either so deserted or so uncivilized as not to seem to greet and to covet the presence of those men wherever they have arrived? What men are so clownish as not, when they have once beheld them, to think that they have reaped the greatest enjoyment that life can give? And what posterity will ever be so forgetful, what literature will ever be found so ungrateful, as not to cherish their glory with undying recollection? Enrol me then, I beg, in the number of those men.

But one thing I am afraid you may not approve of. For if I had really been one of their number, I should have driven out of the Republic not only the

king, but also the kingly power ; and if I had been the author of the piece, as it is said, believe me, I should not have been contented with one act, but should have finished the whole play. Although, if it be a crime to have wished that Cæsar might be put to death, beware, I pray you, O Antonius, of your own case, as it is notorious that you, when at Narbo, formed a plan of the same sort with Caius Trebonius ; and it was on account of your participation in that design that, when Cæsar was being killed, we saw you called aside by Trebonius. But I (see how far I am from any horrible inclination toward you) praise you for having once in your life had a righteous intention ; I return you thanks for not having revealed the matter ; and I excuse you for not having accomplished your purpose. That exploit required a man.

And if any one should institute a prosecution against you, and employ that test of old Cassius, " who reaped any advantage from it ? " take care, I advise you, lest you suit that description. Although, in truth, that action was, as you used to say, an advantage to every one who was not willing to be a slave, still it was so to you above all men, who are not merely not a slave, but are actually a king ; who delivered yourself from an enormous burden of debt at the temple of Ops ; who, by your dealings with the account-books, squandered there a countless sum of money; who have had such vast

treasures brought to you from Cæsar's house; at whose own house there is set up a most lucrative manufactory of false memoranda and autographs, and a most iniquitous market of lands, and towns, and exemptions, and revenues. In truth, what measure except the death of Cæsar could possibly have been any relief to your indigent and insolvent condition? You appear to be somewhat agitated. Have you any secret fear that you yourself may appear to have had some connection with that crime? I will release you from all apprehension; no one will ever believe it; it is not like you to deserve well of the Republic; the most illustrious men in the Republic are the authors of that exploit; I only say that you are glad it was done; I do not accuse you of having done it.

I have replied to your heaviest accusations; I must now also reply to the rest of them.

You have thrown in my teeth the camp of Pompeius and all my conduct at that time. At which time, indeed, if my counsels and my authority had prevailed, as I have said before, you would this day be in indigence, we should be free, and the Republic would not have lost so many generals and so many armies. For I confess that when I saw that these things certainly would happen which now have happened, I was as greatly grieved as all other virtuous citizens would have been if they had foreseen the same things. I did grieve, I did grieve,

O Conscript Fathers, that the Republic which had once been saved by your counsels and mine, was fated to perish in a short time. Nor was I so inexperienced in and ignorant of this nature of things as to be disheartened on account of a fondness for life, which while it endured would wear me out with anguish, and when brought to an end would release me from all trouble. But I was desirous that those most illustrious men, the lights of the Republic, should live : so many men of consular rank, so many men of prætorian rank, so many most honorable senators ; and besides them all the flower of our nobility and of our youth ; and the armies of excellent citizens. And if they were still alive, under ever such hard conditions of peace (for any sort of peace with our fellow-citizens appeared to me more desirable than civil war), we should be this day still enjoying the Republic.

If my opinion had prevailed, and if those men, the preservation of whose lives was my main object, elated with the hope of victory, had not been my chief opposers, to say nothing of other results, at all events you would never have continued in this order, or rather in this city. But say you, my speech alienated from me the regard of Pompeius ? Was there any one to whom he was more attached ? any one with whom he conversed or shared his counsels more frequently ? It was, indeed, a great

thing that we, differing as we did respecting the general interests of the Republic, should continue in uninterrupted friendship. But I saw clearly what his opinions and views were, and he saw mine equally. I was for providing for the safety of the citizens in the first place, in order that we might be able to consult their dignity afterward. He thought more of consulting their existing dignity. But because each of us had a definite object to pursue, our disagreement was the more endurable. But what that extraordinary and almost godlike man thought of me is known to those men who pursued him to Paphos from the battle of Pharsalia. No mention of me was ever made by him that was not the most honorable that could be, that was not full of the most friendly regard for me ; while he confessed that I had had the more foresight, but that he had had more sanguine hopes. And do you dare taunt me with the name of that man whose friend you admit that I was, and whose assassin you confess yourself ?

However, let us say no more of that war, in which you were too fortunate. I will not reply even with those jests to which you have said that I gave utterance in the camp. That camp was in truth full of anxiety, but although men are in great difficulties, still, provided they are men, they sometimes relax their minds. But the fact that the same man finds fault with my melancholy, and also with

my jokes, is a great proof that I was very moderate in each particular.

You have said that no inheritances come to me. Would that this accusation of yours were a true one! I should have more of my friends and connections alive. But how could such a charge ever come into your head? For I have received more than twenty millions of sesterces in inheritances. Yet in this particular I must admit that you have been more fortunate than I. No one has ever made me his heir unless he was a friend of mine, in order that my grief of mind for his loss might be accompanied also with some gain, if it might be considered such. But a man whom you never even saw, Lucius Rubrius, of Casinum, made you his heir. And see now how much he loved you, who, though he did not know whether you were white or black, passed over the son of his brother, Quintus Fufius, a most honorable Roman knight, and most attached to him, whom he had on all occasions openly declared his heir (he never even names him in his will), and he makes you his heir whom he had never seen, or at all events had never spoken to.

I wish you would tell me, if it is not too much trouble, of what sort of countenance was Lucius Turselius; of what sort of height; from what municipal town he came; and of what tribe he was a member. "I know nothing," you will say, "about him, except what farms he had." And yet he,

disinheriting his brother, made you his heir. And besides these instances, this man has seized on much other property belonging to men wholly unconnected with him, to the exclusion of the legitimate heirs, as if he himself were the heir. The thing, however, that struck me with most astonishment of all was, that you should venture to mention inheritances, when you yourself had not received the inheritance of your own father.

Was it in order to collect all these arguments, O most senseless of men, that you spent so many days in practising declamation in another man's villa? Although, indeed (as your most intimate friends usually say), you are in the habit of declaiming, not for the purpose of whetting your genius, but of working off the effects of wine. And, indeed, you employ a master to teach you jokes, a man appointed by your own vote and that of your boon companions; a rhetorician, whom you have allowed to say whatever he pleased against you, a thoroughly facetious gentleman; but there are plenty of materials for speaking against you and against your friends. But just see now what a difference there is between you and your grandfather. He used with great deliberation to bring forth arguments advantageous to the cause he was advocating; you pour forth in a hurry the sentiments which you have been taught by another.

And what wages have you paid this rhetorician? Listen, listen, O Conscript Fathers, and learn the blows which are inflicted on the Republic. You have assigned, O Antonius, two thousand jugera of land, in the Leontine district, to Sextus Clodius, the rhetorician, and those, too, exempt from every kind of tax, for the sake of putting the Roman people to such a vast expense that you might learn to be a fool. Was this gift, too, O most audacious of men, found among Cæsar's papers? But I will take another opportunity to speak about the Leontine and the Campanian district, where he has stolen lands from the Republic to pollute them with most infamous owners. For now, since I have sufficiently replied to all his charges, I must say a little about our corrector and censor himself. And yet I will not say all I could, in order that if I have often to battle with him I may always come to the contest with fresh arms; and the multitude of his vices and atrocities will easily enable me to do so.

But let us say no more of your profligacy and debauchery. There are things which it is not possible for me to mention with honor; but you are all the more free for that, inasmuch as you have not scrupled to be an actor in scenes which a modest enemy can not bring himself to mention.

However, let us return to the subject of Cæsar's written papers. How were they verified by you? For the acts of Cæsar were for the sake of peace

confirmed by the Senate; that is to say, the acts which Cæsar had really done, not those which Antonius said that Cæsar had done. Where do all these come from? By whom are they produced and vouched for? If they are false, why are they ratified? If they are true, why are they sold? But the vote which was taken enjoined you, after the first of June, to make an examination of Cæsar's acts with the assistance of a council. What council did you consult? whom did you ever invite to help you? what was the first of June that you waited for? Was it that day on which you, having travelled all through the colonies where the veterans were settled, returned escorted by a band of armed men?

Oh, what a splendid progress was that of yours in the months of April and May, when you even attempted to lead a colony to Capua! How you made your escape from thence, or rather how you barely made your escape, we all know. And now you are still threatening that city. I wish you would try, and we should not then be forced to say "barely." However, what a splendid progress was that of yours! Why need I mention your preparations for banquets, your frantically hard drinking? Those things are only an injury to yourself; these are injuries to us. We thought that a great blow was inflicted on the Republic when the Campanian district was released from the payment

of taxes, in order to be given to the soldiery ; but you have divided it among your partners in drunkenness and gambling. I tell you, O Conscript Fathers, that a lot of buffoons and actresses have been settled in the district of Campania. Why should I now complain of what has been done in the district of Leontini ? And yet these lands of Campania and Leontini were formerly considered part of the patrimony of the Roman people, and were productive of great revenue and very fertile. You gave your physician three thousand acres ; what would you have done if he had cured you ? and two thousand to your master of oratory ; what would you have done if he had been able to make you eloquent ? However, let us return to your progress, and to Italy.

You led a colony to Casilinum, a place to which Cæsar had previously led one. You did indeed consult me by letter about the colony of Capua (but I should have given you the same answer about Casilinum), whether you could legally lead a new colony to a place where there was a colony already. I said that a new colony could not be legally conducted to an existing colony, which had been established with a due observance of the auspices, as long as it remained in a flourishing state ; but I wrote you word that new colonists might be enrolled among the old ones. But you, elated and insolent, disregarding all the respect due

to the auspices, led a colony to Casilinum, whither one had been previously led a few years before, in order to erect your standard there and to mark out the line of the new colony with a plow. And by that plow you almost grazed the gate of Capua, so as to diminish the territory of that flourishing colony. After this violation of all religious observances, you hasten off to the estate of Marcus Varro, a most conscientious and upright man, at Casinum. By what right? with what face do you do this? By just the same, you will say, as that by which you entered on the estates of the heirs of Lucius Rubrius, or of the heirs of Lucius Turselius, or on other innumerable possessions. If you got the right from any auction, let the auction have all the force to which it is entitled; let writings be of force, provided they are the writings of Cæsar, and not your own; writings by which you are bound, not those by which you have released yourself from obligation.

But who says that the estate of Varro at Casinum was ever sold at all? who ever saw any notice of that auction? who ever heard the voice of the auctioneer? You say that you sent a man to Alexandria to buy it of Cæsar. It was too long to wait for Cæsar himself to come! But who ever heard (and there was no man about whose safety more people were anxious) that any part whatever of Varro's property had been confiscated? What!

what shall we say if Cæsar even wrote that you were to give it up? What can be said strong enough for such enormous impudence? Remove for a while those swords which we see around us. You shall now see that the cause of Cæsar's auctions is one thing, and that of your confidence and rashness is another. For not only shall the owner drive you from that estate, but any one of his friends, or neighbors, or hereditary connections, and any agent, will have the right to do so.

But how many days did he spend revelling in the most scandalous manner in that villa! From the third hour there was one scene of drinking, gambling, and vomiting. Alas for the unhappy house itself! to the share of how different a master from its former one has it fallen! Although, how is he the master at all? but still by how different a person has it been occupied! For Marcus Varro used it as a place of retirement for his studies, not as a theatre for his lusts. What noble discussions used to take place in that villa! what ideas were originated there! what writings were composed there! The laws of the Roman people, the memorials of our ancestors, the consideration of all wisdom and all learning, were the topics that used to be dwelt on then;—but now, while you were the intruder there (for I will not call you the master), every place was resounding with the voices of drunken men; the pavements were floating with wine; the walls

were dripping; nobly born boys were mixing with the basest hirelings; prostitutes with mothers of families. Men came from Casinum, from Aquinum, from Interamna to salute him. No one was admitted. That, indeed, was proper. For the ordinary marks of respect were unsuited to the most profligate of men. When, going from thence to Rome he approached Aquinum, a numerous company (for it is a populous municipality) came out to meet him. But he was carried through the town in a covered litter, as if he had been dead. The people of Aquinum acted foolishly, no doubt; but still they were in his road. What did the people of Anagnia do? who, although they were out of his line of road, came down to meet him, in order to pay him their respects, as if he were consul. It is an incredible thing to say, but still it was only too notorious at the time, that he returned nobody's salutation; especially as he had two men of Anagnia with him, Mustela and Laco; one of whom had the care of his swords, and the other of his drinking-cups.

Why should I mention the threats and insults with which he inveighed against the people of Teanum Sidicinum, with which he harassed the men of Puteoli, because they had adopted Caius Cassius and the Bruti as their patrons? a choice dictated, in truth, by great wisdom, and by great zeal, benevolence and affection for them; not by violence

and force of arms, by which men have been compelled to choose you, and Basilus, and others like you both,—men whom no one would choose to have for his own clients, much less to be their client himself.

In the mean time, while you yourself were absent, what a day was that for your colleague when he overturned that tomb in the Forum, which you were accustomed to regard with veneration! And when that action was announced to you, you—as is reported by all who were with you at the time—fainted away. What happened afterward I know not. I imagine that terror and arms got the mastery. At all events, you dragged your colleague down from his heaven; and you rendered him, not even now like yourself, at all events very unlike his own former self.

After that, what a return was that of yours to Rome! How great was the agitation of the whole city! We recollected that Cinna had been too powerful; after him we had seen Sulla with absolute authority, and we had lately beheld Cæsar acting as king. There were perhaps swords, but they were sheathed, and they were not very numerous. But how great and how barbaric a procession is yours! Men follow you in battle array with drawn swords; we see whole litters full of shields borne along. And yet by custom, O Conscript Fathers, we have become inured and

callous to these things. When on the first of June we wished to come to the Senate, as it had been ordained, we were suddenly frightened and forced to flee. But he, as having no need of a Senate, did not miss any of us, but rather rejoiced at our departure, and immediately proceeded to those marvellous exploits of his. He who had defended the memoranda of Cæsar for the sake of his own profit, overturned the laws of Cæsar—and good laws too—for the sake of being able to agitate the Republic. He increased the number of years that magistrates were to enjoy their provinces; moreover, though he was bound to be the defender of the acts of Cæsar, he rescinded them with reference to both public and private transactions.

In public transactions nothing is more authoritative than law; in private affairs the most valid of all deeds is a will. Of the laws, some he abolished without giving the least notice; others he gave notice of bills to abolish. Wills he annulled; though they have been at all times held sacred even in the case of the very meanest of the citizens. As for the statues and pictures which Cæsar bequeathed to the people, together with his gardens, those he carried away, some to the house which belonged to Pompeius, and some to Scipio's villa.

And are you then diligent in doing honor to

Cæsar's memory? Do you love him even now that he is dead? What greater honor had he obtained than that of having a holy cushion, an image, a temple, and a priest? Even as Jupiter, and Mars, and Quirinus have priests, so Marcus Antonius is the priest of the god Julius. Why then do you delay? why are you not inaugurated? Choose a day; select some one to inaugurate you; we are colleagues; no one will refuse. O detestable man, are you the priest of a tyrant or of a dead man? I ask you then, whether you are ignorant what day this is? Are you ignorant that yesterday was the fourth day of the Roman games in the Circus? and that you yourself submitted a motion to the people that a fifth day should be added besides, in honor of Cæsar? Why are we not all clad in the prætexta? Why are we allowing to be disregarded the honor which by your law was appointed for Cæsar? Had you no objection to the pollution of so holy a day by the addition of supplications, while you did not choose it to be so by the addition of ceremonies connected with a sacred cushion? Either take away religion in every case, or preserve it in every case.

You will ask whether I approve of his having a sacred cushion, a temple and a priest? I approve of none of those things. But you, who are defending the acts of Cæsar, what reason can you give

for defending some and disregarding others? unless, indeed, you choose to admit that you measure every thing by your own gain, and not by his dignity. What will you now reply to these arguments (for I am waiting to witness your eloquence; I knew your grandfather, who was a most eloquent man, but I know you to be a more undisguised speaker than he was; he never harangued the people naked; but we have seen your breast, man, without disguise as you are)? Will you make any reply to these statements? Will you dare to open your mouth at all? Can you find one single article in this long speech of mine to which you trust that you can make any answer? However, we will say no more of what is past.

But this single day, this very day that now is, this very moment while I am speaking, defend your conduct during this very moment, if you can. Why has the Senate been surrounded with a belt of armed men? Why are your satellites listening to me sword in hand? Why are not the folding-doors of the Temple of Concord open? Why do you bring men, of all nations the most barbarous, Ityreans, armed with arrows, into the Forum? He says that he does so as a guard. Is it not then a thousand times better to perish than to be unable to live in one's own city without a guard of armed men? But believe me, there is no protection in that;—a man must be defended by the affection

and good-will of his fellow-citizens, not by arms. The Roman people will take them from you, will wrest them from your hands ; I wish that they may do so while we are still safe. But however you treat us, as long as you adopt those counsels it is impossible for you, believe me, to last long. In truth, that wife of yours, who is so far removed from covetousness, and whom I mention without intending any slight to her, has been too long owing her third payment to the State. The Roman people has men to whom it can intrust the helm of the State ; and wherever they are, there is all the defence of the Republic, or rather, there is the Republic itself; which as yet has only avenged, but has not re-established itself. Truly and surely has the Republic most high-born youths ready to defend it,—though they may for a time keep in the background from a desire for tranquillity, still they can be recalled by the Republic at any time.

The name of peace is sweet, the thing itself is most salutary. But between peace and slavery there is a wide difference. Peace is liberty in tranquillity ; slavery is the worst of all evils,—to be repelled, if need be, not only by war, but even by death. But if those deliverers of ours have taken themselves away out of our sight, still they have left behind the example of their conduct. They have done what no one else had done. Brutus pursued Tarquinius with war, although he was

a king when it was lawful for a king to exist in Rome. Spurius Cassius, Spurius Mælius, and Marcus Manlius were all slain because they were suspected of aiming at regal power. These are the first men who have ever ventured to attack, sword in hand, a man who was not aiming at regal power, but actually reigning. And their action is not only of itself a glorious and godlike exploit, but it is also one put forth for our imitation ; especially since by it they have acquired such glory as appears hardly to be bounded by heaven itself. For although in the very consciousness of a glorious action there is a certain reward, still I do not consider the immortality of glory a thing to be despised by one who is himself mortal.

Recollect then, O Marcus Antonius, that day on which you abolished the dictatorship. Set before you the joy of the Senate and people of Rome ; compare it with this infamous market held by you and by your friends ; then will you understand how great is the difference between praise and profit. But in truth, just as some people, through some disease which has blunted the senses, have no perception of delicate flavors of food, so men who are lustful, avaricious, and criminal, have no taste for true glory. But if praise can not allure you to act uprightly, can not even fear turn you away from the most shameful actions ? You are not afraid of the courts of justice. If it is because

you are innocent, I praise you ; if because you trust in your power of overbearing them by violence, are you ignorant of what that man has to fear who on such an account as that does not fear the courts of justice ?

But if you are not afraid of brave men and illustrious citizens, because they are prevented from attacking you by your armed retinue, still, believe me, your own fellows will not long endure you. And what a life it is, day and night to be fearing danger from one's own people ! Unless, indeed, you have men who are bound to you by greater kindnesses than some of those men by whom he was slain were bound to Cæsar, or unless there are points in which you can be compared with him.

In that man were combined genius, method, memory, literature, prudence, deliberation, and industry. He had performed exploits in war which, though calamitous for the Republic, were nevertheless mighty deeds. Having for many years aimed at being a king, he had with great labor and much personal danger accomplished what he intended. He had conciliated the ignorant multitude by presents, by monuments, by largesses of food, and by banquets ; he had bound his own party to him by rewards, his adversaries by the appearances of clemency. Why need I say much on such a subject ? He had already brought a free city, partly by fear, partly by patience, into a habit of slavery.

With him I can, indeed, compare you as to your desire to reign ; but in all other respects you are in no degree to be compared with him. But from the many evils which by him have been, as it were, burned into the Republic, there is still this good, that the Roman people has now learned how much to believe every one, to whom to trust itself, and against whom to guard. Do you never think on these things ? And do you not understand that it is enough for brave men to have learned how noble a thing it is as to the act, how grateful it is as to the benefit done, how glorious as to the fame acquired, to slay a tyrant? When men could not bear him, do you think they will bear you ? Believe me, the time will come when men will race with one another to do this deed, and when no one will wait for the tardy arrival of an opportunity.

Consider, I beg you, Marcus Antonius, do some time or other consider the Republic ; think of the family of which you are born, not of the men with whom you are living. Be reconciled to the Republic. However, do you decide on your own conduct. As to mine, I myself will declare what that shall be. I defended the Republic as a young man ; I will not abandon it now that I am old. I scorned the sword of Catiline ; I will not quail before yours. No, I will rather cheerfully expose my own person, if the liberty of the city can be restored by my death.

May the indignation of the Roman people at last bring forth that with which it has been so long in labor. In truth, if twenty years ago in this very temple I asserted that death could not come prematurely upon a man of consular rank, with how much more truth must I now say the same of an old man? To me, indeed, O Conscript Fathers, death is now even desirable, after all the honors which I have gained and the deeds which I have done. I only pray for these two things: one, that dying I may leave the Roman people free. No greater boon than this can be granted me by the immortal gods. The other, that every one may meet with a fate suitable to his deserts and conduct toward the Republic.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

M. FABIUS QUINTILIANUS

M. Fabius Quintilianus was born in 35 A.D., at Calagarris (Calahorra), in Spain. His youth was spent in the study of oratory, his middle life in practising and teaching it, and his old age in preparing the most celebrated treatise upon oratory that has ever been written.

The style of Quintilian closely resembles that of Cicero.

Two works attributed to Quintilian are extant. The first, his great work entitled *The Institutes of Oratory,* is undoubtedly authentic. The second, *The Declamations,* may with only doubtful propriety be attributed to him.

The best text of his complete works is that of Burmann (1720), while the tenth book of the *Institutio Oratoria* has been edited, as a separate work, by Bonnell, Krueger, and others. Various translations have been made.

ORATOR, PHYSICIAN, PHILOSOPHER

Quintilian.

An orator, physician, and philosopher contested for the property of their father, who, by will, had left as heir that one who should prove himself the most beneficial to mankind. This declamation, attributed to Quintilian, and forming part of the collection of one hundred and sixty-seven declamations attributed to that author, is given as an illustration of the models by which the students of oratory were instructed. These skeleton declamations were studied and possibly memorized. Students used them as a basis for elaboration. This was practised under the direction of a teacher. A few critics have assumed that this, and some of the other declamations in the collection named, were complete, and in form for delivery as exhibition or show speeches.

THE law and formula, as well as every rule of the controversy, depend upon the will of the father; the import of which is not which of our professions is the most brilliant, though even in this respect I should conquer, but which is the most useful to the State.

The question to be decided is, who of us benefits all men. Grant that philosophy is a very important thing; it relates to few. Grant that eloquence is a very admirable thing; it does not benefit more men than it harms. Medicine is the only thing of which all men have need. It is clear that our father had a definite intention of

giving to one of us that portion which he seems to have left in dispute. Now medicine alone relates to all men, and there is nothing so necessary to the whole human race as is medicine.

Let us compare it with the other professions. First I must argue with my brother, the philosopher, at whose propositions in this day's contention I cannot sufficiently wonder. For philosophy, as it seems to me, has no more excellent characteristic than that it is satisfied with moderate possessions and does not crave boundless resources; for if it had the same desires as other professions, I do not see wherein its teachings would be beneficial. Nor does it escape me, O judges, how many things are wont to be said against those who practise this profession, by those whose reputation permits freedom of speech, these saying that the philosophers are foolish and idle, and are slaves to that very ambition which they especially denounce. But my contest is against my brother; therefore I will content myself with saying this lesser thing: that philosophy is not a necessity to men.

I believe that character and merit are innate. Other things may perchance be learned; certain things are to be gained by experience; but good character depends upon the spirit. This can be shown by a variety of examples; for it is evident that there have been many noble men who were

not taught philosophy, and that many men devoted to the pursuit of wisdom have reached the last phases of crime and worthlessness. I do not think that the Fabricii and the Curii learned moderation and self-control in the schools of the philosophers, or that the Decii there learned to despise death. The Roman State produced the liberators, the Bruti and the Camilli, before that art had crept in at all.

Now let us look at the other side: who does not know that even from the school of Socrates, the fountain from which every kind of philosophy is believed to have flowed, sprang tyrants and enemies to their native land? Therefore, philosophy is not necessary.

Moreover, it is by no means certain by what road, however zealously we pursue it, we can attain to wisdom: for if we call all philosophers together, they by no means are agreed as to what form of philosophy we should learn, what teachings we should follow. They contend and differ among themselves; and this contest they have prolonged throughout the ages. To some, the highest good lies in pleasure; some have found it in the pursuit of simple virtue; some have attempted to mingle and join these theories; some have believed that a happy life can be assured by the possession of those things which cater to the body and mind, the things which are external; some

delight in moderation in everything. See also how great has been their dissension as to the gods. Some believe that nothing happens without the act of Providence ; some hold that the gods care only for the things which lie above the stars ; some have altogether banished the gods ; some, while they do not go so far, have said that at least the gods do not care for men. These philosophers encourage men to engage in public affairs ; those believe that there is nothing more perilous than to engage in public life. Some you may see possessed by a hatred of money, destitute and naked, seeming to invite misfortunes ; others consider that pleasures, not only of the mind, but also of the body, are among the things chiefly to be desired. Whom am I to believe ? to whom am I to attach myself ? Whatever I may approve, there are others to deny ; moreover, those principles which are laid down cannot be established. Therefore I claim that philosophy is unnecessary to men, because it is difficult to choose the right one.

It is also plain that most of the philosophers are not appreciated even by one another. I know that there are some who, although they complaisantly and greedily, so to speak, claim for themselves the name of wise men, yet confess that as yet no one has been found in the records of the State who has justly earned that title. Now to say some general things : what advantage has

ever been gained from these men, whether in war or in civil duties? What can we find in them beyond a deceptive frown and perpetual idleness and an authority born of arrogance? But grant that these men are great, as is claimed. I call them to trial by the formula and terms of my father's will. Of what advantage are they to the State? They lop off vices? Why, no one here is extravagant, no one covetous of money.

I have now said enough about the philosopher; let me pass to the orator, who, as I saw, came to this trial with confidence in his eloquence. These orators think that this is very powerful in judicial cases; sometimes they win bad cases; and indeed, if it is expedient that justice prevail, what good is found in eloquence? What benefit, indeed, does it confer upon the State? All things come finally to this same question: In what have you benefited the State? True, one man is defended by your advocacy, but he who is on the opposite side is injured; you rescue the accused from peril, but how do I know if you rescued an innocent man? Innocence, it is true, is of itself powerful. But innocent men have been condemned through your advocacy; how do I know whether it was not the fault of your eloquence?

But why do I speak only of private persons? We know that the conditions of States are often changed by the power of oratory. Consider, if

it please you, the renowned State of Athens, once proudly ruling far and wide; her powers were diminished through the fault of her orators. Or, if it please you, consider the condition of the Roman people. Did not their most eloquent orators stir up the most serious seditions and turbulent assemblages? Did not the famous Gracchi undertake to subvert the State, girt only with the weapons of eloquence? What good shall I say that eloquence has ever done the State? It has certainly done it much harm.

Let us look at some of the greatest orators. Do we not know that the famous Demosthenes was slain by poison sucked from his own pen? Do we not know that Cicero was punished by exposure on that very rostrum from which he had so often delighted his followers?

I have said enough; for if those with whom I am contending do not benefit the State, it is evident that I only am left. Nevertheless, I will say something concerning medicine: not indeed for the sake of vaunting myself, but of commending my profession, of which we have always believed the gods to be upholders—either, as I think, that men might have some aid and comfort in their weakness, or because our ancestors attributed so much power to this art that they believed that it could hardly be discovered by human genius only, or because medicine is in itself sacred. If sudden

sickness seizes any one — may it be far from all here !—does he consult an orator ? Why should I enumerate the number of misfortunes against which the aid of medicine is invoked ? There is that kind of illness by which the spirit is broken, and that kind from which the sight grows dim ; that state of body which requires the art of healing wounds, and that in which weakness must be turned to strength. Will you, O philosopher, offer consolation in place of medicine ? What class of men, what age, what sex, does not seek the aid of its relief ?

Translated by the Editors of this volume.

C. CORNELIUS TACITUS

C. Cornelius Tacitus was born at Rome about 54 or 57 A.D. His parents were noble and wealthy. His youth was spent in study, under the most distinguished teachers of the century. Among them were Aper Secundus and Quintilian. Tacitus passed through the various political offices and reached the consular rank in 97 A.D. He died about 118 A.D.

Tacitus was gifted by nature with the attributes of a successful orator. By constant study and practice he gained the highest oratorical rank, which he shared with Pliny the Younger. He was so celebrated for his judicial oratory that he was chosen by the Senate to conduct the prosecution of Marius. He was also distinguished for the effectiveness of his deliberative eloquence. In the panegyrical style, his oration on Virginius Rufas was as celebrated as that of Pliny on Trajan.

The principal characteristic of the oratorical style of Tacitus was its peculiar solemnity. This quality gave to his utterances a convincing power that was unique. His words were well chosen, his diction pleasing.

Of all the orations of Tacitus, not one remains. In the hope that some idea of this orator's style may be gained from a quotation from his works, short selections from the *Agricola* are given.

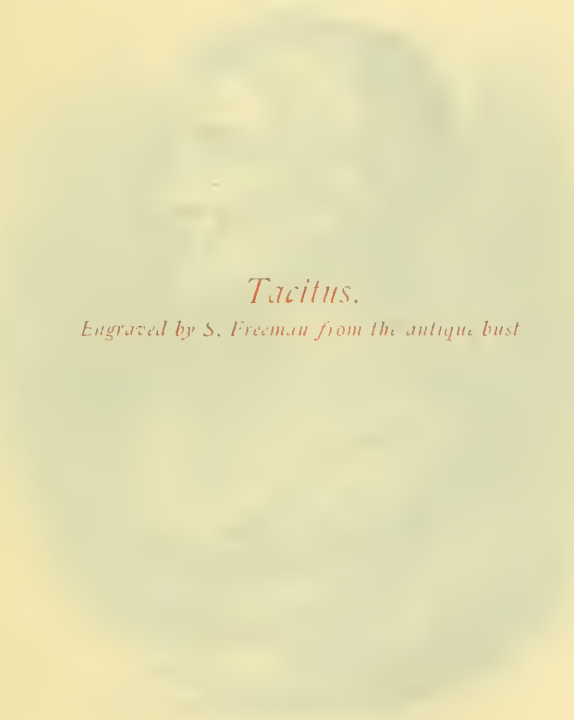
CALGACUS TO THE BRITONS

Tacitus.

WHEN I reflect on the causes of the war and the circumstances of our situation, I feel a strong persuasion that our united efforts on the present day will prove the beginning of universal liberty to Britain. For we are all undebased by slavery; and there is no land behind us, nor does even the sea afford a refuge, while the Roman fleet hovers around. Thus the use of arms, which is at all times honorable to the brave, now offers the only safety even to cowards. In all the battles which yet have been fought, with varying success, against the Romans, our countrymen may be deemed to have reposed their final hopes and resources in us; for we, the noblest sons of Britain, and therefore stationed in its last recesses, far from the view of servile shores, have preserved even our eyes unpolluted by the contact of subjection. We, at the furthest limits both of land and liberty, have been defended to this day by the remoteness of our situation and

of our fame. The extremity of Britain is now disclosed; and whatever is unknown becomes an object of magnitude. But there is no nation beyond us; nothing but waves and rocks and the still more hostile Romans, whose arrogance we cannot escape by obsequiousness and submission. These plunderers of the world, after exhausting the land by their devastations, are rifling the ocean: stimulated by avarice, if their enemy be rich, by ambition, if he be poor; unsatiated by the East and by the West; the only people who look upon wealth and poverty with equal avidity. To ravage, to slaughter, to usurp under false titles, this they call empire; and where they make a desert, they call it peace.

By the appointment of nature our children and relatives are to us the dearest of all things. These are torn away by levies to serve in foreign lands. Our wives and sisters, though they should escape the violation of hostile force, are polluted under the names of friendship and hospitality. Our estates and possessions are consumed in tributes, our grain in contributions. Even our bodies are worn away, amidst stripes and insults, in clearing woods and draining marshes. Wretches who are born to slavery are first bought and afterward maintained by their masters; Britain every day buys, every day feeds, her own servitude. And as among domestic slaves every newcomer serves



Tacitus.

Engraved by S. Freeman from the antique bust

for the scorn and derision of his fellows, so in this ancient household of the world we, as the newest and vilest, are sought out to be destroyed. For we have neither cultivated lands, nor mines, nor harbors, which can induce them to preserve us for the sake of our labor. The valor, too, and the unsubmitting spirit of subjects only render them more obnoxious to their masters; while remoteness and secrecy of situation itself, in proportion as it conduces to security, tends to inspire suspicion. Since, then, all hopes of mercy are vain, at last take courage, both you to whom safety, and you to whom glory is dear. The Trinobantes, even under a female leader, had strength enough to burn a colony, to storm camps, and, if success had not damped their vigor, would have been able to entirely throw off the yoke; and shall not we, unsmitten, unsubdued, and struggling not for the acquisition but for the preservation of liberty, show in the first onset what men Caledonia has reserved for her defence?

Can you imagine that the Romans are as brave in war as they are licentious in peace? Acquiring renown through our discords and dissensions, they convert the errors of their enemies to the glory of their own army: an army compounded of the most widely differing nations, which only success has held together and which misfortunes will

certainly dissipate. Unless, indeed, you can suppose that Gauls and Germans, and—I blush to say it!—even Britons, who, though they now expend their blood to establish a foreign dominion, have been longer its foes than its subjects, will be retained by loyalty and affection! Terror and dread alone are the feeble bonds of their attachment; when these are once broken, they who cease to fear will begin to hate. Every incitement to victory is on our side. The Romans have no wives to animate them, no parents to upbraid their flight. Most of them have either no home, or only a distant one. Few in numbers, ignorant of the country, looking around in silent horror upon woods, seas, and a heaven itself unknown to them, they are delivered by the gods, as it were imprisoned and bound, into our hands. Be not terrified by an idle show, or by the glitter of silver and gold, which can neither protect nor wound. In the very ranks of the enemy we shall find our own bands. The Britons will acknowledge their own cause. The Gauls will recollect their former liberty. The rest of the Germans will desert our foes, as the Usipii have lately done. Nor is there anything formidable behind them: ungarrisoned forts, colonies of old men, municipal towns distempered and distracted between unjust rulers and disobedient subjects. Here is a general; here, an army. There, are

tributes, mines, and all the train of punishments inflicted on slaves; which whether you are eternally to bear or instantly to revenge, this field will determine. March then to battle, and think of your ancestors and your posterity.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

AGRICOLA TO HIS SOLDIERS

Tacitus.

IT is now the eighth year, my fellow-soldiers, in which, under the high auspices of the Roman Empire, you have been conquering Britain through your valor and perseverance. In so many expeditions, in so many battles, whether you have been required to exert your courage against the enemy or your patient labors against the nature of the country itself, neither have I been dissatisfied with my soldiers nor you with your general. In this mutual confidence we have proceeded beyond the limits of former commanders and former armies, and are now become acquainted with the extremity of the island, not by uncertain rumor, but by actual possession with our arms and encampments. Britain is explored and subdued. How often during a march, when embarrassed by mountains, bogs, and rivers, have I heard the bravest among you exclaim: "When shall we find the enemy? when shall we be led to the field of battle?" At length they are un-

earthed from their retreats ; your desires and your valor have now free scope ; and every circumstance is at once propitious to the victor and ruinous to the vanquished. For the greater our glory in having marched over vast tracts of land, penetrated forests, and crossed arms of the sea, while advancing toward the foe, the greater will be our danger and difficulty if we should attempt a retreat. We are inferior to our enemies in knowledge of the country, and less able to command supplies of provisions ; but we have arms in our hands, and in these we have everything. For myself, it has long been a principle that a retreating general or army is never safe. Not only, then, are we to reflect that death with honor is preferable to life with ignominy, but to remember that security and glory are seated in the same place. Even to fall in this extremest verge of earth and nature cannot be considered an inglorious fate.

If unknown nations or unproved troops were drawn up against you, I would exhort you by the examples of other armies. As it is, remember your own honors, question your own eyes. These are they who, last year, attacking by surprise a single legion amid the obscurity of night, were put to flight by a shout ; the greatest runaways of all the Britons, and therefore the longest survivors. As, when penetrating woods and thickets, the

fiercest animals boldly rush upon the hunters, while the weak and timorous flee at their mere shouts, so the bravest of the Britons have long since fallen; the remaining number consists solely of the cowardly and spiritless, whom you at length see within your reach, not because they have stood their ground, but because they have been overtaken. Torpid with fear, their bodies are fixed and chained down in yonder field, which will speedily be to you the scene of a glorious and memorable victory. Here bring your toils and services to a conclusion; close with one great day a struggle of fifty years; and convince your countrymen that to the army ought not to be imputed either the protraction of the war or the causes of the rebellion.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

ON THE DEATH OF AGRICOLA

Tacitus.

HAPPY art thou, O Agricola! not only in the splendor of your life, but in the seasonableness of your death. With resignation and cheerfulness, according to the testimony of those who were present in your last moments, did you meet your fate, as if striving to the utmost of your power to make the Emperor appear guiltless. But to me and your daughter, beside the anguish of losing a parent, there is an increasing affliction, that it was not our lot to watch over your sick-bed, to support you when languishing, and to satiate ourselves with beholding and embracing you. With what attention should we have received your last instructions, and engraven them on our hearts! This is our sorrow; this is our wound; to us you were lost four years before by a tedious absence. Everything, doubtless, O best of parents! was administered for your comfort and honor while a most affectionate wife sat beside you; yet fewer tears were shed upon your bier, and in the last

light which your eyes beheld, something was still wanting.

If there be any habitation for the shades of the virtuous; if, as philosophers suppose, exalted souls do not perish with the body; may you repose in peace, and call us, your household, from vain regret and womanish lamentations to the contemplation of your virtues, which allow no place for mourning or complaining! Let us rather adorn your memory by our admiration, by our short-lived praises, and, as far as our natures will permit, by an imitation of your example. This is truly to honor the dead; this is the piety of every near relation. I would also bid the wife and daughter of this great man show their veneration of a husband's and a father's memory by cherishing his actions and words in their breasts, and endeavoring to retain an idea of the form and features of his mind, rather than of his person. Not that I would reject those resemblances of the human figure which are engraven in brass or marble; but as their originals are frail and perishable, so likewise are they: the form of the mind is eternal, and thou mayest not retain it or express it in any foreign matter, or by any art, but only by thy manners and character. Whatever in Agricola was the object of our love, of our admiration, remains, and will remain in the minds of men, transmitted in the records of fame, through an eternity of years. For,

while many great personages of antiquity will be involved in a common oblivion with the mean and inglorious, Agricola shall survive, represented and consigned to future ages.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

C. PLINIUS CÆCILIUS SECUNDUS

C. Plinius Cæcilius Secundus, usually called Pliny the Younger, was born at Novum Comum (Como) in 61 A.D. His father, C. Cæcilius, died when Pliny was eight years of age. Two years later the boy was adopted by his uncle, C. Plinius Secundus, known as Pliny the Elder, the celebrated author of the *Historia Naturalis*. The youth showed remarkable talent at an early age. His uncle sent him to Rome and placed him under the care of the most eminent teachers, among whom were Quintilian and Nicetes of Smyrna.

Pliny was passionately fond of literature and oratory. At thirteen years of age he composed a Greek tragedy. At twenty he had become one of the leading advocates of the Roman bar.

Cicero was to Pliny the greatest orator in the history of the world, and when the innovations of the Empire drove into the background the oratorical forms of the Republic, Pliny became their exponent and champion, and as such he opposed Tacitus, the leader of the new school.

Pliny was gifted with wealth, powerful friends, and great personal merit, and because of these he occupied many important official positions, including that of augur, consul, and proconsul. His closing years were the most successful of a long and prosperous life. He died in 113 A.D.

"Popular among his equals, splendid in his political successes, in his vast wealth, and his friendship with the Emperor, Pliny is almost a perfect type of a refined pagan gentleman."

Pliny was an orator of great merit. He was a clear thinker, though, at times, obscure in expression. His oratory was graceful and polished, and through all his work runs a delightful vein of optimism. His delivery was forcible and effective, and despite his weak constitution, he was capable of sustained effort.

Pliny is best known by his *Epistolæ*. None of his many and brilliant speeches remain, except the famous Panegyric on Trajan. This is the greatest of the panegyrics of the Empire, and has long served as a model of oratorical excellence.

One of the best texts of Pliny's works is that of Schäfer, Leipsic (1739–1770), 1805. The Panegyric has been translated several times into French and German. It has been rendered into English by Henley ; London, 1686.

THE PANEGYRIC ON TRAJAN

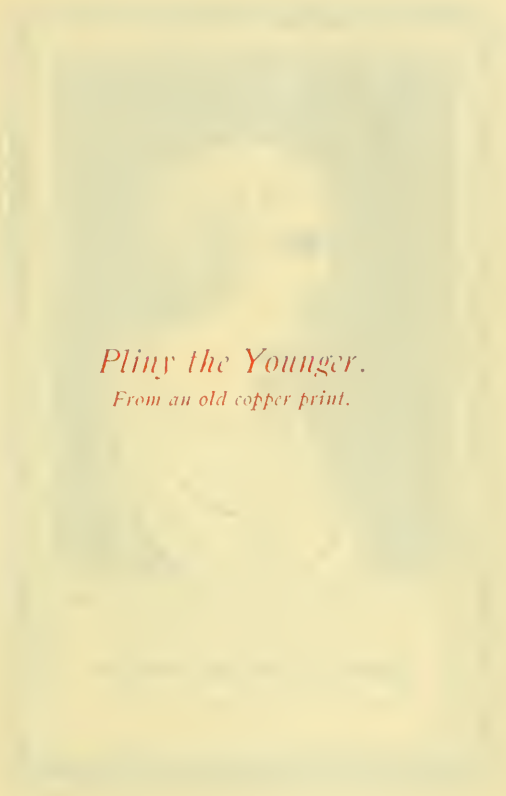
[Selection.] *Pliny the Younger.*

This is the most famous of the Roman Panegyrics that have been preserved. It was delivered by Pliny before the Emperor Trajan and the Senate at Rome, in the first century A.D. The Panegyric is of such length as to render its insertion in complete form unwise. The editors have, therefore, selected the following passages as best illustrating the oratorical style of Pliny the Younger :

WELL and wisely, O Conscript Fathers, did our ancestors ordain that an oration, as well as other undertakings, should begin with an invocation to the gods ; because nothing can be duly or prudently begun without the aid, counsel, and favor of the immortal gods. But in whom is this custom more fitting than in a consul, and when is it more proper to adopt and practise it than when, by the command of the Senate and by the authority of the State, we are moved to render thanks to our most excellent Prince ? For what gift of the gods is there that is more excellent or more honorable than a Prince who is chaste, holy, and very like the gods ? And if hitherto it had been doubtful whether by chance or by some divine power rulers were given to the world, it is

clear, nevertheless, that our Prince was divinely appointed. For he was not selected by the secret power of the Fates, but by Jupiter himself, openly and before all. He was, in truth, chosen before the very altars, and in that place in which that god is as manifest and present as he is in his seat in heaven among the stars. Wherefore, O Jupiter, best and greatest, thou who wast in times past the founder and to-day art the preserver of our Empire, it is the more suitable and reverent that I should pray thee that my discourse may be worthy of a consul, worthy of the Senate, worthy of our Prince; that all I may say may be in accord with liberty, fidelity, and truth: and that my expression of thankfulness may be as free from any appearance of flattery as it is free from compulsion.

Indeed, I think that it is the duty not only of the consul but of all citizens to speak of the Prince in such a way that it may not seem possible to say of any other man that which they may say concerning the Prince. Wherefore let those words which a base fear might extort be far from us; let us say nothing as once we were obliged to say it, for we suffer nothing as in times past we suffered; let us not say the same things concerning the Prince which we once said, for we do not whisper in private the same things as then. Let the difference in the times be marked by our speech, and from the difference in the manner in which we render thanks



Pliny the Younger.

From an old copper print.

PLINY the YOUNGER

let it be clearly seen when and to whom they are given. Let us not laud him either as a god or as a divine power, for it is not concerning a tyrant but a citizen, not of a master but a parent, that we speak. He regards himself as one of us, and in this he so much the more surpasses and excels us, and he remembers no less that he is a man than that he is a commander of men. Let us, therefore, appreciate the good things which have been bestowed upon us and show ourselves worthy of enjoying them ; and from time to time let us consider how shameful it would be to offer greater obedience to princes who delight in the slavery of their citizens than to those princes who delight in their freedom. And, indeed, the Roman people are accustomed to be satisfied with their rulers ; with what great unanimity a short time ago they proclaimed one beautiful ; another very brave ; with what shouts they praised at one time the voice and bearing of one, and the piety, temperance, and clemency of another. And what of ourselves ? Are we not all accustomed to extol the excellence of our Prince, to praise his generosity, his self-control, or his graciousness as we may be moved from time to time by love or joy ? Now what is so worthy of a citizen or so becoming a senator as the surname of Optimus, which we have given him ? It is a name which the arrogance of princes in times past has made the especial and appropriate

surname of our Prince. For it is as fitting as it is just that we should call both him and ourselves happy, and one after another make our petitions to him that he may do this, or that he may hear that, for we would not make these requests to him if he would not accede to them. In response to these petitions he is suffused with tears and overcome with modesty, for he knows and feels that they are made to him and not to the Prince. Therefore, let us each carefully hold in the spontaneous warmth of our filial love that studied moderation which we have all maintained; let us bear in mind that there is no form of thanks more sincere and more acceptable than that which rivals those acclamations which by their spontaneity are free from all deceit. So far as in me lies, I will endeavor to adapt my address to the modesty and moderation of my Prince. And I will at the same time pay more attention to what his ears would willingly endure, than to what his virtues merit. But I do not so much fear that our Prince, to whose great and unusual glory I am about to render thanks, will think that I am too sparing in my praises, as that I am excessive. This is the only care, this the only difficulty confronting me; for it is easy, O Conscript Fathers, to thank one who merits thanks. There is no danger, then, that when I speak of clemency he will believe that I inveigh against his haughtiness; when of economy, that I attack his

prodigality ; when of mildness, his cruelty ; when of generosity, his avarice ; when of good-will, his malice ; when of self-control, his lust ; when of diligence, his sloth ; when of bravery, his cowardice. I do not even fear that I may appear grateful or ungrateful according as I shall say enough or too little. For I am persuaded that even the gods themselves are not so much pleased with the elaborate prayers of their worshippers as with innocence and purity ; and that he is held to be the most grateful who brings to their shrines a pure and chaste mind, rather than he who brings a carefully composed prayer.

But we must obey the decree of the Senate, which has ordained for the public good that by the voice of the consul and under the form of a solemn giving of thanks, good princes should be shown what they have done, and bad princes what they ought to have done. And this is now the more obligatory and desirable because our father [Trajan] restrains and prevents the offering of thanks by private individuals. And, indeed, if he were permitted to take such action, he would be very apt to prevent the public thanks which the Senate has decreed. Consider both, O Cæsar Augustus ; both what you do not permit to be rendered to you elsewhere and what you permit to be rendered to you here. For that honor is not rendered to you by yourself, but by

others. You yield to our affections; you do not laud to us your kindly acts, but you must hear them from us.

I have often, O Conscript Fathers, in silence and alone considered what and how great a man he ought to be by whose sway and power the seas and the lands, peace and war, are controlled: but while I fashioned in my mind such a prince as he ought to be whose power is equal to that of the immortal gods, I was never able to conceive of one like to him whom we now see. One has excelled in war, but become valueless in peace; another has been adorned with the toga, but not with arms; this one has sought to acquire respect by inspiring terror, another has sought love through humility; one has lost at home the glory he won abroad, and another has lost abroad the glory he acquired at home. Finally, there has hitherto existed no one whose virtues have not been damaged by contact with vices. But to the lot of our Prince what great concord, what great harmony of all praises and all glory have fallen! Nothing is detracted from his severity by his good humor; nothing from his gravity by his simplicity; nothing from his majesty by his clemency. His firmness of bearing, his lofty stature, his beauty and dignity of countenance, besides the unbent ripeness of his years, though by the favor of the gods adorned by the signs of advancing

age, his beautiful hair, tending to increase the majesty of his person, all these far and wide proclaim the Prince.

It was necessary that he should be such as neither civil wars nor the State overwhelmed with arms would have given, but rather such an one as peace and adoption and the divinities implored by the whole world would have bestowed. Would it have been right that there should have been no difference between an emperor chosen by men and an emperor chosen by the gods? Their judgment and favor for you was manifest when you set out for the army, O Cæsar Augustus, and they made it known in an unusual way. In the case of other princes, either a great flow of blood from the sacrificial victims or the flight of birds have made known their favor to those who were consulting the omens. But in your case the shouts of the citizens, who by no means intended it, saluted you already as Prince when, according to custom, you were ascending the Capitol. For the whole crowd thronging the entrance of the Temple, which had been opened for your entrance, saluted, as they thought, the god as Imperator, but, as the event proved, greeted you as Imperator. Not otherwise was the omen accepted by all. You alone were not willing to understand it in this way, for you refused the sovereignty, but your refusal was an indication of your fitness for

the regal rank, and therefore you were compelled to rule. But it was not possible for anything to compel you to do this except the peril of your country and the threatening overthrow of the State. For you persisted in your refusal to assume the sovereignty unless it were necessary to save the State. It was on this account, I think, that the frenzy and insurrection of the guards took place, because it was necessary that your modesty be overcome by great violence and by great and widespread terror. And just as the whirlwinds and the storm set off to advantage the tranquillity of the sea and sky, so I can believe that that mutiny took place at the time of your accession in order to augment the favor of your peaceful reign. It is the lot of mortals that adversity springs from prosperity and prosperity from adversity, and the god conceals the seeds of both, and very often it happens that the causes of good and evil lie hidden each under the opposite form.

That great dishonor was inflicted upon this age, that great wound was given the State; the Emperor and Father of the human race was besieged, captured, confined; the ability to save the men was taken away from that mildest of old men. That which is the most august characteristic of princely power, that he can in no respect be compelled to do anything, was taken away from the prince. If indeed this were the only reason that

brought you to the helm of public safety, I would have been inclined to exclaim that it was enough. The discipline of the camp had been destroyed, that you might appear as a corrector and reformer. The worst example was set, that the best might be opposed to it. Finally, the Emperor was compelled to put to death those whom he was loath to execute, that he might give us a prince who could not be compelled to do what he was unwilling to do.

For a long time you had deserved to be chosen, but if you had been chosen before we should not have known how much the imperial authority owed to you. The time was to come when it would be clear that you had not so much received a favor as bestowed one. The terrified State took refuge in your bosom, and the sovereign power, at the point of being overthrown, was conferred upon you as emperor by the voice of an emperor. You were implored and summoned by adoption, as in times past mighty generals were often summoned to come even from foreign and distant wars to the assistance of their fatherland. In this way son and parent at one and the same time mutually conferred the greatest benefits ; he gave to you the imperial authority and you restored it to him who gave it. You alone therefore have made a fit return for so great a gift, and have even put the giver under lasting obligations to you ; for

by sharing the imperial authority you became the more careful for its preservation and he more secure in its possession.

O novel and unheard-of entrance upon princely power! It was not your desire for the position nor your fear that made you Prince, but the advantage of others and their fear. You seem indeed to have attained the highest position among men, but that position which you have left was the more filled with happiness, for you ceased to be a private citizen under a good prince. You have been given a share of the toils and cares, and not the advantages and joys of that station. But it was its hardships and burdens that impelled you to assume it. You have assumed the imperial authority after another was wearied with bearing it. You had no relationship to him who adopted you. There was no kinship except that each was most noble of men, and the one was worthy to be chosen and the other was worthy to choose. Therefore you were adopted, not as others before you were adopted, merely to please a wife. For not a step-father but a prince received you as a son, and the divine Nerva became your father in the same spirit as that in which he was the father of all. And it is not becoming that a son should be received otherwise, if he is to be received by a prince. If you were about to transmit to another the Senate, the Roman people, the armies, the

provinces, and the allies, would you receive your successor only from the arms of your wife? Would you look only within your own house and family for the heir of the greatest power? Would you not turn your eyes on every side throughout the State? Would you not consider him to be the nearest of kin and most closely connected with you whom you regarded as the best and whom you found to be most like the gods? One who is to govern all must be selected from all. You were not about to give, O Emperor, a master to your slaves that he might be compared to an heir by blood, but you were to give a prince to your citizens. It would have been a haughty and arbitrary act if you had not adopted him who was about to enjoy the imperial authority even if he had not been adopted. This Nerva did, thinking that it made no difference whether you were his successor by birth or choice, for the child might be equally well chosen as well born; except that men bear more willingly with one whom the prince has happily, than with one whom he has unfortunately, chosen.

Therefore he sought most carefully to avoid any such misfortune, and took counsel not merely with men, but with the gods as well. And for this cause your adoption was accomplished not in the privacy of the Emperor's apartments, but in the Temple; not before the nuptial couch, but before the seat of Jupiter Optimus. By this act, not our

servitude, but our liberty, prosperity, and security were placed upon a firm foundation. The gods claimed that glory for themselves; this was their work, this their act of sovereignty. Nerva was merely their servant, as all are, he who adopted as much as he who conceived and you who were adopted. A laurel wreath had been brought from Pannonia, for the gods had determined that the sign of victory should mark the beginning of the reign of an invincible emperor. The Emperor Nerva had placed this crown in the lap of Jupiter: then, suddenly, greater and more august than usual, having summoned an assembly of gods and men, he took you to himself as his son, the sole supporter of his exhausted affairs. Then, as if he had quite laid aside the imperial power, in what freedom from care, in what glory did he delight! For how little is the difference between laying down and dividing the imperial power, except that the latter is more difficult than the former. Just as if he were leaning upon you and sustaining himself and his country upon his shoulders, he became strong by your youthfulness and strength. At once all tumult ceased. That was not the work of adoption, but of him who had been adopted. How rashly Nerva would have acted if he had chosen any other person! Are we forgetful that soon after your adoption insurrection did not cease, but began? That act of adoption would have been

an incentive and a firebrand of insurrection, unless it had happened to you. Is there any doubt that the Emperor could give the imperial authority, although he had lost the respect which belonged to him to whom that authority had been given? You became at once a son and a Cæsar, presently an emperor and a sharer in the power of the tribunate. You were endowed equally and at the same time with all the privileges and prerogatives which but a short time before a real father [Vespasian] conferred upon his second son [Titus].

This is a great evidence of your moderation, that you became not only heir to the throne, but an associate and a companion as well. For one may well be regarded as an heir even against his will, but not a companion unless he is willing. Shall posterity believe that a man who was the son of a patrician, and a consul who had indeed enjoyed a triumph, for he had commanded an army that was brave, numerous, and devoted to him, was not confirmed as Emperor by that army? Can it believe that the name Germanicus was not bestowed upon him when he was in command of the armies in Germany? that that army did nothing that he should become Emperor? that it had done nothing except what he had deserved and merited? For you obeyed, O Cæsar, and came to the throne submissively, and nothing did you ever do with more obedient mind than to begin to reign. You

became Cæsar, then Emperor, then Germanicus, although you were absent and knew nothing of it, and were still a private citizen, even after the bestowal upon you of all your titles of distinction. It would seem a wonderful thing if I should say that you did not know that you were to be Emperor, but as a fact you were Emperor and you were not aware that you were Emperor. So that when the messenger brought you the news of your advancement, you would rather have remained what you were, but you were not at liberty to do so. Were you not obliged as a citizen to obey your Prince; as a lieutenant, your Emperor; as a son, your father?

If you had not obeyed, where would have been discipline? where the custom, handed down from the fathers, of readily and cheerfully undertaking whatever duty the Emperor imposed? For how if he had committed to you one province after another, or one war after another? He exercises the same right when he calls you to the throne that he does when he sends you to the army; and it makes no difference whether he orders you to go as a lieutenant or to return as a prince, except that there is greater glory in obeying in those matters which are the most distasteful. By your act the authority of the Emperor, which had been strained to the utmost, was increased, because you thought that it was all the more necessary

that he be obeyed by you when he was so rarely and poorly obeyed by others. You listened, furthermore, to the unanimous voice of the Senate and the people. That act of adoption was not the act of Nerva alone. It was an unanimous election. For all men everywhere most earnestly desired the same thing. Nerva was merely the first to exercise his right, in that he was Prince; and he was the first to do what all were about to do. By Hercules, this act would not have so greatly pleased all, if it had not seemed good to them before it was accomplished. But with what moderation, O good gods, did you direct your power and fortune! You were an Emperor in inscriptions and busts and statues, but in modesty, toil, and watchfulness a commander, a lieutenant, a soldier. As you marched with stately tread before your standards and your eagles, you claimed for yourself nothing more from that adoption than the right to love as a son and to obey as a son; and you invoked for that name of son long endurance and long-continued glory. The providence of the gods had brought you forward to the chief place, but you still desired to remain in the second place and to grow old in that place. You appeared to yourself to be a private citizen so long as another was Emperor. Your prayers were heard; but how proper that that most excellent and holy old man, whom the gods were about to claim for heaven,

should after that divine and immortal act have done no other mortal deed. Reverence is due to this act, at once the greatest and the last ; and its author is at once to be deified in order that future generations may ask whether this were the work of a god. And so he was the parent of the State in the same way that he was yours. Great was his glory, great his fame when he had completely discovered how well the Empire rested upon your shoulders, and he left the earth to you and you to the earth. He was for this reason dear to all and his absence to be the more regretted, because he provided that he should not be missed. At first you honored him with your tears as became a son, and after that you erected temples to his memory, but in this you did not imitate those who had done the same thing with a very different motive. Tiberius deified Augustus that he might add greater reverence to the imperial majesty ; Nero deified Claudius, but it was to throw ridicule upon him. Titus deified Vespasian, and Domitian deified Titus, the former that he might seem the son of a god, the latter that he might seem the brother of a god. You, however, placed your father among the gods neither to inspire fear in the minds of the citizens, nor to insult the gods, nor for your own glory, but because you believed that he was a god. Less glorious is this act, however, when it is performed by those who think that they, too,

are gods. But although you worship him at the altars and shrines and with a priesthood, yet you do not make and prove him to be a god in any other way more clearly than by yourself being a god. For it is the one sure proof of divinity in a prince that when he has yielded to fate he should have left a divine successor. Did any arrogance, then, come to you from the immortality of your father? Should you rival those men of later times who are indolent and haughty because their fathers were divinities rather than emulate those men of ancient times who were more noble?

[The Dacians and the Sarmatians] had become very bold and had thrown off the yoke, and but a short time ago they were fighting with us, not to gain their liberty, but to bring about our servitude. They were unwilling to enter into any truce, except on the most favorable terms. They even prescribed the conditions they would accept. But now all is changed; terror and fear and a desire to execute our commands have taken possession of them. For they see a Roman commander, one of the ancient sort, to whom the plains covered with dead and the seas stained with the blood of victory brought the imperial name. We therefore receive hostages, and do not buy them, and we do not purchase peace with great losses and boundless gifts that thereby we may seem to have conquered. They ask, they entreat; we bestow or we refuse,

and in each event exhibit the majesty of the Empire. They who have obtained their requests render thanks; they who have been refused dare not complain. Dared they complain even when they knew that you were encamped against the fiercest tribes who were at that time most friendly to them and most dangerous to us; when the Danube joined together its banks by the cold, and when, frozen solid, it bore on its surface vast armies; when the wild tribes were protected not more by their weapons than by their skies and their climate? But when you approached the enemy, they hid themselves just as if there had been a change in the conditions that were so favorable to them, and they kept themselves out of sight in their hiding-places; but our armies delighted to roam to and fro on the banks of the river and, with your permission, to use against the barbarians those very advantages of climate that were most favorable to them.

Such is the respect you enjoy among the enemy. What then is it among your soldiers? What admiration have you received from them! for with you they bear hunger and thirst, and in the exercises of the field you share with the soldiers the dust and sweat, differing in nothing from them in the free exercise and contests except in strength and nobility, as you at one moment hurl weapons and at the next catch up those that have been

hurled, rejoicing in the valor of the soldiers and exulting whenever an unusually heavy blow falls upon your own helmet or shield. You even praised them when they aimed their blows at you, and encouraged them to still greater efforts. As a spectator and director of the men who were entering the contests, you regulated their arms, you tested their weapons, and if any piece seemed too heavy for the man who had received it, you yourself hurled it. What consolation did you bear to the weary, what assistance to the sick! It was not your habit to enter your own tent until you had carefully examined the tents of your fellow-soldiers, nor to give your body repose until the others had gone to rest. I have not passed over, O Conscript Fathers, the consulship of our Prince, but I have transferred to that topic whatever was to be said concerning his obligation. For we ought not to divide, scatter, and discuss at different times the same sort of praise as if it were a profitless and uninteresting subject. The first day of your consulship had just begun to dawn when, having entered the Senate House, you exhorted us individually as well as collectively to take once more our liberty, to undertake the cares of the Empire as if it were a common duty to be watchful for the public good, and to renew our courage. All the princes who preceded you had said these things, but no one before you was believed. There were before men's

eyes the shipwreck of many whom an unexpected tornado had destroyed after they had been carried along by a treacherous calm. For what sea was ever more treacherous than the blandishments of those princes whose frivolity and deceit were so great that it was easier for them to be angered than to be propitiated? Without anxiety, with joy, we follow you wherever you may call. You command us to be free; we will be. You command us to express whatever we may think; we do so. Hitherto we had refrained from expressing our sentiment, but not from any cowardice or natural indifference; but terror, and that wretched prudence that is born of danger, warned us to turn our eyes away from the State (for there was in reality no State). But now, relying upon your friendship and encouraged by your promises, we open our mouths, so long closed in a lasting slavery, and we loosen our tongues, so long bridled by many ills. For you wish us to be as you have commanded, and there is nothing in your exhortation that is dissembled, nothing that is deceitful, in short nothing that might deceive confiding men which would not be dangerous to the deceiver as well. For a prince is never deceived unless, by deceiving, he himself has first set the example.

I seem, indeed, to have comprehended this feeling of the Father of the State, not only from his words, but also from his very accent. For what

dignity is in his sentiments! What unaffected sincerity is in his words! What earnestness is in his voice! What assurance is in his countenance, his eyes, his manner, his gestures, in short his whole person! Therefore he will always hold firmly to his advice, and he will know that we are always obedient to him when we enjoy the freedom he has given us. Nor have we any reason to fear that he will think us unmindful of our duty, when we use faithfully the freedom of these times, when he remembers that we lived otherwise under a bad ruler. We are accustomed to offer prayers for the eternity of the Empire and for the welfare of our princes; or rather, for the welfare of the princes, and on their behalf for the eternity of the Empire. It is worth while, indeed, to observe carefully in what words those prayers for our Empire are expressed. Thus we say: "That you may direct the affairs of the State wisely and for the best interests of all." Such prayers are worthy of being offered, such vows worthy of being paid. The State, O Cæsar, by your advice pleaded with the gods, that they may afford you favor and protection if you protect others; but if not, that they may turn their eyes from watching over your person, and abandon you to secret imprecations. Some have wished to outlive the State, and grieve that they have been unable to accomplish it, but to you your

own welfare is hateful if it is not connected with the safety of the State. You suffer no wish to be entertained for you that is not for the advantage of those who entertain it. In all your life you take the gods into counsel concerning your affairs; and you desire that they may change their opinion of you if ever you cease to be what you were when you were chosen Emperor. And with what great conscientiousness have you entered into a compact with the gods that they may protect you if you deserve their protection, since you know that none know better than the gods whether you are deserving. Does it not always seem to you, O Conscript Fathers, that Cæsar has this thought before his mind night and day: "I have armed against me, if the public good demands it, the Prætorian Guards; I do not pray even to be delivered from the wrath of the gods or from their neglect; I even ask and beg that the State may never against its will offer any prayers in my behalf; but if it should, that they may not be answered."

Therefore, O Cæsar, you receive from the approval of the gods the most glorious fruit of your security. For since you make the condition that they may preserve you only so long as you direct the affairs of the State wisely, you are certain that you do direct the affairs of the State well, for they continue to protect you. Therefore free from care

and full of joy that day passed in which other princes were distracted with cares, anxiety, and fear; for they waited in suspense and alarm and heard, with little confidence in our submission, the messengers who reported the submission of the people on every side. If perchance any messengers were hindered by rivers, snows, or winds, they at once believed that what they had deserved had occurred. Nor was there any reason in their fear, but a bad prince fears any one worthier than himself, and if there is no one who is not worthier he fears all. Neither the delay of messengers nor the slowness of letters disturbed your sense of security. You know that everywhere the oath of allegiance is being taken to you because you have taken the oath to all. In this respect one does not surpass the other. We indeed love you as you deserve, yet we do not love you merely for your own sake but for our own as well. No day dawns when we, prompted not merely by our interest but also by our fidelity, do not offer prayers on your behalf. Base is the guardianship of a prince against whose fidelity anything can be charged. We may justly complain that princes do not inquire into our secrets unless we hate them. For if good princes had the same care as the bad, what admiration, what joy, what delight would you not perceive everywhere! what words would be uttered by all to their wives

and children, even around the domestic hearths and altars! For you know that it is customary to refrain from speaking of disagreeable things to such as are most tender and delicate. And moreover, since love and hatred are opposed one to the other, in that very place where we express in the least measured terms our love for good princes, we manifest most freely our hatred of bad princes.

Why do I attempt to trace all these details and to gather them together, as if, in truth, I could either embrace in my discourse or hold in my memory all the speeches that you, O Conscript Fathers, have decreed should be placed in the public records and graven in bronze that oblivion may not destroy them? In former times it was the custom that only the orations of the princes should be perpetuated by being committed to this sort of record; our acclamations were confined to the walls of the Senate House. But there were some orations of which neither the Senate nor the prince could be proud. But as to these it was for the benefit of the public and the dignity of the State that they should be set before the people and handed down to posterity; first that the whole world might know of our loyalty and bear witness to it; second that it might be known that we dared to express our judgment of good and bad rulers, and that too not merely after they were dead; and lastly that by this act it might be made

known that in former times we were thankful although we were wretched and that we were grateful to those to whom it was not permitted us to show our gratitude. But with what eagerness, with what exertion, with what clamor, have men demanded that you should not suppress our affection and ignore your deserved praise! Let princes also learn to distinguish between true and false praise and let them consider that they can not be deceived in regard to their deserts; that it is not for them to construct a new road to glory, but rather for them not to desert that already built; that reverence is not to be put aside, but rather to be reinstated in its proper place. It is certain also what they ought to do, and also what they ought to expect if they do it. What further shall I pray for in behalf of the Senate, in addition to those things for which, with the Senate, I have already prayed, except that joy may remain in your heart, which you have revealed to our eyes. May you love this day! May you deserve new acclamations of approval and ever hear them anew! for shouts of approval may not be uttered except for similar deeds. . . .

Friendship, that ancient good of mortals, had faded from the hearts of men; in its place had come flattery, blandishments, and a pretended love worse than hatred. In the home of princes the name of friendship remained merely as an empty

mockery. For how could friendship exist between those of whom one appeared to be the master, and the other the slave? You restored that friendship which had been expelled and banished to a distance. You have friends because you are first a friend. This was to be expected, for love is not to be imposed upon subjects as are other obligations, and as there is no other sentiment which is so noble, so free, and so impatient of any control, so there is none which needs more to be mutual. A prince may be unjust, he may be hateful to some, even though he himself does not hate; but he cannot be loved unless he himself loves. You esteem, because you are yourself esteemed as a friend, and in this, which is most honorable to both, is your whole glory; for, although you are the superior, yet you condescend to assume all the obligations of friendship, and in the friend the Emperor is laid aside, or rather you are the more the Emperor because you act as a friend. For, since the condition of a prince requires that he have many friends, it is the especial duty of a prince to acquire them. May this sort of life be always pleasing to you, may you most firmly retain not only all your other virtues but this as well, and may you never be persuaded that anything is more unworthy of a prince than hatred. The most delightful thing in human affairs is to be loved, and not less delightful is it to love. May you enjoy both of these pleasures; so that

the more warmly you love a friend, the more ardently you may be loved in return ; not only because it is easier to love one than to love many, but also because you have such power in binding your friends to you that it is not possible for one not to return you a yet greater love, except he be an ingrate. . . .

Very many princes, when they have become the masters of citizens, have become the slaves of freedmen. They have been ruled by the counsel of such and by their mere nod. Through such persons they have been accustomed to hear, through such to speak ; through such have prætorships, priesthoods, and consulships been bestowed ; they have even been sought through such. You have the greatest regard for your freedmen, but only as freedmen. You think that it is quite enough for them if they are esteemed upright and worthy, for you know that powerful freedmen are by no means a proof of a great prince. For you have no one in your employ except such as were beloved by you yourself, by your father, or by the best of princes, and you train them every day to measure themselves not by your station in life, but by their own. So much the more worthy are they, accordingly, of every honor which may have been bestowed upon them because they have not needed it. Has not the Senate and the Roman people for just causes bestowed upon you the surname of Optimus ? It

was evident to all that it was fitted to you, and it was new. You, indeed, know that no one before you deserved it, because it had never been thought of even if any one had seemed to merit it. Would it have been better to have called you Felix? But that title is given not so much for character as for great success. Would it have been better to have bestowed upon you the title of Magnus? To this title attaches more of envy than of honor. A most excellent Emperor adopted you into his house, but the Senate into the name of Optimus. This was as appropriate to you as your own name which you had from your father; for he who named you Trajan did not mark you out more distinctly by that name than he who called you Optimus, just as formerly the Pisones were distinguished for their frugality, the Lælii for their wisdom, the Metelli for their patriotism. But all these are comprised in that one name Optimus. For no one can seem to be the best unless he be superior to all others in every kind of virtue. Therefore, after all other appellations, this has been justly bestowed upon you as the greatest. For it is not so much that you are Emperor or Cæsar or Augustus, as that you are superior to all Emperors, Cæsars, and Augusti. And so Jupiter, the parent of men and gods, is first worshipped under the name of Optimus, and after that under the name of Maximus. Your glory is, therefore, all the more renowned, as it is certain

that you are no less Optimus than Maximus. You have obtained a name that cannot pass to another without appearing flattering to a good prince and false in a bad. For although all may hereafter assume it, yet it will always appear as peculiarly yours. For just as we are reminded by the name Augustus of him upon whom it was first bestowed, so this surname of Optimus will never occur to the minds of men without recalling you ; and as often as our descendants shall be compelled to call any one Optimus, so often will they call to mind him who first deserved that name.

What must your joy be now, O divine Nerva, when you perceive that he whom you chose as the best not only is the best but is called the best ! What joy that you are surpassed by your own son when compared with him ! For in no other way is the greatness of your heart and mind more clearly shown than in that you are not afraid to select one better than yourself. But as for you, O Father Trajan (for you also are seated, if not among the stars, yet very near them), may you experience the same unbounded delight when you look upon your own son, that noble tribune, that brave soldier, that great general, that distinguished Prince, and, in friendly rivalry, you who adopted him dispute with him whether it was more honorable to have adopted or to have begotten such a son. Hail to both, to both who have so well merited of

the State, upon which you have conferred so great a benefit! For one of you the bravery of your son has gained a triumph, for the other the glory of deification; but yours is the same glory, though these honors have come to you through your son, as if they had been acquired by your own merits.

I know, O Conscript Fathers, that not only the private citizens but the consuls in particular ought to be so minded that they should feel themselves under greater obligations to the State than to individuals. For as it is more just and noble to hate bad princes for the wrongs that they have done the public rather than for the wrongs that they have inflicted upon individuals, so it is more beautiful to love good princes for those services which they have rendered mankind rather than for those they have rendered individuals. But because it has become the custom that consuls in the public rendering of thanks should acknowledge on their own account how much they personally owe the prince, permit me to perform that duty not more for myself than for my colleague, the most noble Cornutus Tertullus. For why should I not offer thanks for him, for whom I am not the less indebted? Especially when a most indulgent Emperor, on account of our perfect harmony, has bestowed upon us both those things which if he had conferred them upon only one, would, nevertheless, have put both under obligations. Upon us both that robber

and spoiler of all that was good [Domitian] had by the slaughter of all our friends breathed with his breath of flame till the last moment of his life. For we rejoiced in the same friends and we mourned the same friends taken away, and as now we have the same hope and joy so then we shared the same grief and fear. The divine Nerva had been so honored in our dangers, that he wished to advance us both as if we were good, although we were less than that; because it is significant of the change in the times that they whose one wish had been to fall completely out of the mind of the Prince, now prosper.

We had not yet completed two years of service in a most laborious and important office, when you, O most excellent of princes, and bravest of emperors, bestowed upon us the consulate as well, so that even the highest honor might seem to be enhanced by the rapidity of the preferment. So great is the difference between you and those princes who strive to make their benefits hard to obtain and who imagine that the honors they bestow are more acceptable, if despair and disgust and a delay that is almost denial have first made them appear like dishonor and defeat. Modesty only prevents us from recounting by what evidences of your favor you have honored us both; and in love of rectitude and love of country you have made us equal to the consuls of old. Whether justly or not,

we dare not decide, because it would be wrong to dishonor your assertion by passing any judgment upon it, and it would be an embarrassment to us to confess the truth of what you have said about us, especially since it has been so noble and glorious. You are worthy of making consuls when you make them of men about whom you can say such things. You will pardon us if we say that among the many acts of kindness which you have done us, that which you did in again choosing us to be your colleagues is the most pleasing to us. Our mutual affection, the harmonious tenor of our lives, our unity in theory and purpose, demand that it should be so ; and indeed so great is the similarity of our character that it lessens the glory, for it would be as wonderful for either of us to disagree with the other as it would be for one of us to disagree with himself. Therefore it is not something transitory and sudden, this fact that each of us delights in the consulship of his colleague as in his own. Those who are twice made consuls, though at different times, are twice bound together ; but we have twice been consuls together, we together discharge the duties of that office. We are consuls, the one with the other, equally and for a second time.

What a distinguished mark of your favor it was that while we were prefects of the treasury you bestowed upon us the consulship, even before you

had appointed our successors! Dignity was heaped upon dignity; the honor was not merely continued but was doubled, and one overtook the other, as if that were not sufficient. So great was your confidence in our integrity that you doubted whether you would act without abandoning your customary care for the State if you allowed us to be private citizens, after vacating offices of the highest importance. What can I say of the fact that you bestowed upon us the consulship for the same year in which you yourself held that office? No other page, then, will receive you as consul than that which will receive us, and our name shall be added to the records in which your name will be inscribed. You thought it worthy of you to preside over our assemblies, and to repeat to us that most sacred oath of consecration. By your judgment we were made consuls, by your voice we were proclaimed such, so that you appeared in the Senate House as the supporter of our honors and in the Campus Martius as the one who announced them. What a joy for us that you associated us with yourself above all in that month adorned by your natal day! To us it will fall by an edict and by a public show to celebrate with a triple joy that day which removed the worst of princes [Domitian], gave to the world the best [Nerva], and gave birth to a better than the best [Trajan]. A chariot more splendid than usual will receive us

under the observation of your eyes ; amid favorable omens, and contending vows which shall be offered you, we shall be borne along, exulting and uncertain from which side the greater shouts of approval strike our ears.

Above all else, however, we must acknowledge that you allow us whom you have made consuls to be consuls in fact, since no danger or fear of the Prince weakens and destroys our integrity as consuls ; we need hear nothing against our will, nor need we give any judgment under compulsion. The respect that is due that office remains and will continue to remain, and we shall not lose our freedom by any act of authority. So, if by chance the consular dignity shall in any respect be diminished, it will be our fault, and not the fault of the times. For so far as the Prince is concerned, we might be such consuls as were the princes before now. Can we render any thanks to you equal to your kindness otherwise than by always remembering that we were consuls and your consuls, than by having emotions and thoughts that are worthy of consuls ? by so bearing ourselves in the State as to believe that there is really a State ? by in no respect neglecting our consulship and our work, and not thinking that we are separated and, as it were, put asunder by the consulship, but joined together by it, by holding the same place of toil and care as we hold of respect and honor ?

In concluding my discourse, O gods, the guardians and protectors of the Empire, and thee before all others, O Capitoline Jove, I, the consul, pray in behalf of human affairs that you may favor them with your blessings and grant long continuance to your splendid gifts. You have heard what we have invoked for an evil Prince; hear what we desire for one most unlike him. We would not distract you with our prayers. We do not pray for peace, concord, security, wealth, or honors; for all our wishes and vows are embraced in the one petition, for the protection of our Prince. And in this we do not ask of you anything that is new. For you received him into your care when you rescued us from the jaws of that most greedy robber [Domitian]. For not without your aid, when the highest were trembling, did he who was placed loftier than all others remain unshaken. He was passed over by the worst of Princes, he who could not be passed over by the best. You sent to him an unmistakable sign of your favorable judgment when, as he was departing for the army, you yielded to him your name and honor. You uttered your thoughts by the voice of the Emperor; you selected for him a son, for us a parent, and for yourself a Pontifex Maximus. Therefore with the more confidence and with the same vows that he himself orders to be offered for him, I pray and beseech you that if he rules well the State, if he rules

for the best interest of all, you will preserve him for our grandsons and great-grandsons and that you may give him for a successor one whom he has begotten and whom he has moulded and made like to himself who was adopted, or if this be denied by fate, that you may be in his counsel when he chooses, and point out for him one who is worthy to be adopted on the Capitol.

Translated for this volume by Joseph Cullen Ayer, B.D., Ph.D.

P. ANNIUS FLORUS

P. Annius Florus was born in the reign of Domitian. He studied rhetoric and oratory under the leading teachers of Rome. He early developed and exhibited much talent as an orator. He became embittered by the partiality shown to his opponents in a Capitoline rhetorical contest, left Rome, and settled in Tarraco. Here for a number of years he taught rhetoric. In the reign of Hadrian, Florus returned to Rome.

Of his style it may be said that it is even, artificial, and inflated, yet here and there a gleam of poetry and very often a touch of spirit render his writings interesting.

The works of this author which have survived are his epitome of Livy's *History of Rome,* some lines *De Rosis* and *De Qualitate Vitæ,* and the introduction to a dialogue entitled *Vergilius Orator an Poeta.* This last fragment can not, in any sense, be styled an oratorical masterpiece. It is, however, of great importance as an illustration of the declamations of the second century, and an example of what was regarded in that age as eloquence. The work of Florus was appreciated by his contemporaries, and his *Epitome* retained its popularity for centuries. The style of Florus was much admired in the Middle Ages, and his works were constantly declaimed.

The best edition of the fragment given is that of Rossbach in the Teubner Series.

INTRODUCTION TO THE DIALOGUE, "WAS VIRGIL AN ORATOR OR A POET?"

[Fragment.] *Florus.*

The following selection from Florus is an excellent example of his general style. His simple and yet poetic diction is displayed at its best, and the peculiarly pastoral character of the excerpt makes it a fitting introduction to the subject of Virgil's writings, a discussion upon which succeeds the fragment given.

AS I was refreshing my brain, weary with much wakefulness, in the pleasant shade of many trees, in the cool shadow of the aqueducts, in the freedom of the air, suddenly there met me certain men, whom, as they were returning from the sights of Rome to Bætica, an adverse wind from Africa had driven to our shore.

One of them who, as afterward appeared, was a man of learning, suddenly came up to me and said: "How do you do, my friend? If it is not trespassing on your good nature, will you please tell me your name? for somehow my eyes bring you to my mind, and I indistinctly recall you."

"In me," I said, "you see Florus, and perhaps also you have heard him, if it happened that you

were present at our contest in that famous assembly of the world in the time of the Emperor Domitian."

"Are you the man from Africa, whom we unanimously applauded?" returned the Bætican. "Indeed, it was against the desire of Cæsar that he opposed you, not because he envied you, a boy, but in order that Africa might not carry away the crown of great Jupiter."

When he found that I modestly assented, he ardently embraced me and said: "Then love one who applauded you." "How should I not love him?" I cried. And thereupon eagerly embracing each other, we pledged our growing friendship, when he, after a brief interval, said:

"Why do you remain so long in this province? You neither come to our Bætica nor revisit that famous city where your verses are continually sung and where that famous triumph over Dacia resounds in every forum. With your distinguished ability and great genius, how can you endure the obscurity of the province? Does love for the city and that famous people, conquerors of the world, and the Senate, have no effect upon you? In fine, are you not influenced by the light and brilliancy of the imperial power, which seizes upon and turns the gaze of gods and men upon itself?"

Then was I greatly disturbed, and asked: "What would you have me answer? Indeed,

this is to me also a wonderful thing, that I do not abide in Rome; but nothing is more difficult than to account for my actions or to reply to your charge. Therefore cease to reopen the wounds of my sorrows by bringing the past to my memory. May the State of Rome be prosperous, and may those enjoy her to whom fortune permits it. As far as I am concerned, since that day which you witnessed, when I saw the crown of victory wrested from my hands and brow, my whole mind, my whole soul, recoiled and shrank from that State, and I was so smitten and astounded by grief that, forgetful of my native land and of my beloved parents, I wander like a madman hither and thither through different lands."

"What places and what lands have you roamed?" he then asked.

"If you have leisure I will briefly relate, and not unwillingly will recall the near past. First I visited noble Sicily, the home of Ceres. Then I greeted fertile Crete, the native land of the Thunderer, and the neighboring Cyclades. Then I betook myself to Rhodes, and thence to the Egyptian sea, that I might behold the shores of the Nile and the people always idling in the temples, playing on the musical instruments which are dedicated to a strange goddess. Thence I returned to Italy, and when, disgusted with the sea, I sought the interior, as I journeyed on I crossed the Gallic Alps,

pale with the North Wind; then the setting sun attracted me, and I turned hither my course, and the Pyrenees mountains, white with the Alpine snow, welcomed me. You see, stranger, what regions of sea and land I have traversed. Allow me then, wearied, here at length to rest. If I were a wandering Scythian, I would now set free my steeds; if a wandering navigator, the prow dedicated to the goddess of the sea would be moored to the shore. To what end should we continue to roam? The wild beasts return to their lairs, and the birds grow old in their nests. If fate denies me Rome as my abode, at least may it be my lot to remain here. Habit is a potent power.

"You see here a people, O stranger and friend, quietly devoted to a frugal life, sluggish indeed, but hospitable in heart. A peculiarly temperate climate mingles its seasons, and the whole year wears the aspect of spring. The land is fertile in its plains, and on its hills it does not redden with the dryness of autumn, for it rivals the vineyards of Italy. If it is pertinent to the subject, I will add that the State itself was founded with the most favorable omens, for besides the standards of Cæsar there is also a foreign nobility which brings triumph, whence it receives its name. Look upon the ancient temples; there is worshipped that horned pirate who, while he was roving the whole ocean with a Tyrian maiden, lost her at this place,

and therefore stopped here; then, forgetful of her whom he was carrying off, suddenly fell in love with our shores."

When I had ceased to speak, the Bætican immediately exlaimed: "O happy State, which when you were weary chanced to receive you! Still, how are you supported, and what business do you engage in here? Whence comes your income? Or does your father send you money from Africa?"

"Not so, since I offended him by my wanderings. I support myself by teaching literature."

"Oh, most unworthy employment! With what patience can you bear to sit in the schools and teach boys?"

In reply to these questions from the man, I answered in this fashion: "I do not wonder that you are now of this opinion, with which I also at one time struggled. For in the last four years I had become so wearied of this occupation that I did not think that a more wretched man lived. But afterward, reviewing and comparing my lot with the fortunes and labors of others, the beauty of the work which I had undertaken at length dawned on me. Therefore you must know that no kingly power, no prætorship, no honor, can be compared with this profession of ours. If the mightiest of emperors were to bestow upon me a centurionship — that is, to command a hundred men — it would indeed not seem a small honor; if he should grant

me a perfectship or tribunate, doubtless it would seem the same honor, except that the salary would be more ample; but if, then, not Cæsar, but Fortune, grant me this gift, to preside over honorable and generous boys, ought I not to seem to you to have attained a beautiful and glorious office? For I ask you closely to consider this question, whether it is nobler to command men wearing the military coat or boys clad in the toga prætexta? barbarous and wild hearts, or civilized and harmless ones? O good Jupiter, how regal, how imperial it is to sit upon a raised platform moulding good characters and directing the pursuit of sacred literature! now reading the sacred poems by which characters and hearts are moulded, now exciting the feelings by the expression of various thoughts, or by illustrations." . . .

Translated by the Editors of this volume.

END OF VOLUME II